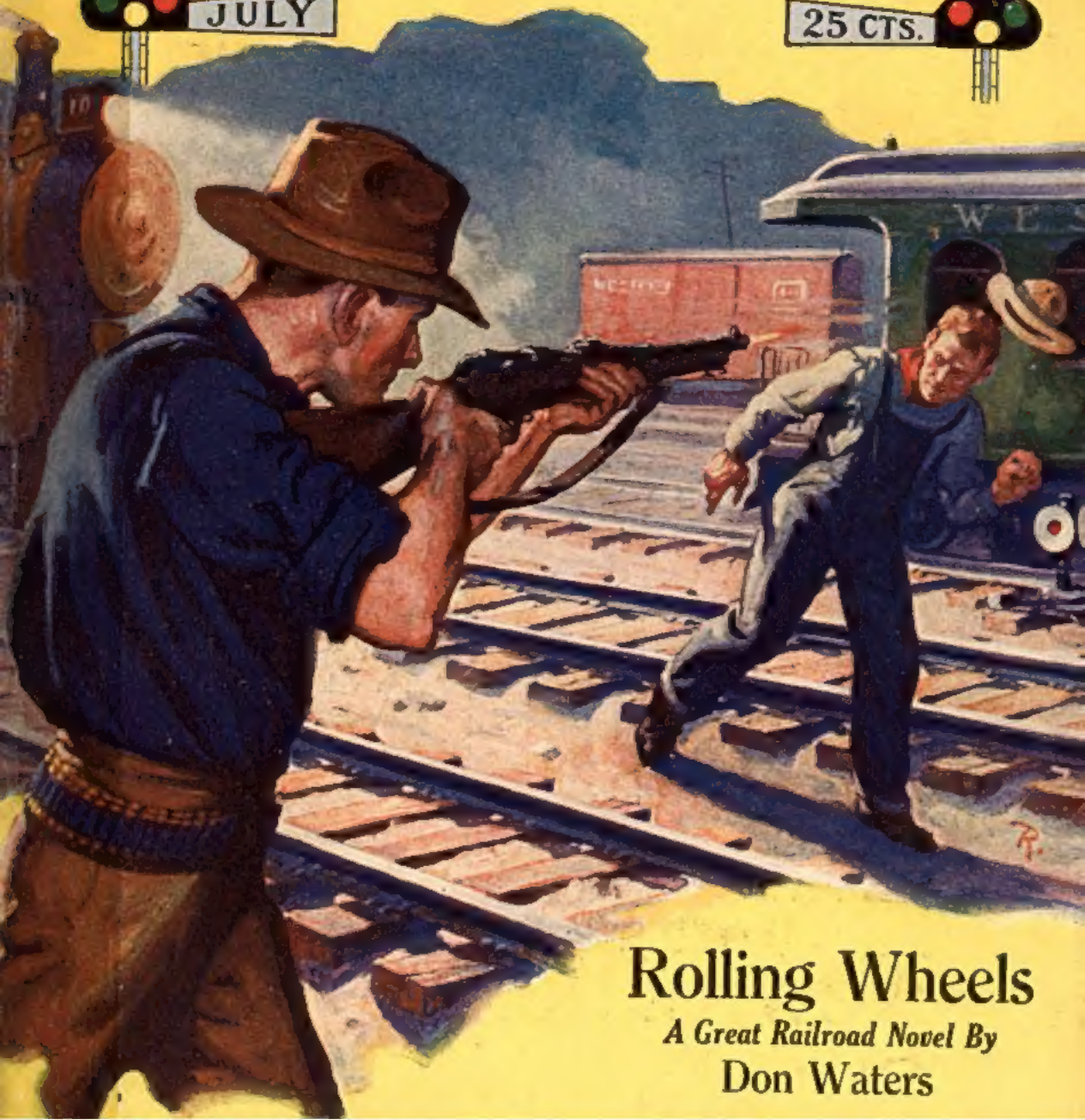
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY

25 CTS.



Rolling Wheels

A Great Railroad Novel By

Don Waters

JACK (NAP) KLOZA
Wichita Falls
The Modern Lajoie

The Kromer "Big Leaguer" Baseball Sweat Cap

19 Shielded Holes Let Fresh Air In, Keep the Sun Out.

Washable, pre-shrunk. Plenty of fresh air for scalp health and clear, quick brainwork.

COLORS:

White, Red, Blue, Gray, Black, Brown, Express Stripe. Price 53c (10c extra in Canada). Your No. stitched inside. Boys' Special, 38c (17½ in. and up).

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

KROMER CAP COMPANY

Dept. B8 **314 E. Water Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

Makers of the Nation's B. V. Caps

Canadian Representatives: H. S. Peters, Ltd., Brotherhood Overall Co., Welland, Ont.

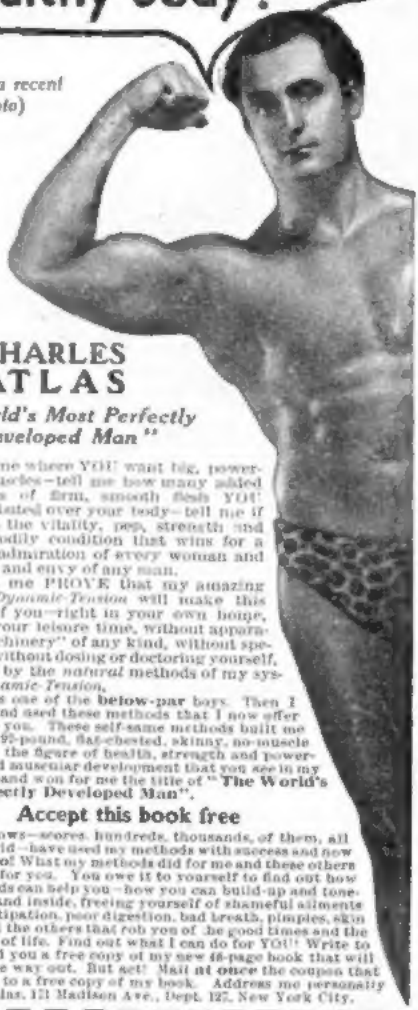
Rid your house of germ-carrying flies

You can entirely exterminate every fly in the house . . . instantly . . . cleanly . . . with Elkay's Fly-Kil! Each batch tested for killing power. Elkay's Fly-Kil sold only at Rexall Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Who else wants BIG MUSCLES and a handsome, healthy body?

(*From a recent photo*)



CHARLES ATLAS

"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

TELL me where YOU want big, powerful muscles—tell me how many added pounds of firm, smooth flesh YOU want distributed over your body—tell me if YOU want the vitality, pep, strength and splendid bodily condition that wins for a fellow the admiration of every woman and the respect and envy of any man.

Then let me PROVE that my amazing secret of *Dynamic-Tension* will make this *new man* of you—right in your own home, using just your leisure time, without apparatus or "machinery" of any kind, without special diets, without dosing or doctoring yourself, but purely by the *natural* methods of my system of *Dynamic-Tension*.

I, too, was one of the **below-par** boys. Then I developed and used these methods that I now offer to reveal to you. These self-same methods built me up from a 97-pound, flat-chested, skinny, no-muscle specimen to the figure of health, strength and powerful, balanced muscular development that you see in my new photo—and won for me the title of "**The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man**".

Accept this book free

Other fellows—scores, hundreds, thousands, of them, all over the world—have used my methods with success and now **you can, too!** What my methods did for me and these others they can do for you. You owe it to yourself to find out how these methods can help you—how you can build up and tone up, outside and inside, freeing yourself of shameful ailments such as constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples, skin blotches and the others that rob you of the good times and the good things of life. Find out what I can do for YOU! Write to me—I'll send you a free copy of my new 48-page book that will show you the way out. But act! Mail **at once** the coupon that entitles you to a free copy of my book. Address me personally—Charles Atlas, 121 Madison Ave., Dept. 127, New York City.

Charles Atlas (Dept. 127)
171 Madison Ave., New York City

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will give me, too, a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength.**"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(*Please print or write plainly*)

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Features

The Power Parade ..... By John Adams 481
The Amazing Evolution of the Passenger Locomotive.
Photographs

Training With Model Trains ..... By Lamar Q. Ball 532
A Composer's Hobby Becomes a School of Railroad Operation.
Photographs

New Life for "Death Avenue" ..... By John Walker Harrington 562
The Railroad in the Streets of America's Greatest City.
Photographs

On the Quiet Western Front ..... By Ralph Heinzen 596
Making Twisted Rails of War Into Main Lines of Peace.
Photographs

Serials

Rolling Wheels (Four Parts—Part I) ..... By Don Waters 492
The Hard Hand of the Law Follows the Boomer to Romance.
Illustrated by M. Burs

Derails (Three Parts—Part III) ..... By E. S. Dellinger 615
Dave Meade Returns to the Rolling Steel—and Doom.
Illustrated by John R. Neill

Short Stories

Deacon Smith—Brakeman, Bum ..... By James W. Earp 516
He Couldn't Even Hold a Job—Until a Pair of Blue Eyes Smiled.
Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

Observations of a Station Agent ..... By J. E. Smith 545
Luther and Trouble Tie Together on Friday, Thirteenth.
Illustrated by C. Kessler

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
8, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE.,
111 Rue Reaumur

WILLIAM T. DEWART, President — **C. T. DIXON, Vice President**

Published every month and copyright, 1930, by The Frank A. Munsey Company. Single copies, 25 cents. By the year, $2.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba, and Canada; $4.00 to other Foreign Countries. Remittances should be made by check, express money order or postal money order. Currency should not be sent unless registered. Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter November 15th, 1929, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' permission. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Manuscripts submitted to this Magazine should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts

FB

A Magazine For Railroaders

July, 1930 Vol. II—No. 4

Ipecac Skirts Psittacosis ..... By Arthur K. Akers 556
Parrot and a Peevish Lady Jus' Don' Do a Boy No Good.
Illustrated by Everett Lowry

Head End Mutiny ..... By Hardy Reeves 576
The Fireman Didn't Know a Book, But He Sure Knew an Engine.
Illustrated by F. J. Maloney

Clothes You Wear ..... By the Georgia Rambler 603
Slick Slim Had a Swell Racket That Was Sure Fire—Sometimes.
Illustrated by John R. Neill

True Story

My Greatest Thrill 591
Bill the Boomer's Story ..... By Jacques Girourard
When He Fired for Gallopin' Gragan on the Divide.

Departmental and Miscellany

The Royal Gorge Route! (Poem) ..... By James Edward Hungerford 515
Just a Few Years Back ..... By C. Kessler 542
J. E. Smith—Author, Railroader 544
By the Light of the Lantern 572
The Boomers' Corner 633
On the Spot ..... With the Editors 636

COMING FOR AUGUST

THE MASK OF CHING WO

By MAX BRAND

A Moving, Gripping Novel of the Gold Rush Days in California Before the Railroads Came

* * *

WHEN REDWOOD WENT DRY

By BOB CROSS

Yardmaster, Rule G, and Prohibition Make This New Tale by the Author of "The King" One You Won't Forget

Fair *and* Cooler!

When it's too hot to stir and your skin seems to ooze and your clothes feel too tight and your feet fit no shoes—

Then steer for the nearest bathtub! Disengage yourself from every clammy stitch of this summer's fashions. Renounce all worldly possessions except the purest thing you know—it's white and it's big and it always floats!

For immediate relief, go right into a heart-to-heart consultation with Ivory Soap. Spread a snowdrift of Ivory foam richly over your entire architecture. You will instantly feel as cool as a sprig of mint in a tinkling glass of iced tea! Then duck your shoulders under the water as a hint for every Ivory bubble to rinse away.

And then, take your choice . . . stretch out for a 10-minute rest cure . . . or splash about as if the tub were your old swimming hole. In either case the results are the same—a completely revived American!

And when you have swished your towel for the last time over your dry shoulders, how cheerful and smooth-tempered and refreshed your skin feels! That's because Ivory's par is always the same—99 44/100 % Pure!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"

©1930, P. & G. Co.

FD

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. II — JULY, 1930 — No. 4

The Power Parade

No More Double-Heading—New Giants of the Rails Subdue Mountain Grades, Fast Schedules and Long Distances Alone

By John Adams

RAILROAD circles generally are more engrossed to-day than ever before in the all-absorbing topic of power evolution, and there is nothing quite so spectacular, from the viewpoint of both layman and technical expert, as the grand parade of passenger power which has grown out of recent mechanical developments.

Within the memory of many men living to-day is a clear picture of the old American 4-4-0 type engine, with her high and mighty drivers, her tall stack, fancy cab, and brass trimmings—a dainty piece of machinery, in a way, that made speed records with wooden cars; records which never have been broken.

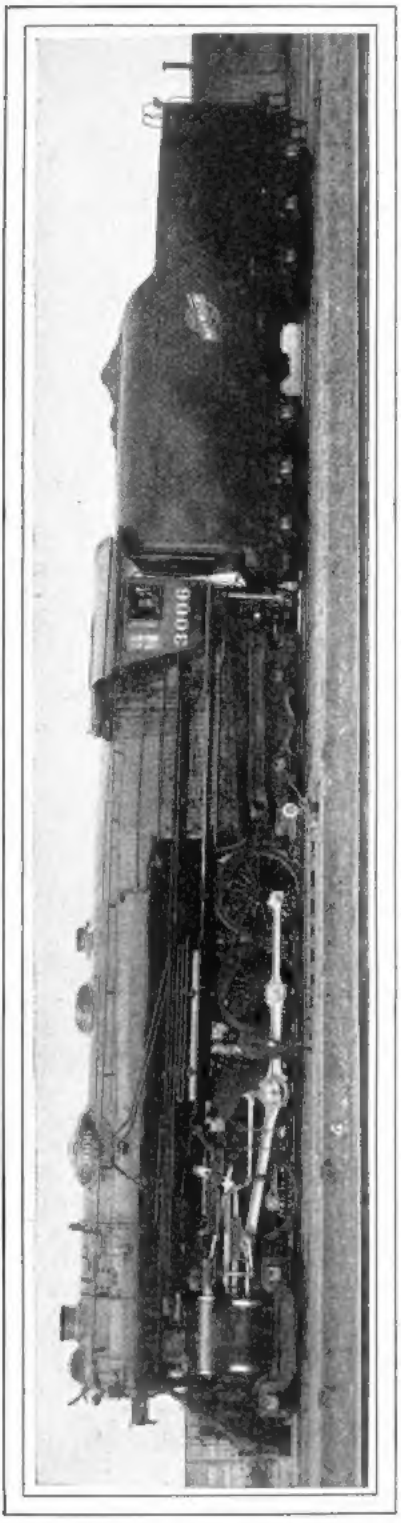
These old Americans—they pulled freight, too, in their prime—were too fast for their own good. They could travel right off into space on the slightest provocation. They could take a train of three or four wooden cars and go to town. But passenger traffic and safety brought the development of steel cars, heavy Pullmans, luxurious palaces on wheels, and the power that pulled these cars had to keep pace with progress.

After the American came the Atlantic of 4-4-2 wheel arrangement, and when the trains got too much for the Atlantic type's drawbar pull, a new locomotive had to be developed.

The first high-powered giant jacks developed for heavy fast passenger traffic were technically classified as 4-6-2's. They were known as the Pacific type and were in their day highly successful, the last word in power units for hauling passengers.

Old and New Pacifics

BACK in 1904 the first of a series of Pacifics appeared on the Michigan Central. Passenger locomotives of the same type were soon placed in service on the New York Central, the Boston and Albany and a lot of other lines. The Pacifics were gradually built heavier and more powerful to meet the



The Largest Passenger Locomotive in the World Streaks Luxurious Coaches Over the Chicago and Northwestern Lines

growing demands of an increasingly popular high speed long distance passenger traffic. Some of the later models are still in service on the New York Central.

The big Pacifics, with cylinders 23½ inches in diameter and a 26-inch stroke, were designed to carry a working boiler pressure of 200 pounds per square inch. The driving wheels stood 79 inches high. Mechanical stokers were installed, feed water heaters applied and many people declared they were quite the ultimate in passenger locomotive accomplishment.

However, the last word in locomotives has yet to be written. Past performances are continually being surpassed.

Something bigger and better in motive power units than the Pacifics was needed. New giant jacks were wanted with a greater starting tractive force, a substantial increase in cylinder horse power capacity with the maximum output delivered at much higher speeds.

To fulfill these new demands, more steam was necessary. More steam meant bigger boilers and more fire under them. Swell, but not so easy to do as to talk about.

To get technical for a moment, bigger boilers involved an important consideration in connection with the question of rail stresses and roadbed loads at high speeds, which is that of avoiding the high maximum and more or less isolated trailing wheel loads per pair of wheels. This was pointed out recently by P. W. Kiefer, chief engineer of motive power of the New York Central lines, in an address he delivered at Brookline, Massachusetts.

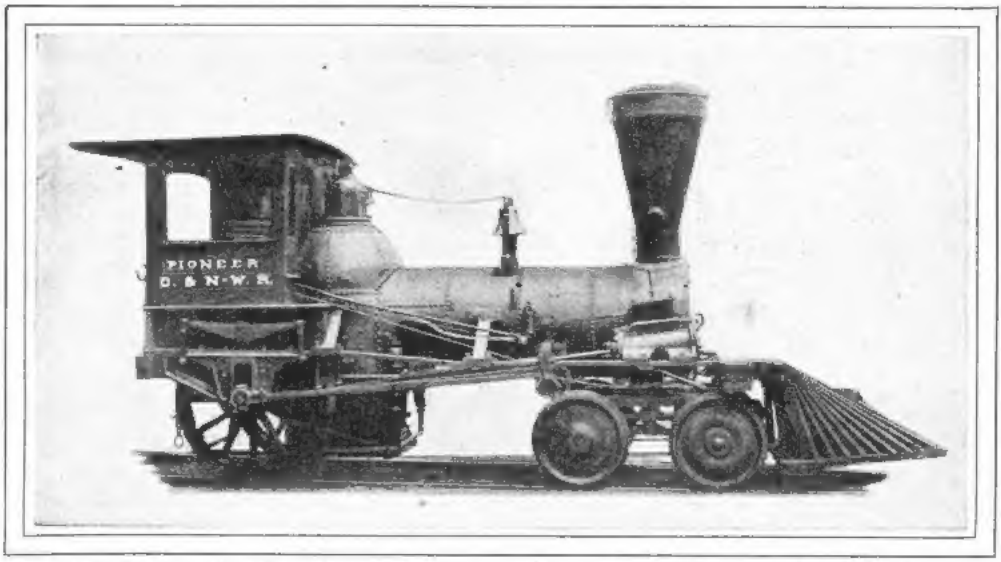
The Pacific type engines had only one pair of trailing wheels behind the drivers and they were already subject to about all the load they could carry.

The New York Central drafted complete specifications for an entirely new type high-powered, high-speed passenger locomotive and placed an order with the Amer-

ican Locomotive Company for a sample engine with a 4-6-4 wheel arrangement. Four wheels on the forward truck, six driving wheels and four trailers under the cab. The new four-wheeled trailer provided ample space for fireboxes of sufficient size to produce the steam needed to give the greater horse power output that was constantly being demanded by increased passenger traffic and heavier equipment.

4-8-4's, locomotives with eight driving wheels instead of six, in their fastest and heaviest passenger service.

The Chicago and Northwestern operates a tremendous jack on its Corn King Limited between Chicago and Sioux City, and on some of its other fast schedule runs. These new giant locomotives, Zeppelins of the rails the road calls them, are perhaps the largest and most powerful locomotives in passenger service in America. They were



The Pioneer—the Oldest Locomotive of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. She's Quite a Toy When Compared with Her Modern Sisters

The new passenger locomotives, known as the Hudson type, handle the Twentieth Century and other crack trains on the New York Central lines. With an ample boiler and superheater, both of which were necessary to enable the locomotive to develop and sustain high cylinder horse power over long periods of time, these great engines can move heavy passenger trains under all conditions at the tremendous speeds required to maintain exacting schedules.

Following the success for the 4-6-4's, some of the railroads have introduced

built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the same concern, incidentally, that made the old Pioneer, the first locomotive to roll out of Chicago westbound.

The Pioneer is said to have been the thirty-seventh locomotive M. W. Baldwin built. It was turned out in 1836 for service on the Utica and Schenectady railroad. After rocking along up and down the Mohawk Valley for a few years, it was bought by the Michigan Central, and the name, Alert, was painted on both sides of its dinky cab.

The new owners made a few changes on the engine which had originally been made with a single fixed eccentric for each cylinder with two arms extending backward, having drop hooks to engage a pin on the rocker arm which actuated the valve rod. That motion was removed and double eccentrics with a V hook were substituted.

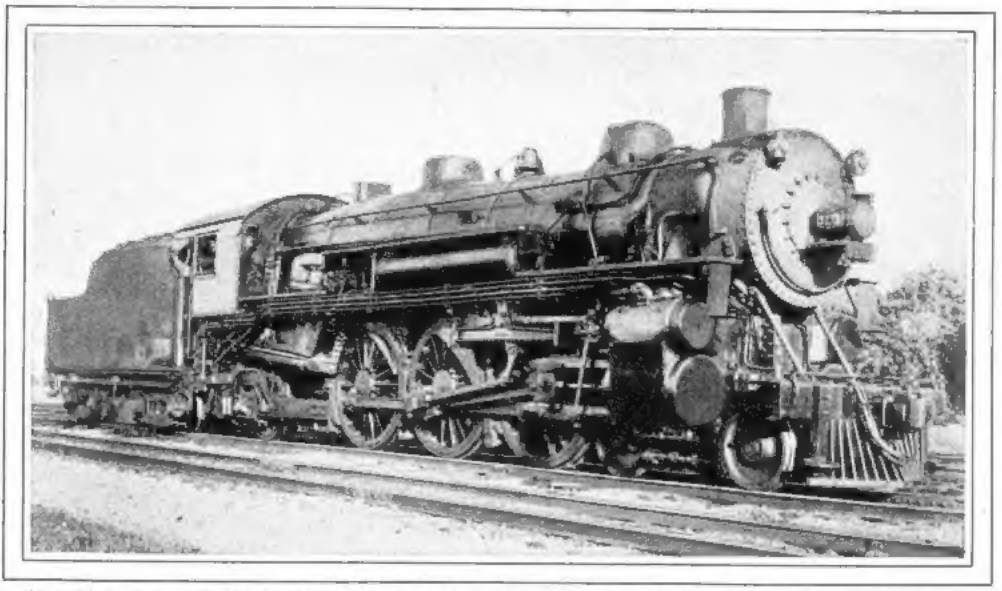
The Chicago and Northwestern, then known as the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, began laying tracks in 1848. They had to have something to run on them, so they bought the Alert from its owners and fittingly changed the name on the cab to the Pioneer.

The stanch old forerunner of our modern locomotives weighed only ten tons. She is still in the possession of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. For a while she was in the Field Museum in Chicago. She went into service as the Pioneer on October 24, 1848, a weird little six-wheel affair with a long pointed pilot jutting out from the front end, a funnel-shaped stack that belched clouds of black smoke and two groaning driving wheels directly under the cab.

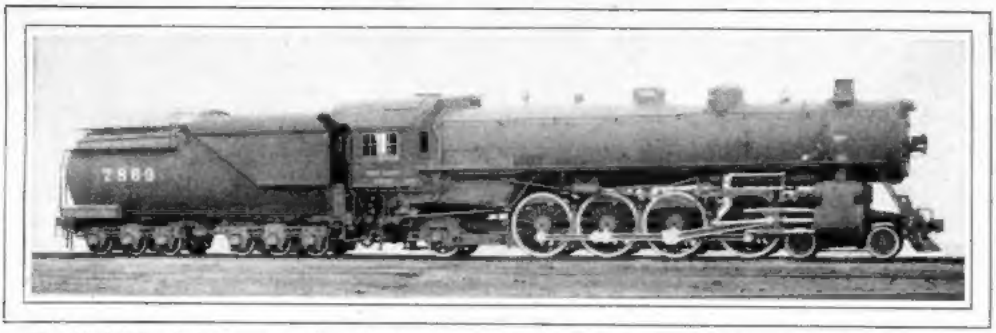
Eighty-one years later the same road put on the first of its mammoth passenger locomotives of the new Class H designation.

These latest additions to the Chicago and Northwestern's fleet of motive power units are capable of developing a speed of eighty-five miles an hour and nobody could want to get out of Chicago much faster than that. The Class H's are equipped with automatic train control which is now used on all the road's passenger and freight trains operating on the main line between Chicago and Omaha.

The new engines have a pulling power fifty per cent greater than the passenger locomotives previously used. They have a rated tractive force of 65,200 pounds, which for starting may be supplemented by a booster delivering an additional 11,300 pounds. The combination affords a starting pull equivalent of 76,500 pounds.



New York Central's Pacific Type That Set the Pace Before the Coming of the Fifty-two Hundreds



The High-Wheeled Mountain Type Engine That Maintains the Fast Schedules of the Union Pacific

Just to give a few more striking specifications, these Zeppelins of high iron are 103 feet 4 inches long, which is ten feet longer than the largest freight engine used on the line.

Locomotive and tender together weigh 823,000 pounds. They are more than 200,000 pounds heavier than the Chicago and Northwestern's heavy duty freight jacks and nearly twice as heavy as the line's other high speed passenger locomotives.

The driving wheels have an outside diameter of 76 inches. The tender has a capacity of 18,000 gallons of water and carries 20 tons of coal.

Among other special features that should be mentioned is the astounding fact that the main locomotive frame, including the 27-inch x 32-inch cylinders which are cast integral with it, is a one piece steel casting 58 feet 3 inches long over all. This probably sets a record in castings of this kind made up to the time these locomotives were built. The casting alone weighs 72,500 pounds and takes in, besides the main frame and cylinders, cross ties, valve gear and guide supports, the extension cradle over the trailer and the brackets for the feed water pumps and train control equipment.

Alemite lubrication is supplied to all parts of the locomotive spring rigging, brake rigging and motion work except the main and valve cross-head guides and rods. Some of the Class H's are equipped with roller bearings on the tenders. All of them have inside pipe lines passing through the smoke box.

As to auxiliary equipment, these locomotives carry a Type E superheater, feed water heater, mechanical stoker, three thermic syphons, power reverse, booster and air brakes on all driving and tender wheels.

They carry two 8½-inch cross compound pumps.

The working pressure is given as 250 pounds per square inch, but both the boiler and machinery have been designed to carry an additional 25 pounds if needed. Under the latter head of steam the tractive effort when starting is raised to 84,200 pounds.

Because of their enormous power, as well as the speed they are enabled to develop, these locomotives can be used for fast freight service in addition to their use on the Chicago and Northwestern's crack passenger runs.

The "Poconos"

NEARLY as large and as powerful as these Class H jacks are the new big passenger locomotives recently built by the American Locomotive Company for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. Like the Class H's, the

Lackawanna's giants have a 4-8-4 wheel arrangement.

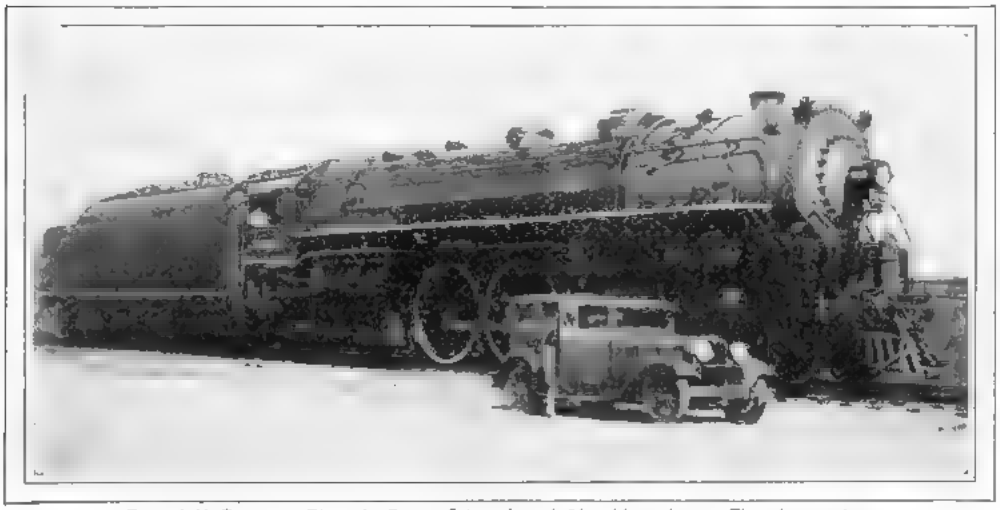
The Lackawanna has christened the series " Poconos." They pull the main line limited between Hoboken and Scranton, a hilly stretch of track.

On a test not long ago one of these engines whipping a twelve-car all-steel train over the rails consumed 127 pounds of coal and 104 gallons of water per mile while running between Hoboken and Scranton. The distance is 133 miles and involves a difficult climb over the Pocono Mountains.

At Hoboken the Lackawanna's elevation above sea level is only 7 feet. Scranton lies 772 feet above the sea and between the two places Tobyhanna has to be passed at a height of 1932 feet.

The grades on this particular run are mean, but the Poconos can whip a passenger train over the mountains on a fast schedule without the aid of pushers or the necessity of doubling up on engines when negotiating the worst hills. In fact, the increasing desire on the part of railroads to eliminate tandems on an uphill stretch of iron is just one of the many reasons why higher-powered passenger jacks, and more of them are continually being built

Doubling up going over grades is expensive, awkward and often inconvenient. Moreover one locomotive can haul a train much more smoothly and evenly than two. There isn't the banging, bumping and jerking when one jack hauls a string of cars over a hill that there is when it takes two locomotives to do the same job. There is no delay of coupling up at the foot of the grade and dropping the extra engine at the summit.



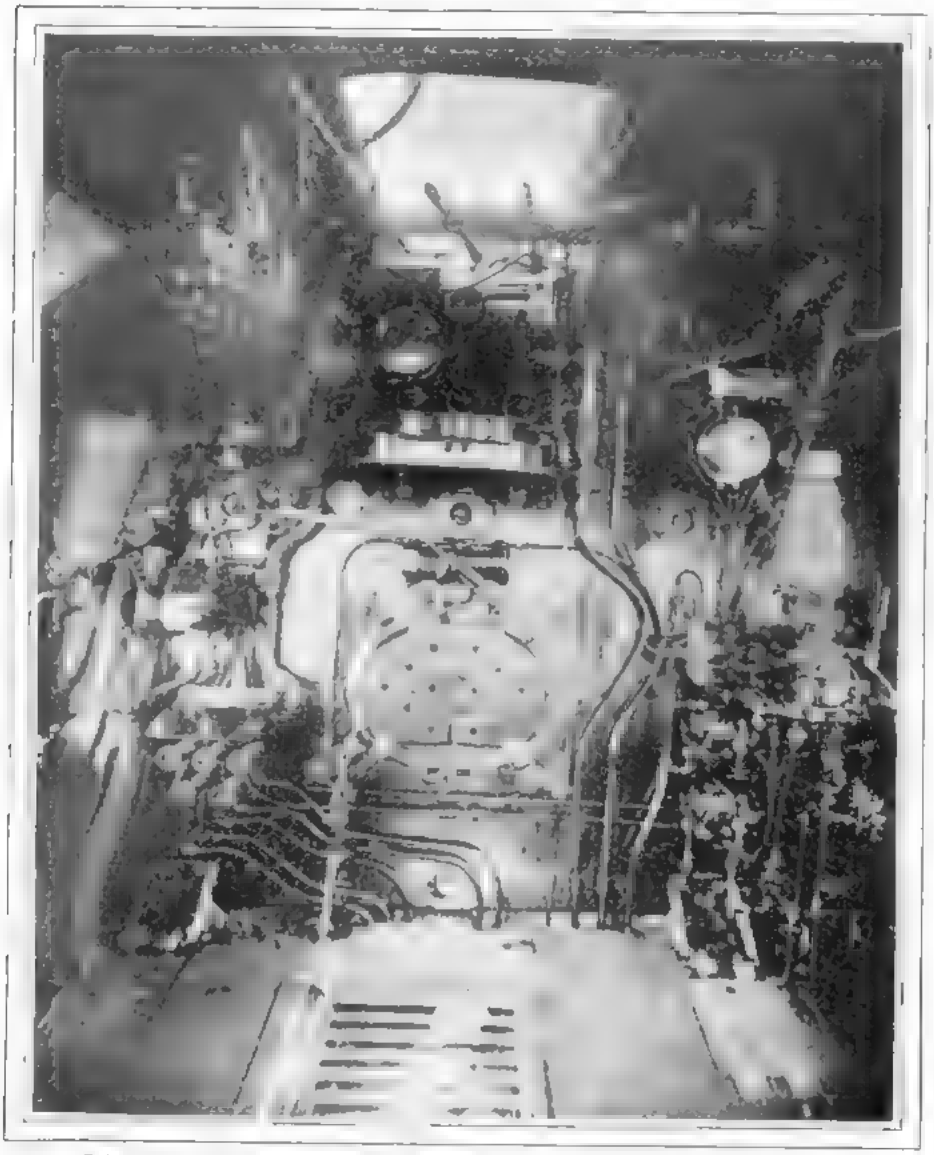
The N. Y. C. 5200 Class Is Sort of Head and Shoulders Above This Automobile

These considerations are not as trivial as they may seem in this day of razor edge competition and an increasingly fastidious traveling public. The smallest minutiæ of the public's comfort exerts its influence on a road's passenger policy. People who want to go places are no longer looked upon as a nuisance. Railroads have learned to realize the pocketbook value of perfect passenger service.

Speed, safety and the comfort of the customers has become the battle cry of modern passenger traffic managers.

The Lackawanna put their Pacifics into service with this in view. While they were at it, they put in a loco-

grate area of 88 1-5 square feet. Their driving wheels stand 77 inches high. The tenders attached to these loco-



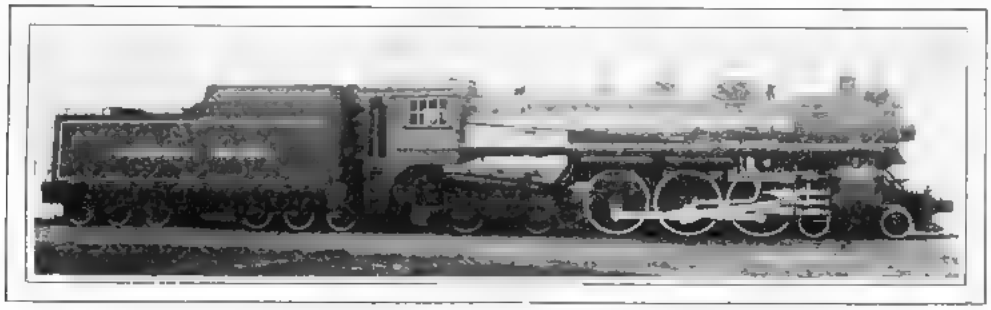
Cab View of the Steam Giants That Makes Them Over the Grades of the Pocono Mountains on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad

motive with a tractive power of 64,500 pounds and with cylinders having a diameter of 27 inches and a 32-inch stroke.

The new passenger jacks have [illegible] motives have a fuel capacity of 14 tons and can carry 12,000 gallons of water.

For its fast mountain service the Union Pacific has been operating a series of high-powered oil burners [illegible]

This Is the Country—the High Rockies Where Canadian Pacific Passenger Locomotives Are Put to the Stiffest Tests. Photo Shows the Valley of Ten Peaks



The C. P. R.'s High Speed Passenger Power

snake its limiteds across the toughest country for railroading in the United States, the Rocky Mountain region. No matter in which direction a road traverses those gigantic and picturesque obstacles, the going is tough. East and west, or north and south along the general trend of the range there is much heavy work to be done in getting a long string of Pullmans over the divides on a fast schedule

The jacks that have the power for just such difficult highballing are the Union Pacific's 7000 class, built by the American Locomotive Company. They can develop speed though their specifications tend to approximate those of a freight locomotive rather than those of a high-wheeler for passenger service.

Their driving wheels, and there are eight of them, have a diameter of 73 inches. The cylinders, 29 inches in diameter, have a 28-inch stroke.

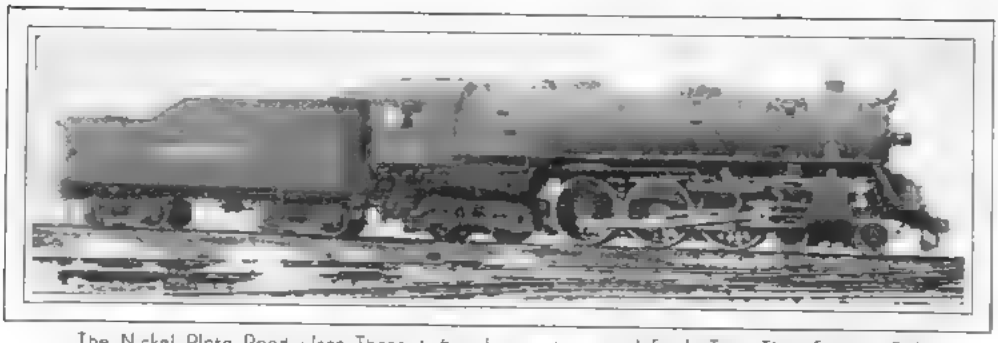
The boiler has a working pressure established at 200 pounds per square inch, and the maximum tractive force developed is slightly under 55,000 pounds. The wheel sequence is 4-8-2, the locomotives having only one pair of trailing wheels beneath the firebox.

With the urge to get high-powered fast locomotives on the front end of passenger trains running rampant, the Canadian Pacific recently went in for such things in a big way. The American Locomotive Company has built some enormous engines for them of the Hudson type, with three pairs of 75-inch driving wheels and a new high working pressure of 275 pounds reading on the steam gauge when they are ready to roll.

These jacks, like the other big modern passenger locomotives, carry a Type E superheater, are stoker-fired and have cylinders and underframes cast in one solid piece. To withstand the high working pressure of 275 pounds at which these locomotives operate the boilers were built of nickel steel

This is another demonstration of the increasing use of steel alloys by the modern locomotive builders. Other roads have attempted to keep the weight of their biggest locomotives down to minimum load per axle by the use of alloys. Future experimentation with alloy steels of great tensile strength may bring about a widespread and general attempt to produce the greatest possible drawbar horse power, or effective pulling force, with the lightest weight of locomotive.

Something along these lines will certainly have to be done, if locomotives, both passenger and freight, are to continue to increase in size and power. It has been shown that a saving of approximately 10,000 pounds in the weight of a locomotive can be secured



The Nickel Plate Road Uses These 4-6-4 Locomotives, and Finds That They Fit the Bill

through the use of alloys used in the castings alone.

What the Future Holds

However, this is a digression. Getting back specifically to the Canadian Pacific's Hudson type high speed high-wheelers with their rated maximum tractive effort of 45,300 pounds, it is a far cry from these twentieth century locomotives back to the little Countess of Dufferin, that highballed out of Montreal less than fifty years ago on the first Canadian transcontinental trip.

In the first place construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad across the Dominion will always remain one of the greatest engineering feats in history. The road was built for the most part through a wilderness where men had to be both housed and fed by the company. The immense distances, the swampy muskegs along the north shore of Lake Superior and the towering barrier of the Rocky Mountains offered problems never met with or surmounted in railroad construction up to that time. The first sod was turned on May 2, 1881. By the summer of 1883 an average of three and half miles of track was being laid a day over the prairie country. Work on the difficult lake section also started in the spring of that year. On the latter 12,000 men and 5,000 horses were employed.

Construction over the mosquito infested swamps was a tremendous undertaking. It cost $12,000,000 to build 200 miles of this section. The dynamite alone cost over $1,000,000 and three dynamite factories were built to supply the need. Between Sudbury and Cartier a whole lake had to be lowered ten feet to obtain a solid foundation for the track.

Yet two years after work began, the entire 651-mile section from Callander to Port Arthur was opened up.

In the meantime surveying and location parties had pushed forward into the Rockies. Work on the Rocky Mountain section began at Kamloops in 1884. By June, 1885, the railroad was open from Montreal to a point near the summit of the Selkirks and many a mile of track in the Rockies cost the builders $500,000.

Port Moody was the original terminus on the Pacific coast. It was 12 miles from the present site of Vancouver.

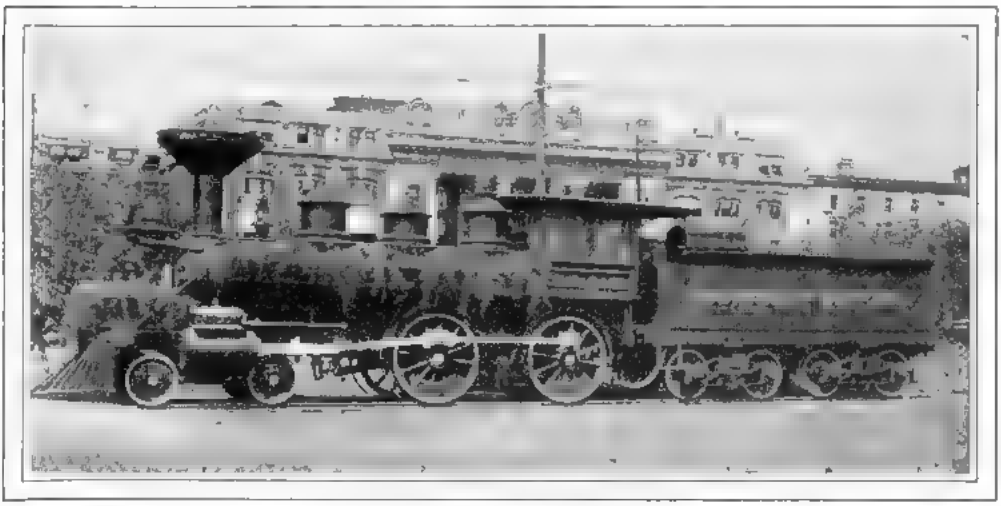
At 8 P.M. on the evening of June 28, 1886, just a little more than five years after work had begun, the Countess of Dufferin, a little 2-2-0 with a big oil headlight and a shiny brass bell just behind her smokestack, had a full head of steam. The engineer tooted his whistle, clanged his bell and the first Canadian transcontinental train

rolled westward to the Pacific. She arrived at Port Moody " OT " on July 4, five and a half days after her departure from Montreal.

The present day schedule for the Trans-Canada limited calls for a running time between Montreal and Vancouver of three days and seventeen hours. It is high-powered passenger jacks like the Canadian Pacific's new Hudson type locomotives that enable the road to maintain its fast time from Montreal to the coast on its luxurious modern crack trains

Without thoroughly up-to-date front end equipment, steel Pullmans, club cars, lounge cars, dining cars, observation cars and all the fancy improvements in varnished wagons that the traveling public accepts for its comfort would be literally impossible and useless. People don't want a seat in a Pullman unless said Pullman is going to take them somewhere.

And the only thing a Pullman can do of its own accord is roll off the hump in a sorting yard. It takes a high-powered locomotive to haul a string of them over the rails, clickety-click at the speed the times demand.

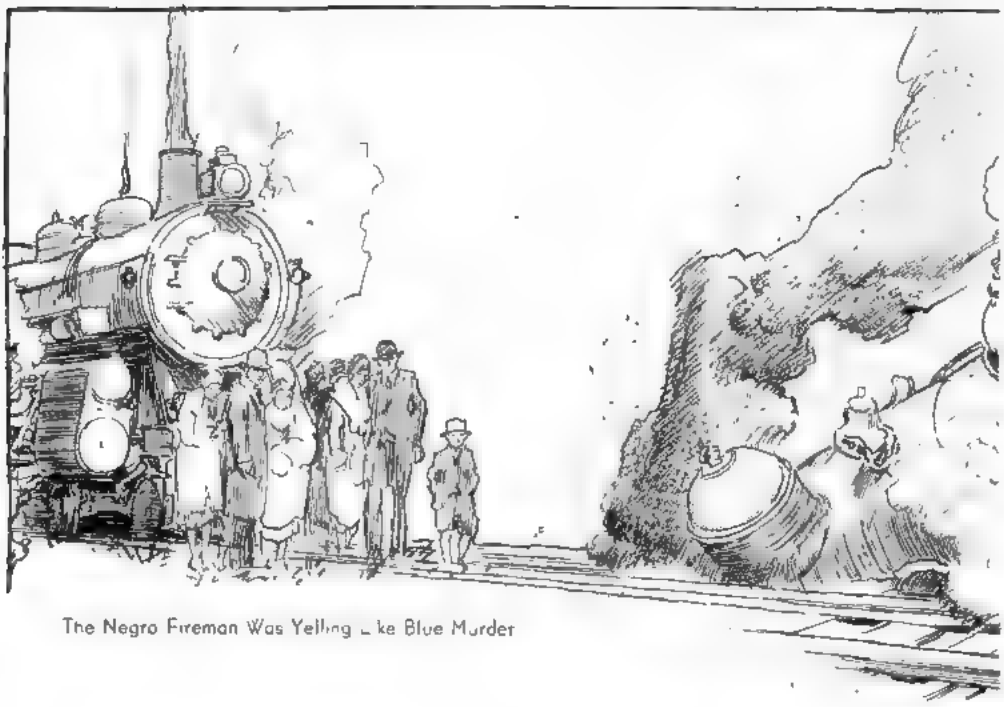


The Grand Old Countess of Dufferin, the First Engine to Pull a Transcontinental Train for the Canadian Pacific Railway

How long roads can go on putting out bigger and bigger passenger locomotives is a question. More than once in the past engineers and scientists have said that the limit in high speed power has been reached.

Maybe the next development will be an improvement in rails. New tracks that are entirely safe to run this high power over at new high speeds. Then we can go on building bigger and faster high-powered passenger jacks. At present the Chicago and Northwestern's 4-8-4's seem to be about the limit.

If you would like something to look forward to, just put down Charles W. Tyler's great new story, "Smiling Smith Sits In," which will come to you complete in the August issue. It's the story of a grinning operator in the dead spot of the hills



The Negro Fireman Was Yelling Like Blue Murder

Rolling Wheels

Memories of a Girl, of Success and Failure, Fill the Soul of a Man Who Waits for Death

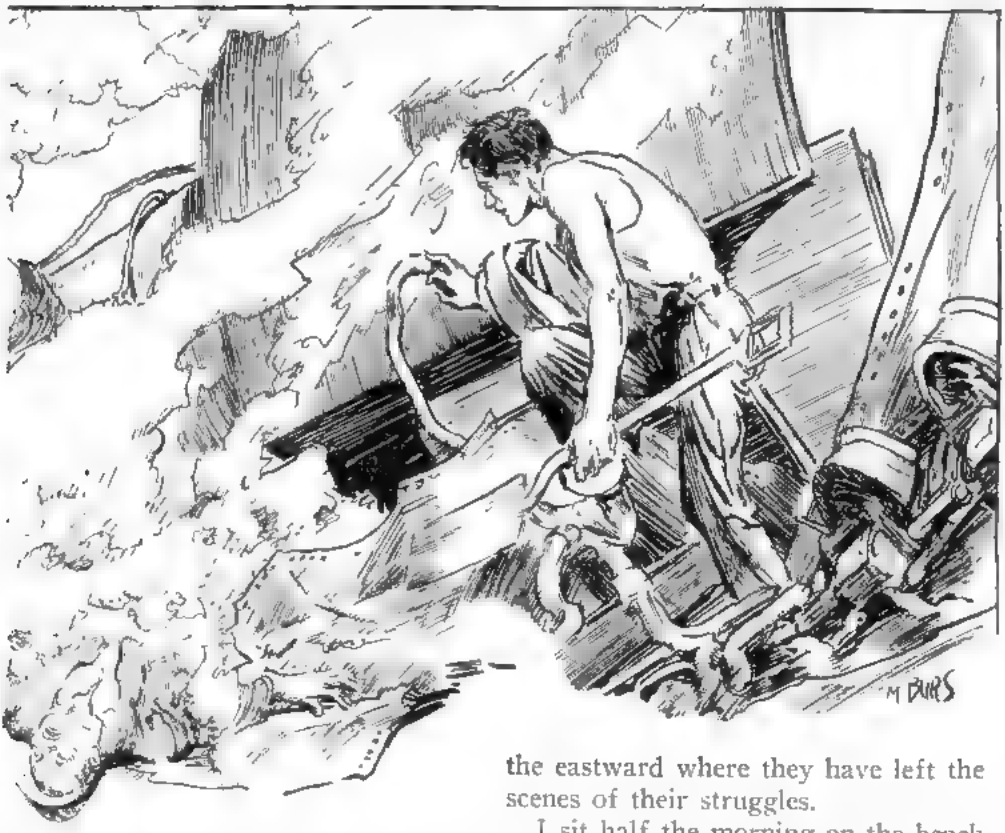
By Don Waters

Illustrated by M. Burs

CHAPTER I

TO pass the time away, to shorten the long, dragging hours, I am writing this tale of my past. For I who have lived an active life, it ill becomes me to idle away the few hours I have left. I've lived in the heat of action, I've put in my time since I was man grown and before, where the sound of escaping steam is ever heard, where mighty mobile pieces of machinery drive along the bright polished tread of the steel rails, where the call of locomotives' whistles sounds and the *rat-a-tat* of rolling wheels batter the rail joints.

I've been a railroader, fought my way up from the beginning, held responsible places, and now I'm shelved, out of the struggle, with less than a year to live. A year to live. I got the verdict two months ago, three hundred and five days to see the sun rise and set, ten months more of dawn and



twilight. And then the night; I'll be wrapped up in the everlasting darkness and all my troubles will be done.

Sitting idle in the bright California sunshine, it all seems so far away and long ago, those active days that ended such a short time back. My life is a futile one, the time drags heavily, the time that has so small a space to drag. I slowly walk down to the park in the morning, where, seated on a bench, I watch a crowd of men pitching horseshoes, men with gnarled, work-worn hands and bent backs, with faded blue eyes, who have spent their best years tilling the fat, black loam of Iowa. They work at their sport with a grim, unsmiling earnestness, these men who, like myself, have never before had time for play. Their thoughts, like mine, are not on their present, but back to the eastward where they have left the scenes of their struggles.

I sit half the morning on the bench under the palms, unhearing the clanging shoes, and think long, long thoughts; unseeing the horseshoe tossers, and often my thoughts are of Mary Henderson. Often a picture flashes through my mind, a roaring, reverberating fire, the noise of crackling flames, the hoarse shouts and yells outside the burning coach sounding above the steady *chop! chop!* of axes beating on the tin roof above us.

I feel her soft firm arms around me, I see her face lit up by the nearing blaze, I hear her voice without a tremor—"Go while you can. Leave me. No use our both staying. Go," I hear her say. "Go, for I love you."

I wonder if that love is strong enough to make her do what she promised. But even if she does redeem her promise, I cannot accept. She is young;

life, like a song, goes lilting into a chorus out into the future for her. Why should I cast the gloom of my short span of living over her future? No, if Mary tries to make good her promise, I will refuse it.

And Bob Dorset, riding over the road in his private car—often, involuntarily, I clench my feeble fists and grit my teeth at the thought of him; Dorset, who even now is getting rich off my work. Dorset, who even now may be with Mary Henderson—but I doubt that—she is too fine a woman ever to fall under Dorset's influence deeply. Her perceptions are too keen. She would surely see the flaw in the metal. She would surely catch a glimpse of him as he is beneath his smooth and well-poised manner.

I sometimes make up my mind to write to Mary just to learn how things are going back there in the Blue Ridge Mountains. But my old purposeful manner has left me. I don't seem to be able to get up the nerve to pen a letter to her. What could I say? How could I say it?

So I sit on the bench till noon, go to a restaurant for my simple lunch, a glass of milk and a few soda crackers, and then the afternoon is upon me. Down at the curving crescent of the sandy beach in the afternoon, like a child, I amuse myself by picking up seashells or watching the columns of white horses, the charging cavalry of the surf, drive in from across the wide Pacific. There's a band concert in the evening, and then the night, the dragging hours of darkness, when I lay abed, unable to sleep. Midnight comes, I hear the mournful whistle of the eastbound Southern Pacific train as it pulls out. Midnight! A whistle's call, and memories!

To most people that long drawn out, sobbing echo in the night means just a railroad engine blowing for a road crossing, but to me it means far more. In a quick, uninterrupted sequence, through my mind comes the intricate and interconnected series of actions that whistle is intimately hooked up with. There's the roaring, reverberating fire winnowing through the flues to the suck of the exhaust out the nozzle and the stack; there's the water in the tank surging through hose and injector, lifting the check valve, rumbling into the boiler. The throbbing air pumps controlled by their governors are driving the compressed air into an engine reservoir. The engineer's brake valve is set in running position, the air is following the train line back through the pendent hose between the coaches, through the triples into the auxiliary car reservoirs, a flexible mobile force, delicately balanced as a leaf trembling in the wind, and yet with power that grinds steel wheel tread and chilled iron into dust.

I know the power of compressed air, for once my hand lay on the tire of a locomotive in the shops. Some one working up in the cab accidentally set the brakes. A sudden sharp stab of pain scorched my index finger. Amazed, I looked at it, sheared off clean as though by a cleaver at the first joint.

The steam which vibrates that whistle, the soft and fluffy vapor that we see floating in a cloud bank above, is a far different gas when superheated at two hundred pounds' pressure. It rushes through the dome, surges under the lifted edge of a throttle valve, drives through the dry pipe, past the valves and perfectly timed, intermittent, it shoves alternate sides of the pistons. Main and side rods flash up and down; the drivers revolve a half a

thousand spinning revolutions to the minute. The lubricator feeding the oil drop by drop to valve and rod, the headlight machine lighting the flaring eye on the boiler front and causing the cab incandescents to glow, valve and rod, plunging piston and shrieking whistle, steel and steam, cunningly wrought iron and polished brass that go to form a locomotive—I know it all, part by part, and piece by piece as only a man can know those things he has made his life work.

That fast running engine driving through the night carries me with it and renews all the things I can't forget. I see the miles of shining steel rails, the block signal systems, the interlocking switch towers along that path of steel which spans a continent. I know of the thousands of men, know some personally, who are handling that train. Division superintendents, train dispatchers, telegraph operators, section men and roadway forces, master mechanic and shop foreman, call boy and track walker, from the humblest to the mightiest, each man on that system has his part in hurrying that train across the country.

It is but one system of many in this land. Railroading, a mighty game of steel and steam, a hard game where no second-rater gets far, and where men do more work, worry harder for what they get out of it than most any other business they might engage in; there's a fascination to railroading. Once the roar of an engine's exhaust becomes familiar to a man, he never is satisfied far from the sound of escaping steam. Once he learns from repetition the monotonous *click-clack, click-clack* of wheels rolling fast over the rail joints, he never will be able to put that sound from his ears. Running train and whistle call, the clang of cars banging coupler to coupler, the dancing beam of a headlight shining on the rails ahead, action and movement—railroading. No man ever gets that out of his blood. Once those moving trains weave their warp across the woof of his life, he'll never get away from their fascination.

Small wonder I ride in fancy with the midnight varnished highball over the coast range, across the deserts into El Paso, then pound fast along the water level plains of the great prairie country to Kansas City. There's a change of cars and we shove the rails behind us across the middle west northward. Before the last heard, long drawn out crossing blow of the eastbound has ceased echoing, I am back in Chicago and walking over the uneven brick floor through the Forty-Seventh Street roundhouse.

CHAPTER II

THERE, on the old Prairie and Pacific, I first picked up a ball peen hammer and chisel. There I split my first nut and fitted my first brass. It's over a generation and a half, but my memory of those times is still bright, and I can recall the day I pulled on a pair of overalls for the first time and became a machinist's apprentice. I was but sixteen when I started to serve my time. To serve my time. What memories that brings back to me!

Four years, over twelve thousand hours, swinging a hand hammer and sledge, chipping fins off castings, filing valve faces and dressing rod brasses, watching the hot chips peel off under the tool edge or seeing the long shining brass spiral unreel before me. I put in my time on drill press and planer, lathe and shaper. I learned to handle dividers and calipers, learned that fine

trick of feeling so that I could chuck a driving pin and turn it to a thousandth part of an inch to fit a rod brass, or bore out a liner for a locomotive cylinder as smooth as a piece of polished plate glass.

I was apt, then, and loved the feel of tools as I still do. To this day I cannot pass a display of tools in a hardware store window without stopping to gloat over them. And to this day, although it has been almost a decade since I had to work with tools for my living, I can close my eyes, catch a two-pound ball peen hammer by its handle end and strike a full arm swinging blow on a three-quarter-inch chisel head without missing. A full arm swing with either hand. It took a lot of practice to learn that trick. I've chased the fin down many a foot of casting, peeling off the circling chips with long swinging blows of my hand hammer on the chisel head before I became equally adept with both hands.

I learned my trade well under old Scotty MacWhortle. A dour Scot, seldom did he praise one of us apprentices, and he sure used to rip the hide off us when we killed a job. I'll never forget the time when I was set to planing an engine frame, a careful job. I felt proud of myself when I trammed it up on the planer bed and started a cut across it. But my interest soon lagged, for it became tedious to stand and watch the long bed slide back and forth, reversing itself at the end of each cut while the head automatically fed another notch on the tool. I knew there was a hot crap game going on in back of the oil shanty, so leaving the work to take care of itself, I slipped out of the shop and soon was spinning the galloping ivories along with the rest of the apprentices.

When I got back to the machine shop I was panic stricken. The big planer was stopped. Mac himself stood beside it. One of my clamps that held the frame had slipped, and there was a half inch groove three inches wide dug along the guides. I expected to be fired at once. I thought Mac would jerk his thumb toward the office and say as I had heard him say a dozen times in the past year—"Ye can get yere time the noo." I knew that I deserved it.

Mac was too reserved ever to bawl out a man before others, and half of the shop force was standing around the planer. He crooked his finger at me.

"Coom," he said. "I'd ha' a word wi' ye."

I followed him into his little office and took the lecture. Never once did he mention the spoiled job. Rather he gave me fatherly advice that I never have forgotten.

I can still remember his burred Scotch voice, rolling the R's when he said: "Lad, there are so few earnest men that their very earnestness is a badge o' nobility. Ye've got yere choice to make the noo. Wad ye be a wastrel, a gambler wi' time, or wad ye be one o' the upright and earnest men o' this world? Life is but a short thing. Ye've no' long to stay here. How ye put in that time will be the manner o' man ye turn out to be. Easy money is the hardest in the end. Gi' me yer promise that ye'll stick close to duty, be an earnest, industrious lad, work for what ye get, and I'll stay close behind ye."

I promised Mac I'd never again neglect my work. We shook hands on the promise, and I've stuck to that promise ever since.

And Mac stuck to me. He gave me every chance, loaned me mechanical

books, often rolled up his coat sleeves, caught the feed handles on a lathe I worked, and showed me how to do a particularly hard job. I owe a lot to old MacKenzie MacWhortle.

The day came when I finished my time. I started to quit and hit the road as most of the apprentices did in those days when they got out of their time. That is a good system, because no matter how well a man knows the work in one particular shop, every shop has different conditions and different methods of performing work, and, generally speaking, the boomer machinist in those days was a far better craftsman and had quicker and handier ways of doing his jobs than the home guard, the fellow who stayed right in the shop where he learned his time.

A few mornings after my time was out I stopped Mac passing down through the shop and told him that I had decided to hit the road and go to booming. He nodded approvingly.

"'Tis the best thing ye could do, and but for one thing, I'd say go the noo. As ye know, we're busy noo. It will be twa or three months afore we get straightened out. I'd like ye to stay wi' me till then. Ye're a bit slow on settin' valves. I'll put ye on the valve settin' job so ye can gain a bit more experience."

I promised Mac to stay with him for the next three months since I saw the justice in his words. I was unable to keep that promise. Six weeks on the valve job and I got that down letter perfect. I could now handle any job in the shop as well as, and, I prided myself, better than most of the machinists there. And that is no small boast.

That was the day of the craftsmen, careful, meticulous workers who prided themselves in a job well done, and who needed no watching to see that they did not slight their work. All the old heads at the shops were men who could take an engine down, rebore the cylinders, fit new rod brasses all around, as well as shoes and wedges, who could turn a set of tires and shrink them on or lay out and machine an eccentric strap without any help or advice. They were good machinists. A man had to be good to hold a job. For we had no organization then to back us up. I've often seen men come to work in the morning, and inside a half hour pack their tools, roll up their overalls, and go out the gate, discharged for they knew not what offense.

Mac could spot a real mechanic in five minutes; he could watch a man start working with a file or chisel and tell immediately whether or not he knew his trade. We worked ten hours a day then, and often, when the shops were busy, three, four and five hours overtime. There was no extra pay for overtime, nor for Sundays and holidays. During my last year serving my time, I often heard groups of men grumbling about our working conditions. At first these grumblers were rather cautious when they voiced their protests against the long hours and the poor pay, but as time passed, their protests grew louder. A feeling of discontent pervaded the shops and roundhouses. The mutterings became openly voiced growls. Trouble was brewing.

I soon drifted into the ranks of the discontented. We really had a good cause for discontent. The shops were dirty, ill ventilated, fly ridden in summer. The night force spent most of their time fighting mosquitoes. Back of the shops the district was a tumbledown collection of shacks, of open

sewers, and the mud streets were but a succession of stinking puddles.

In winter the heating facilities were inadequate, and it's no nice job to come down in the morning and handle frost-rimed steel in a cold, wind-swept shop. But those things were usual. We did not mind them; at that time we did not know any better. Railroading was a hard game, and we who railroaded well knew it. We wanted a decent wage, and we soon got to the place where we intended to get it. Thirty cents an hour. I smile now when I think of the half baked mechanics who are getting over three times that. A consciousness that we were being exploited became more and more certain. Not only with us, but all the railroads in Chicago were affected.

One evening as we came out of the shops after work, the newsboys were shouting the information that the long expected trouble at the Pullman Palace Car shops had at last broken out.

"Trouble in Pullman! Trouble in Pullman!"

I can yet hear those cries.

CHAPTER III

Passing down Forty-Seventh Street one night, I turned the corner on to State Street, intending to catch a cable car and go down town to the "Trocadero" or Sam T. Jack's to take in a burlesque show. But something had happened to the cable, that long steel rope which ran underneath the center of the car tracks from Sixty-Third Street clear down town. It was nothing unusual for the cable system to be out of order, and I wondered if they would put on the horse cars in time for me to reach the last show.

As I sat down on the base of a wooden cigar store Indian on the corner, I idly watched the swinging doors of a saloon across the street. I noticed a group of men come out, recognized several who worked in the shops with me. They seemed excited, were talking furiously. They went along the street for a few doors, and turned into a hallway that led upstairs to the second floor over another saloon. The windows of the second floor were lighted, and I could see men passing back and forth behind them.

I looked up the street. No car was in sight, so I crossed over and walked up the stairs. A man guarded the door. To his gruff questioning, I told him my name and occupation.

"Machinist at the Prairie, eh?" he queried, clapped me on the back, and genially ordered, "Pass in, brother. You're just in time to hear the proceedings get started."

Wondering what it all was about, I entered the hall. It was lit by a half dozen kerosene wall lamps, crowded with men, all standing silent, rather grim looking, with serious expressions. The place was blue with tobacco smoke. Through a rift in the layers of smoke, I made out a platform at the front end, a speaker's table draped with the American flag, and a tall, raw-boned man standing behind the table. A silence fell as he began to speak. He talked with a simple earnestness which held that crowd of men breathless.

"Hands!" he called us. "Hands!"

Didn't we know we had a brain, didn't we know that there was more to life than the grim business of acquiring enough to eat by the labor of our hands? Should not life hold a bit of time for recreation, for music, for books? He opened up a new vision to us that night. The brighter things of this existence, we began dimly to see

them. What chance had a man working ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day for the little pleasantries of living?

The thought occurred to me. That night I had intended to go to a burlesque, a rare treat. I hadn't time nor inclination once in three months to take in a show. There were men in Chicago right then who had all the time they wanted to go to shows or any place else they felt like going. The speaker went on: they were the brains—we were the hands. The good things of life were theirs, the neat clothes, the fine homes, the spanking teams and shining carriages. Ours was the hard work, the labor among the grease and grime, the striking of heavy blows, the working of tough steel—for thirty cents an hour.

A growl went up from the assembled crowd, a growl, low, tremulous; a pregnant threat against conditions that were theirs. Eugene V. Debs was a powerful speaker, an earnest man, who has traveled the stony path of the reformer. Every man that night fell under his spell, and every man in that hall before he left, filed up to the speaker's table, took the oath, and joined the Knights of Labor.

Next day, when I went back to the shops, there was a wild scene of excitement outside the gate. I soon learned the news. There had been a company spotter at the meeting last night, and every man who had joined the movement was discharged as soon as he came to work. The company was putting down the newly formed organization with a heavy hand.

I went in. Mac met me as I walked through the shop. He laid his hand on my shoulder, nodded to the question in my eyes.

"Aye, lad, ye're one o' them, too, that I've got orders to lay off. I'm fair sorry, for, laddie, I've ta'en a great liking to ye, but I've no discretion in the matter. Tak' a bit o' advice, lad. Ye've learned yer trade. Get ye away from the city for a bit. There's trouble brewing, and before it's aw settled there will be mony a broken head. I was on the Clyde mysel' during the big strike there, and I know what this will be. Ye're as good a machinist as I've ever known. Gi' ye follow the right road, ye'll go far."

I shook hands with old Mac, wished him well, and we parted, I to go join the crowd outside the fence, while Mac went into his office. As he turned to leave me, I saw the tears in his eyes. He recognized the seriousness of the situation. I didn't then. The great railroad strike had started. There was, indeed, to be many a broken head ere it quieted.

The sporadic outbreaks consolidated. The strike at Pullman spread until every road out of Chicago was involved. Of course, the company tried to run its trains, and we tried to prevent it. I was right in the thick of it all. Many a train failed on the road on my account. I developed a little trick that will sure wreck an engine. Simple it was; merely to place a three-inch hex nut on the guides of a standing engine. When the steam hit the piston and the crosshead came up against the nut, something had to go. Sometimes the cylinder head caved in, sometimes the piston rod stripped the nut holding it to the piston, but always there was an engine failure and a train delayed until another engine could be brought out.

I played the game alone, often riding between the cars on the freights clear out to the Blue Island yards. It was a simple trick also to pitch a paper bag full of finely whittled soap into a

tank. That worked up into a lather when the engine got to slushing its water, foamed a boiler, and took many a washing to clear before the locomotive could be put into service. Although I did my wrecking single handed, there were plenty of other young fellows at it, too, and between us, we put many an engine out of commission.

I Never Heard Language Such as She Used on Those Men Who Had Killed Her Husband

But there is nothing a man can do to an engine that other men cannot repair. And the railroads were powerful. When we resorted to violence to gain our ends, they countered with violence. I can yet remember the night I stood on the top of a box car and watched the conflagration as the Pullman shops burned. I heard later the fire destroyed a thousand coaches built and building. I know it burned for several days, lighting up the sky with a lurid glare by night and sending up huge black clouds of smoke by day. Of course the railroads hired what labor they could. The clerks from the offices, the minor officials, peeled off their coats, got into overalls and worked as best they could at the unfamiliar job of engine repairing.

But in spite of their cordons of armed guards and with all the money behind them, the roads were being whipped. Few trains started, fewer made their runs. Some of the boys raided the machine shops one night and crippled the whole place. They carried off the tail stocks and chucks from the lathes, carried off the planer heads and the drill press gears; they even got to the Corliss engine that ran the shop machinery and took the valves out of it. I felt rather sorry for Mac when I heard about it. I knew his hard job would be tenfold harder.

We got the Prairie Lines down to a couple of trains a day. The back shops were filled with crippled locomotives, the yard tracks were lined with engines out of service, some needing but a few hours' work, others which nothing but a Class Five back shopping would ever put into commission again. I gloried

in the fight, for I was young then, and the spirit of combat thrilled me. I still enjoy a good fight, although I can only watch one now.

Even as we thought we had them beaten, our cause was on the way to defeat and rout. The railroads called for the troops to protect their property. The Governor refused to send the militia. For he said he "would not see his own people shot down." But the railroads were in politics then. They carried their case to the President. Grover Cleveland ordered out the regulars "to protect the United States mail." That was but an excuse, and no one was fooled by it. The real reason for the troops was to break the strike, and they went about their business with a ruthlessness which struck stark terror to the strikers.

I stood one morning, watching a mob gather. They swarmed up on the tracks, started toward the roundhouse. A file of soldiers came leisurely out to meet them from behind a string of box cars. An officer at their head stopped a hundred feet in front of the yelling mob. He pulled a paper from his pocket, mumbled a few words.

"Disperse!" he shouted.

A yell of defiance answered him. The crowd surged forward, shouting. Some one threw a brick. A soldier staggered, fell to his knees, arose, blood streaming from a cut in his head.

A loud command sounded. Then it came in startling suddenness — the sharp rip of a volley. I saw a half dozen men slump slowly down, saw one rise, stumble, fall again and lie still. The mob stood stunned.

Again the leveled rifles spat fire. Again that abrupt crash of musketry ripped out. A dozen men fell. The mob scattered, some ran frantically down the embankment, others scuttled under box cars. Three or four, painfully wounded, crawled slowly toward the fence.

Out of one of the houses beside the tracks a woman came running. She caught a prone figure on the ground, tenderly lifted the limp shoulders of a man, fondled a nerveless hand between her own. Then she stood up, walked slowly toward the troops. Ten feet in front of them she halted.

I'venever heard language such as she used to the men who had killed her husband. A wild stream of lurid oaths split the air. She tore her waist open, exposed her bared breast, and dared them to shoot her, cursing them for bloody murderers all the time.

That made a vivid impression on me, but that night I heard something which moved me more. A stray shot that morning had gone through the little window of Mac's office and killed him at his desk.

The same night I did my last trick for the cause. I rode out to Sixty-Third Street, waited hidden in the yards till the midnight express for the West pulled in and came to a stop at the Englewood Station. I slipped around the front end of the engine, set a chunk of steel on the guides just before she started.

As I hurried back around in front of the pilot, a harsh voice called: "Halt!"

Instinctively I dodged. A couple of gunshots crashed out. My hat flew spinning from my head. I grabbed it from the ground. The engine moved ahead. I heard a series of shouts and yells, a sharp clang of ruptured steel. I dodged between two box cars and got away down through the dark yards. That was a close shave in several ways. Those bullets whistled close,

very close to me, but more than that, inside my hat band was my Knights of Labor card. If they had found it—

A close shave, for neatly drilled through the center of that card was a round, clean cut bullet hole. I've still got that card.

CHAPTER IV

I KNEW that the strike would soon be broken, and in the next few weeks our ranks were depleted. One after another men slipped back to the shops, begging for their jobs. I did not blame them, for a man with a family to support has little choice. When his children cry from hunger, he is apt to forget his principles. There came a day when I, too, was penniless, and did not know where the next meal was coming from.

I had no home; I lived in a boarding house, and board must be paid. My father had been a passenger engineer on the Rock Island. He died in a wreck at Washington Heights five years before. Some one made a mistake at the switch tower, and sent the passenger he drove into a Panhandle freight that was over the crossing.

My mother I never recall seeing. She died before memory came to me. For four years the shops had been my familiar surroundings. I was lost out of them. I debated a long time before I returned. Walking through the back shop I saw many unfamiliar faces and few men I knew. A stranger sat in Mac's office. I hit him up for a job; he asked me my name, looked it up in a big book, shook his head. They suspected my recent activities. Perhaps one of the men who knew what I had been at, had divulged that in order to get back to work himself.

Under a fictitious name, I got a job out at Burnside on the I. C. One day, just a week after I started, I was informed that I could get my time. A few days later I landed a job on the wheel lathe at the Chicago roundhouse for the St. Paul. I stuck here for a couple of weeks when I was again suddenly bounced. I knew now without a doubt the company spy system was well developed. After that there came a long string of jobs. I can't remember all the places I worked during the next two years. Vaguely I know I put in some time on the Panhandle, the Lake Shore, the Wabash, the Erie and Pere Marquette.

At last, after a series of jobs, each lasting only a week or so, I decided that there was but one thing for me to do, and that was to get away from Chicago and go where I was not known. I learned that my activities during the strike had worked up quite a reputation for me—a reputation that I'm not proud to recall now, and that was a source of trouble to me then. The Prairie Lines wreckers were known pretty generally through the Middle West, and my part in the strike was no secret. I was on the black list.

It was a bright, clear October morning when I came to that decision. I walked out to Grand Crossing, caught a Big Four freight bound south, and went a booming. The freight pulled into the Indianapolis yard some time after midnight. I crawled out of the box car, found a ready welcome in a switch shanty, and slept till morning. A yard foreman "fixed it up" for me, and I rode the cushions of the caboose out over the division and down the Ohio River to Cincinnati. My first thought was to get work in some contract shop in Cincinnati, but I met another nut splitter that night down on Fountain Square. We became quite

chummy, and both decided to go on down south for the winter, and come back in the spring.

For the winter—I smile now as I recall that. Many a spring followed winter before I returned to Chicago again, and then not to stay. We rode out of Cincinnati that night in an open box car. We both were broke, but it did not matter much to me then. I was young, and a missed meal or a sleepless night meant little. I wish they meant as little now.

The train rolled along through the rich blue grass country of Kentucky, where behind the regular stone fences we saw herds of fine horses and neat, well-kept farmhouses. We got just beyond Lexington, where I decided to try to bum a meal. It was a little country town, where we unloaded when the train made a stop for water. I picked out a prosperous appearing house, opened the front gate, went around to the back and to the pleasant appearing woman who answered my knock, told my tale.

Since that day I've met many instances of Southern hospitality, but never did I appreciate it as then. It was almost noon, and evidently she had just finished preparing dinner. The biscuits were hot, the fried chicken steaming. There was a big wedge of apple pie, and several cups of coffee that tasted like ambrosia. I noticed as I sat on the edge of the back porch and ate, a big, burly looking man walking back and forth before the house, but paid little attention to him. I finished, thanked my hostess, and went out the gate. The fellow who had attracted my attention came up to me.

"What's yore business? Whar ye from? Whatcha doin' here?" he shot the questions at me.

Rather riled at his abrupt manner, I answered him shortly, told him where to go to, turned, started away. A stunning blow struck me in the back of the head, a spangle of stars sputtered before my eyes, a roar surged through my ears. When I recovered my senses I was standing slumped against the fence, my hands pinioned together by a pair of handcuffs behind my back. I had met Johnny Law.

Out of the corner of my eye I caught a fleeting glimpse of my partner waiting up the street for me. He never ate that chicken leg and half dozen slices of bread I had in my pocket. The last I saw of him was the bottom of both feet and his flying coat tails as he went around the corner.

The good woman of the house stood on the front porch, and in scathing tones told my assailant what she thought of his cowardly attack. He muttered something about "desprit character," and roughly shoved me in front of him to the village lockup. Before he unshackled me he went through my pockets, took out everything of value, even my watch that I was so proud of, and locked me into the filthy little hole of the one-room jail.

A few hours later the village constable came back with two helpers. I saw there was no use to argue. The three marched me a couple of squares up the street to the offices of the squire. He looked me over. I started to speak, was roughly commanded to shut up. The squire asked how much money I had. My captor told him none. If I had had ten dollars in my pocket they could not have convicted me of vagrancy. Stunned, I heard the sentence —thirty days on the chain gang.

Now I considered myself a freeborn American citizen, and this injustice aroused me. I lit into them, told them my opinion of their town, their jail,

and went rather extensively into their ancestry.

"Sixty days," the squire interjected.

Uncaring now, I went on. I knew the hard and lurid language of the back shops, and I sure got that bunch told.

"Ninety days, and take him away!"

I Drove Two Tight Bunches of Knuckles to the Point of His Jaw—He Sighed and Slumped Down

All three laid hold of me, dragged me, struggling, from the room. Again I was manacled, my legs shackled together with another pair of handcuffs, and bundled into a buggy. Sitting helpless beside the constable, we drove through town out toward the convict camp, where my captor informed me gleefully they'd handle me in fine style. I began to realize that I had got myself into a rather ugly predicament, and racked my brain for a means of escape.

We topped a steep hill. The horse stopped to breathe. A beautiful scene spread out before me, the prettily laid out pasture land, the little patches of woods, the white road that stretched down the hill and up another to where the setting sun was notched in a gap. But more to my fancy was the sight of a black cloud of smoke advancing, and the heavy coughing exhaust of a locomotive pulling a grade with a load behind her.

The man beside me lifted up his whip, leered at me, pointed down into the valley below at a group of shacks and a couple of tents surrounded by a high board fence.

"Thar's whur you'll git yours," he said. "I'll give the boss the word to lay it on you."

And then I hit him. With my clenched fists, two tight bunches of knuckles, I drove them to the point of his jaw. He sighed gently, slumped down on the buggy seat, I pulled out his gun, flung it into the weeds beside the road, and went through his pockets and recovered my watch, found his keys, and after much twisting, unlocked my handcuffs. Then I opened the steel bands that held my ankles together. I clamped the irons on wrist and ankle of my conductor, jumped

out of the buggy, unsnapped the lines, pulled them through the rings and threw them away, turned the horse around, gave him a cut with the whip.

In a hard gallop he started back toward town. I knew by the time his driver came to I'd have a good start toward freedom. I legged it through a pasture to the railroad, caught the oncoming freight just as it began to pick up speed on a down grade. In ten minutes I was five miles away. Not till then did I pitch the key to the handcuffs off into the ditch beside the right of way.

An hour later I heard the engine whistle blowing and figured it was a regular stop. I unloaded while it was still running fast, and got off the right of way and over a stone wall that flanked the track, walking up alongside the railroad through a field, hidden by the falling darkness.

My cautiousness was repaid. When I got near to where the freight was standing, I was surprised at the crowd that had gathered. I could see a half hundred men armed with shotguns and clubs, carrying lanterns, searching every available hiding place on the train. Crouching down behind the wall, I could hear every word spoken by a group of armed men gathered not fifteen feet away. Johnny Law had got back to town on a gallop, and had sent a message ahead to search this train.

After a lot of talk from below me, the opinion was voiced that I was hiding out in the woods somewhere near the scene of my escape. The crowd walked away. When the train again started, I was safely hidden in a corner of a gondola loaded with bridge timber. Through a crack in the siding I watched the little station slip past and breathed a sigh of relief when we got up to speed and went clattering along through the darkness down hill at thirty miles an hour. Those rolling wheels rapping the rail joints sure sounded good to me then.

CHAPTER V

NEXT day I hid out in a woods near the railroad, and when night fell, caught another freight bound south. With no fixed plan or destination, I merely was drifting. Along about midnight the blink of a fire alongside the tracks caught my eye. It was chilly riding in an open box car. I swung off, walked toward the pile of blazing cross-ties.

Three tough looking hoboes half arose at the sound of my approach. I saw one make a quick, suspicious move toward his hip pocket. My first impulse was to turn around and leave, but I decided to see what developed. I was pretty husky in those days, and knew that I could give a good account of myself. Greeting them casually, I received but surly grunts in reply. They evidently sized me up and decided not to start anything immediately.

Apparently unnoticing my cool reception, I sat down. No one spoke for five minutes. Then guardedly, one after another, they began to question me. Where did I come from, where was I bound for? I soon came to the conclusion that this trio were no ordinary hoboes such as I had been used to seeing around the various railroad yards, but rather they were a bunch of hard characters.

I also noticed that they each sat beside a ready club. That gave me my cue. I told them of the strike, of my part in it, hinted that the police were after me; told how I had made my

get-away from the chain gang. As I progressed I saw that I had made a favorable impression.

When I finished, one, evidently the leader, laughed, grim and mirthless. "Good work, kid. Yer a smart egg. Ya say yer a nut splitter, eh? Dat's fine. We kin use ya." He turned to the others. "What say?"

They nodded, and let me in on their plans. Next night they were going to rob the railroad station at the junction just above where they were jungling. Easy money it would be. They had been watching the place for a week. The agent took in lots of money for fares and freight. He delivered his cash each day to the express messenger on the early morning train. All night long the previous day's receipts lay in a safe, a cast iron box they called it. They apparently were experienced at this work, for they scornfully said, "a couple of licks with a sledge would split it open." My part was to go to the little roundhouse at the junction, hit them up for a job, steal a sledge and crowbar, and bring them back there. A bit of rapid thinking on my part and I knew that my best plan would be to pretend to do as they suggested and make my get-away at the first opportunity. They were three to one. I spent the rest of the night before the fire, dozing none too peacefully, since I noticed that one of the gang kept awake all night.

Next morning we had breakfast, a mulligan out of the tin cans, and I washed up in the ditch beside the tracks and started toward the little shop a half mile away. An hour later I was under a box car riding the rods while the ballast of the right of way streaked by not a foot below me. At noon that day I unloaded just outside of Knoxville, Tennessee. That afternoon I went to work in the railroad back shops there.

I can recall now after all the events that have transpired since then, an incident that gave me quite a start. A month after I went on the pay roll at Knoxville, I picked up a paper and read where three men had been sentenced to five years each in the pen for attempting to break into the safe at a station fifty miles below. The item went on to state that they had been under suspicion for some time before their capture, and the station was guarded by a half dozen railroad dicks. The three walked into the trap set for them the night they entered the station. One of the gang had left the day before. The three arrested claimed him to be the brains of the thing, and swore that he had induced them to pull the trick. I saw through that. They suspected me of giving their plans away. If I were caught, all three would swear a lie on me out of revenge.

They had given a description of the missing man. I can remember that description to this day. Age about twenty-one, reddish, curly hair, light blue eyes, about six feet in height, and weighing between a hundred and seventy-five and eighty pounds. As distinguishing marks, there was the index finger of the left hand missing at the first joint.

Carefully keeping my left hand in my pocket, that afternoon I called for and got my time. And that night I rode the front end of a blind baggage on a passenger up the hills toward the mountains of North Carolina.

It was after midnight when we pulled into a yard which I rightly guessed to be the terminal of the division. A light drizzle was falling. I was wet clear through, cold and hun-

gry. Standing beside the tracks, I listened and looked around to catch my bearings. Faintly I heard the sound of a locomotive popping off. I made my way toward it, came to the shops, a little twelve stall roundhouse, dirty inside and unkempt outside. A few engines were in the stalls, but no other sign of life. I walked the length of the roundhouse, and while I could see evidences of work, here an engine with her side rods down, at another place one with her cylinder head off and her piston pulled for packing, I met no person inside. I sat down on a bench and waited, shivering with the cold.

At last, far down around the bend of the brick walk, came a smoking torch, a blob of flickering, wavering light. A man approached me. I saw he was a machinist, for his helper walked behind, a chisel bar in his hands, a sledge slung over his shoulder. I tackled him as to how things stood for getting a job, and received a discouraging report.

"Not much doing here," he informed me.

All the heavy jobs were handled at the shops I had just left. Only minor running repairs were looked after here.

He held up his torch, looked at me. "Say, brother, you're wet. Come on up and dry yourself."

We went up into a hot engine's cab. He chased out a couple of darkies who were sleeping on the seat boxes. I took off my coat, hung it on the throttle, set my shoes on the oil rack. He pulled down the storm curtain in back, closed the windows. Soon the cab became as warm as an oven as the fire burned up briskly to the urge of the wide open blower. He left, and came back in a few minutes with a cup of coffee. I felt better after I drank it. Before the first gray streak of dawn shone through the open roundhouse doors behind us, we had got pretty well acquainted.

As daylight increased, the night gang began to make themselves seen. They had been asleep in the cabs of the engines, a common enough trick in those days. By sunup every one was busy. The sound of sledge and hand hammer rang through the shop, and when the day foreman got down, the engine that was scheduled for new side rod brasses was finished and had steam up, and the one whose piston needed packing was already done and across the turntable. I know, because I helped on the jobs. The machinists all put in a good word for me. Small wonder; I was strong as a bull then, knew my trade well, and could do as much work as any two of them.

Murphy, the shop foreman, put me on. I thought it would be but for a few weeks. Instead, I stayed on the mountain division for twelve years—twelve years that passed quickly. I went to work on the drop pit. And I really went to work. I can remember yet the shop foreman's surprise when I reported my first job completed. I pulled the rods, disconnected the eccentric straps, dropped a pair of drivers, pulled off the old tires, shrunk on a new pair, fitted new shoes and wedges, and the switch engine was hot and ready for work in a day.

He wouldn't believe me. It seemed impossible that one man with two negro helpers could accomplish so much work. I showed him how it was done. While one darky and myself were stripping the rods off, I had the other gathering all the scrap wood he could find around the shop and piling it about the new tires. We got a hot fire roaring through them, and by the

time we had heated the old ones, the new ones had expanded from the burning wood so that it was no trick at all to slide them over and drop them onto the wheels. That usually was a two-day job around there.

Perhaps that was the reason that I was called into the office a few days later and informed that the job of drop pit foreman was mine. In six months I was promoted to night foreman, and all the grief that went with it became mine.

CHAPTER VI

EACH night I walked the brick floor back and forth, the half circle of the roundhouse, peddling out work slips for a few hours. The gang finished the jobs I gave out, then took their rest. As an engine came in from a run the hoghead made out a work report. My job was to go over the reports and fill out slips for the various repairs that were listed as needing attention. I gave the boiler and grate work to the drumhead, as we called the boilermakers; the box packing to a negro who filled the journals with greasy waste; the air-brake man tended to the brake jobs, and the machinists took up shoes and wedges, repacked valves and piston, pump and throttle stems.

There was not much work to do on the night shift, and what little there was consisted mostly of packing jobs. At that time we were using soft packing, and the greasy flax rope, which was all it was, did not last long. Of course we had no such boiler pressures to hold as are found on an engine today, yet the hundred and twenty-five pounds our little jacks carried was enough to blow out soft packing with annoying regularity. Perhaps I might never have done a thing about it except for Bill Stevens. He was as good a nut splitter as ever knocked out a glass from the window panes of the roundhouse to pound up into valve grinding grit, or chewed up a wedge bolt nut with a Stillson wrench. Bill was the fellow I first met the night I blew in, and I had a soft spot in my heart for him.

We had our pay days once a month, on the twentieth. Almost everybody drank on the railroads then. For a week after pay days it was nothing uncommon for me to have to do most of the running repairs on the night shift alone. Passenger trains used to go out on their runs with the engineers woozy, and the fireman hilarious with drink, while back in the coaches the conductor staggered down the aisle collecting fares, and the brakemen slept it off on the cushions. I had little patience with drinking, as I never touched it myself, and I used to give my gang hell when they came back to work after a spree.

But little good it did. John Barleycorn was boon companion in those days to the men who worked. Of course we had wrecks and collisions, misunderstood and missent train orders, delays and engine failures. But they were considered a part of railroading, and no one expected anything else. Many of the passengers took a trip in fear and trembling, and put on their best clothes, so that if they were killed or hurt on their journey they'd look nice laid out.

The wrecking gang was at work regularly, and it was seldom our division did not have a bunch of overturned cars for the extra gang to clean up. The engines were rolling scrap heaps, the shop machinery junk. There was a joke on the system then: "Run

it as long as it will stand, then prop it up and run it a while longer."

It's a far cry back to those drinking, fighting days, when to be a railroad man carried with it the tinge of reproach. Hard hitters, hard drinkers, and hard fighters we all were. I often finished a hot argument with some engineer with my good right fist. Black eyes and bruised faces were nothing uncommon around the yards.

But to get back to my tale. One night I gave Bill Stevens a work slip to pack the throttle on a local freight engine that had just come into the house off the cinder pits. I noticed when I handed him the slip he looked pretty seedy, and as he walked away with it, I saw him wobble in his stride. Ten minutes later, as I walked from cab to cab in the roundhouse, hunting a boiler maker, I was startled to hear a sudden shrieking hiss of steam as though some one had just opened a blow-off valve.

I knew, though, it was no blow-off, that. I ran toward the sound. A sibilant swish of live steam shot straight back over the tender on a standing engine. A man's feet showed in the gangway through a rift in the swirling cloud. I caught hold of them, pulled out Bill Stevens. He was gone. The whole top of his head was blown off. No need to ask how it had happened. He had unbolted the packing gland on the throttle stem of an engine with pressure up in its boiler. The gland had blown out and hit him.

After the funeral I got to thinking. Surely there must be some better way to hold the steam behind these plunging pump and valve, piston and throttle rods. And that night I evolved a way. I took the soft packing out of a valve gland on an engine. I cast a lump of babbitt to fit in the recess, turned it smooth and bored it out to fit the valve rod. Then I sawed it into sections, flat washers of soft metal, cut them each up into segments and fitted them in. I took particular pains with the job, and watched it carefully afterward, although I told no one about what I was doing.

It was with a feeling of complete satisfaction that I checked the work reports on that engine each night. Four times in the next three months the engineer reported his left valve stem blowing, and the right, the one I had put my metallic packing in, still held steam without leaking the slightest wisp.

I took my idea to Murphy, the general shop foreman. I should have known better, but I was young then, and trusting. And Murphy was one of these lean, close-lipped, small-eyed delegates who are not to be trusted. He was all for Murphy. He listened while I explained my idea, waved his hand deprecatingly, said it had been tried before and wouldn't work.

"Cut the rods, man. Don't you know it will cut the rods to pieces?"

Then I showed him. I took him out in the shop, opened the gland on the old Sixty-Eight that happened to be in for a boiler wash, showed him the packing, ran my thumb nail over the valve stem as smooth as a ground and polished rod of steel could be. He pretended to be unconvinced. I should have known better by the ill-concealed expression of avarice on his face.

A month later he left to go as superintendent at the big shops. I was notified that I had been promoted to general foreman. I entered into my new duties with a will, first having the yards cleaned up. We shipped dozens of cars of scrap off to Knoxville in the next month. I had the shops over-

hauled, the roundhouse whitewashed, and tried to introduce a little order and system into the place.

And I got after engine delays and failures. We had but thirty trains a day, and a half dozen engines out of those thirty failed on the road, while our average of engine delays was ten every twenty-four hours. I gave the shop force a square deal, but didn't let them put anything over on me. Most of our trouble came from the night shift, but I soon overcame that. It was strictly unofficial, of course, yet I let it be known when they cleaned their work reports up, half of the gang could slip off home each night and go to bed decently. They reciprocated. They hit the ball in order to get done in time, and they did good work. I've always found that if men are treated decently they will play far fairer than when the screws are turned down hard on them.

At the end of my first three months behind the desk in the shop foreman's office, I picked up the report one morning. I almost fell out of the chair. For along all the four divisions that I had charge of there only had been one engine failure in the last thirty days, and that on account of a bursted flue on a freight engine, and not a single engine delayed in the yards. I felt pretty good, went out into the shop to talk it over with old Tom Green, the gang foreman. I found him standing beside an engine just in from a run. She was newly repainted, her jacket shone, her brass work was bright, just out of the back shops at Knoxville. I saw all this in a glance, but I saw something else that sure gave me a start. Old Tom had pulled the piston rod packing, stood examining a dozen pieces of bright new babbitt he held in his hand.

Without asking, I knew then what had occurred. My packing that I had evolved was being put into use. I wondered how it happened, and hurried out to the wash room, found the engineer cleaning up after his run, asked him what he knew about it.

He soon told me. The master mechanic, Bob Dorset, had given out orders to the back shop superintendent to change all the old glands and install the new metallic packing in each engine that came in for an overhaul. No, it wasn't made at the shops. They bought it from some outside concern.

I was hot under the collar that night when I caught the midnight passenger down the hill toward Knoxville. Next morning I walked through the back shops to where the locomotives were being overhauled and saw what I came to see. A machinist was putting in a set of piston rod packing. I saw him take them out of a small wooden box, throw the box down. With a forced casualness I picked it up. Printed on its side were the words, "Acme Mfg. Co. Metallic Packing." The address was below.

Before another hour had passed I stood outside a small building on the outskirts of town and started to go in. Through the open door I could see a line of lathes along the wall, and in back the smokestack of a furnace. I was almost to the door when I stopped, turned my back on the place and rapidly walked away.

For inside I had caught a glimpse of the master mechanic. Dorset stood there talking to Murphy. I knew then that I had been gypped out of my idea. On the way back home that afternoon I came to the conclusion that my best bet was to keep quiet and see if things would not work around to my advantage. They had seen the worth of my

idea, had patented it, started a shop, and were manufacturing metallic packing and selling it to the company. And I was left out in the cold, not even being credited with the idea.

Dorset had promoted Murphy to shop superintendent at Knoxville. That was a mere blind in order to get Murphy there where he could check up on the manufacturing of the packing. They had raised me to shop foreman, knowing that sooner or later I would get on to the thing, and they figured that rather than make a howl which might jeopardize my job, I would keep quiet and let them get away with it. No one can ever say that Bob Dorset missed any bets.

However, I was not taken in by that dodge at all. I'd seen its success before. Whenever one of the shop or roadway employees got too ambitious and began to be a spokesman for the rest of the men, they pulled that same trick on him. They'd promote him to an official job, and in nine cases out of ten they had no further trouble from that man. Yet if I ever were to get ahead, I must be promoted, and, regardless of how it came, the job was in line with my ambitions.

CHAPTER VII

Even though I was receiving twenty-five per cent more salary than I did as night foreman, I debated considerably whether to stay on the job or not. I often watched the long freights pulling out through the yard, and my palms itched for the feel of the grab iron. That is the boomer's sure cure for improving his condition. And I would have left to the tune of the rolling wheels but for one thing.

A month before I had met Mary Henderson. To tell the truth, she was oftener in my eye since then than were the broken down engines that were my job, and she occupied my thoughts even more than the daily tasks that I was supposed to oversee.

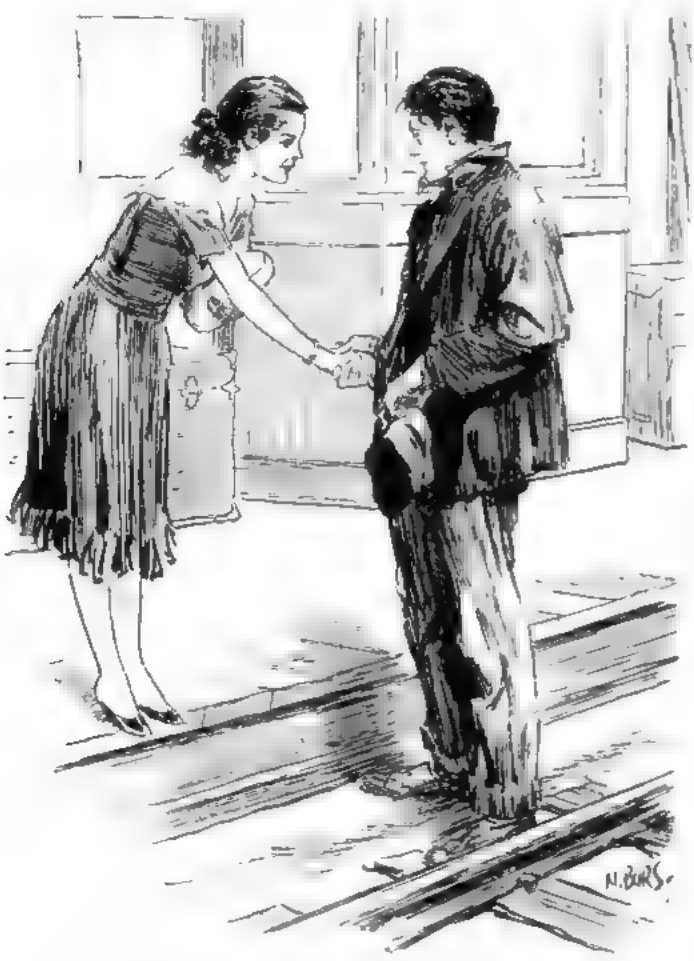
I had gone out to a wreck one afternoon. Number Thirty-Four, an outbound freight, had turned over at thirty milepost passing track and was blocking Seventeen, the incoming passenger train. When we got out there we found the negro fireman pinned under the edge of the cab. He had jumped when the engine fell, and the edge of the cab roof had caught him and pinned him down. He wasn't hurt bad, but was scared stiff. He was yelling blue murder, but I soon quieted him down with a big drink of corn whisky which the brakeman on the wrecked freight furnished.

Number Seventeen was standing in the passing track, and of course all the passengers were bunched around, offering advice and getting in our way. We set the jacks under the cab and started to raise it to clear the darky. Somehow or another, I don't know exactly how it occurred, I imagine a wrench or a torch dropped out of the oil rack above the fire door and broke the water glass in falling. The roar of escaping steam, the big clouds of vapor obscuring the cab, the yells of the helpless fireman, shrieking to high heaven, made things seem a lot worse than they were. I grabbed a scoop, pulled my coat over my head to protect it, and squirmed into the cab. Not much of a trick, that. I'd done it before. It was easy to deflect the steam with the shovel blade and close the water glass valves.

I came out. The bunch around the engine were cheering me, acting like a crowd of idiots, shaking my hand, clapping me on the back. I got away

from them and finished getting the fireman out. He wasn't hurt much; I think he had a broken leg. I know he was back at work in two months.

I forgot all about the thing in a week, till one day as I passed in front of the depot I heard my name called. I turned. A woman came toward me, holding out her hand, a young woman, the flush of life beating in her soft cheeks, her bright eyes flashing, her voice low, a bit husky, unforgettable, Mary Henderson, the division superintendent's daughter.



"It Was a Fine, Brave Thing You Did for That Colored Boy. I'll Never Forget It," She Said

"I was out at the wreck the other day," she said. "And I want to tell you that I think it was a fine, brave thing you did for that colored boy. I'll never forget it."

I tried to pass it off lightly; she wouldn't let me depreciate it. We talked for a half hour, and before that time was out I had fallen under her charm.

While we were talking, Colonel Henderson came out, joined in the conversation. I felt pretty good when he invited me up to the house for dinner that night, and Mary cordially seconded the invitation. That night was the first of many, and before long our acquaintance had changed to intimacy.

There's a palpitating lump in my throat, a misty blur of tears in my eyes now when my thoughts range back to Mary Henderson. The memory of her charming smile is often with me. The very sound of her voice. In fancy, I hear it a dozen times a day. A slim, lithe figure, a girl just turned woman, with the sweet charm of the South and the quick, ready wit and rippling laugh of a child. A picture recurs often to my mind of Mary sitting beneath a big lilac bush in the moonlight, her eyes tear glistening, shining like twin stars,

her soft arm around my neck, her lips close to mine. A mocking bird trilled out his liquid song above, the night I said good-by. For if ever two people loved each other, we did, and we paid in full in sorrow and heartache for that love. And yet, if I had it all to do over again, I'd do it—for her.

So then, instead of rolling my overalls up and sticking my calipers into my pocket, I stayed on the job. I knew if I left I would lose my chances to see her, and also lose my chances for promotion. I dug into the work and began to get the shops straightened out in more ways than one. There was a lot of dirt around the terminal, and it all wasn't surface dirt, either. We used to coal our engines by hand in those days, a big force of negroes shoveling out of the cars into the tenders. These, like most of the colored labor around the shops, were casual and transient. They would work a few days, get a dollar or so ahead, a stake big enough to buy a few catfish sandwiches, and quit. Sometimes there would be but a half dozen on the job shoveling. At other times there would be over a score. They were paid by the day. Each night they got their sixty cents for a day's work, five cents an hour.

Mary's brother, George, came home from college. A wild, reckless sort of a young man, irresponsible, and like most of the youth of good families in those days, he drank and gambled far more than was good for himself. I was rather surprised one morning when he came down to the shop office and struck me for a job. Now the young men of position then did not perform manual labor. They might become lawyers or doctors, or the more serious minded might enter the ministry, but for one to work with his hands was unthinkable. I knew that the press of circumstances was strong to force George to come down to the railroad for a job, and it struck me as strange that if he wanted to work, why he didn't go to his father.

He explained to me that he was up against it. He had been treasurer of his university secret society at school. The funds intrusted to his care had got away from him. He had to make them good, and he didn't want his family to know of his difficulties. Would I help him? I did. The coaling foreman was a slack wad, had been off for a week on a drunk. I gave George his job.

That night when I told Mary about it, she laughed. "Oh, George has become quite industrious. He says he's going to start at the bottom, learn railroading, and in a few years become president of the whole system!"

But if George was started for the presidency of the road, he was off to a poor start. In a few days he began to come down at ten o'clock, and I used to see him drifting toward home at three in the afternoon. Twice in the next month he laid off for several days. He got passes to Lexington, and I knew he was attending the trotting meets there. I watched the coaling crew myself and kept them going. Really, the job would have gone on as well without him; better as it proved.

One day a traveling auditor blew in on Number Eleven, our noon passenger train. He'd been around before, and I recognized him as he came into the shop office. His other visits had been casual, but to-day I saw by the expression on his face that he was on a serious errand. He immediately asked for the time slips on the coaling crew for the past two months. I got them out for him. Without a word he took

them, walked out of the office. I watched him cross the yards toward the depot and wondered at his hurry.

An hour later a call boy notified me that I was wanted at the superintendent's office. I washed myself and went over. As soon as I entered the door I surmised what was up. The auditor had spread the time cards out on the superintendent's desk. George stood beside him, red faced and nervous, while his father sat slumped down in his chair, a worried looking old man.

The auditor wasted no time in preliminaries, but came right to the point. The general office had checked the pay roll, and the fact was apparent that the labor cost on coaling engines on our division had almost doubled in the past two months. He wanted to know why. I knew as well as he did. I glanced at George, red faced, unable to meet my eyes; at the superintendent, a hurt expression on his countenance as he savagely chewed at his cigar. I thought of Mary, so proud and honest; realized how it would hurt her if the news were spread that her brother was a common thief.

It was easily seen what George had been up to. He had been padding the pay rolls, writing down time for labor that never worked and pocketing the wages. Now there were two things I could do. One, lay this right where it belonged. A glance at his father, a thought of Mary, and I knew I just couldn't do that. The other—

I spoke: "You see, I've been doing a lot of extra work around the shops, needed help to clean up, get the scrap loaded, the roundhouse whitewashed, so—this extra labor I had no authority to hire—I put them down on the coaling slips."

The relieved expression on the superintendent's face was only seconded by that of his son.

The auditor glanced at the two, then at me, started to speak, changed his mind.

"Oh, so that's it," he finally ejaculated. He stroked his chin, thinking. "So that's it, eh?"

He picked up the time slips, tore them into bits and threw them into the waste paper basket.

"Well, that puts a new face on the matter. I'll have to take it up with the master mechanic. Good day to you, Mr. Henderson." He left the room and I followed.

Once outside the door, he turned, grasped my hand. "You're a pretty good sport," he said, "but a damn poor liar."

As I left him I wondered how much he knew about my relations with the superintendent's daughter. It's mighty hard for a railroad man to keep anything like that a secret for long, and I presume the auditor knew just how things stood and why I lied like I did. It was little enough, that, for me to do for her family.

It's well after midnight. The eastbound flyer has gone. Outside the stars shine bright as jewels, a soft wind blows sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms from the groves of Santa Anna. My eyes are closing. Perhaps to-night after writing all this I can go to sleep.

Mary Henderson—strange is it not? After all the things I have gone through, all the struggles and the hard fought battle for power, that you persist in my memory above everything else. The scent of orange blossoms—and Mary Henderson. The rolling wheels seem far away from me now.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Royal Gorge Route!

By James Edward Hungerford

ITS walls loom high
To meet the sky,
Out in the Rocky Range;
With beauty blest,
From base to crest,
Untouched by time or change;
A wonder spot,
Not soon forgot—
A gem of Nature's art;
For miles it wends,
And twists and bends,
Through Colorado's heart!

The colors glint
In ev'ry tint
Upon its massive walls;
In ev'ry shade
That Nature made
To paint her temple-halls;
Through ages gone,
From dusk to dawn—
From dawn till dark again,
Through endless years,
That old gorge rears
To bless the sight of men!

The redmen tramped
Through it, and camped
Upon its rugged floors,
And built their fires,
Before our sires
Set foot on Freedom's shores!
In later years,
Brave pioneers
Through danger, blazed their trails;
With sacrifice,
They laid the ties,
And placed the railroad rails!

Now trains race through,
And people view
That gem of Nature's best—
That has no flaw—
With gasps of awe,
As they whiz through the West!

A Ham-like Hand Waved a Friendly Greeting

Deacon Smith—Brakeman, Bum

The Sunlight of Love Can Make Quick Work of the Black Shadows of Hate and Venom

By James W. Earp

LIKE some huge gray rat a figure slunk by the open door of the little switch shanty, hesitated for just a second, then scurried away in the darkness. Quick as were the movements, they were not quick enough to escape the sharp eyes of "Humpy" Cain, graveyard helper.

"There's Bill Turner again!" Humpy growled. "Still mooching Rather work sixteen hours a day begging than to work eight at honest labor. He's worthless, and I don't mean maybe."

"Why labor when the sucker crop is plentiful?" retorted "Dustpan" Kelly, his partner, with a meaning look at

"Knowitall" Bonner, their foreman, sage of the switch shanty and veteran rail of them all. "Ten suckers at fifty cents a sucker is a fair day's wages. Bill ain't no fool, even if he is worthless and a bum."

"No human is worthless," Knowitall rebuked in gentle tones. "The ways of the Divine Master are past understanding. But somehow, in some way, Bill has his place in the plan of life, worthless as he seems to be."

"Well," Humpy snorted, "outside of being a nuisance to himself and the world in general, I can't see it. And, if you'll tell me different, and prove it, I'll go crazy with you and donate him some of my own hard earned dough."

"Maybe he's our penance," Dustpan suggested with a grin. "Job had his boils, Solomon his thousand wives, and we have our railroad jobs and Bill Turner."

Knowitall shifted his chew of navy plug and eyed the old cast iron stove with calculating eyes.

"We used to think the same about 'Deacon' Smith," said the old philosopher musingly. "But he proved otherwise when he willingly sacrificed his job and his only chance for happiness in order that Tommy Baird might not suffer the loss of those things which meant his all in life. Since then I've ceased to pass sentence on my fellow man until his race has been run to the end. The half dollar I gave Bill Turner was given in memory of Deacon Smith, and not because I hold any brief for Bill Turner himself."

"Tommy Baird?" Humpy repeated. "Any relation to the Tommy Baird who is conductor on the limited?"

"He *is* the Tommy Baird," nodded Knowitall, and paused to throw a stream of amber-colored juice through the open door of the old stove for a perfect bull's-eye. "And the fact that he is conductor on the limited is due to Deacon Smith, boomer brakeman, worthless bum, who, so it was said, had broken all ten of the commandments and was waiting for them to make more to be broken when he came into Tommy's life"

"Some deacon!" was Dustpan's comment.

"That was merely a nickname," said Knowitall, a far-away look in his eyes. "If you care to hear the story—"

"We've got twenty minutes," said Dustpan, looking at his watch.

"I can tell it in fifteen," boasted the old veteran.

II

Of all the worthless boomers, Knowitall began his story. Deacon Smith was easily the most worthless. Of all the liars, he was by far the supreme champion. The truth was not for him, neither was honor, decency, or moral conduct.

Everybody who knew him detested him and despised him. He led the list of outlawed rails on the sheet of every official who had been long enough in the game to become acquainted with Deacon and his general worthlessness. The same was true of the workers. Only the newest of beginners fell for Deacon's line of chatter and his mooching tactics. They seldom fell the second time. Leeches are seldom popular, and Deacon was a human leech who took everything and anything, and for as long as his victim had anything he could beg, borrow or steal. In return he gave nothing except a gentle *ha, ha* and a sneer of derision as he left his victim for pastures new.

Long before Tommy Baird fell into Deacon's clutches, the Deacon was a

pariah and an outcast among his fellows. That Tommy was ignorant of Deacon's reputation amazed us. Tommy was hardly a newcomer in the railroad game. True, he was a home guard, but he had seven years seniority and three of that was as conductor. When not on the conductor's extra board, he held a regular job on the through freights as brakeman. For some reason we never could fathom, Tommy always took the head end of the train.

But Tommy had never met the Deacon up to the night he found that worthless bum in a steel gondola. Tommy had been back over the train attending to a hot box. He was making it back to the engine when he saw the huddled figure in a corner as he jumped from the car behind the gondola to land in the bottom of the car.

The huddled figure stirred and a low growl came from the folds of the coat wrapped about the figure. A flash of Tommy's lantern disclosed a white bulldog of uncertain pedigree standing guard over his master, one blue and one brown eye fixed on Tommy as if wondering whether to bite first or wait until the enemy started hostilities.

Another growl from the dog and the ragged folds of the overcoat opened. The unshaven face and two blue eyes greeted Tommy with a smile while a hamlike hand waved a friendly greeting.

"What, ho, my worthy brother of the twirling brake clubs!" the man hailed Tommy. "Welcome to our open air palace on wheels. Wilt tarry thou a while and chat, or must thee hurry to the smoky end where the tallowpot taketh up all the seat box and wisheth there were more."

Tommy frowned, not at the levity and familiarity of the traveler, but at the thought of what would happen if the railroad sleuths in the yards found this bum on the train. The railroads at that time were just beginning their drive against providing free transportation for the knights of the road. Trainmen were held responsible for bums caught on the train.

"Don't you know it's against the State laws for any one to ride freight trains?" Tommy asked of the man.

"No doubt, brother," replied the man. "No doubt it is. But in the words of the Scriptures, laws were made for man, not man for the laws."

"Where are you going?" Tommy wanted to know.

"In the words of Ruth, brother, 'Whither thou goest, there also go I. The universe is my home, and I ride by the grace of one who desires to help another. Behold, the sign.'"

The hamlike hand waved again as he passed Tommy the distress sign of the brotherhood. Tommy replied mechanically, only half convinced that this flippant speaking hobo knew whereof he spoke. Again Tommy was given the required answer.

"But why the coal car?" Tommy demanded, when the brotherhood grip had banished all doubts. "Why didn't you go back to the caboose to ride?"

"Receipts," grinned Deacon, while the dog whined in sympathy. "The captain of the good hack refused to hearken to my pleas when not backed by receipts. Sternly he demanded my credentials which some misguided soul lifted from me one night while I was enchained by the sup that cheers. Yea, verily, brother, look not upon the juice of the grape nor the brew of the rye, no matter what the color may be, for it stingeth with the crack of the paymaster's whip and biteth off thy connections with a steady job."

"Booze and railroading don't mix," was Tommy's comment. "Where have you been working?"

"The Pecos Valley was the last streak of rust whereon I tarried. But not for long. One night in my desire to help out my overworked conductor, I collected some twenty odd fares from a party of box car sight-seers and forgot to hat check them or make out a ticket report. Whereupon, when this knowledge came to the notice of the trainmaster, he called me before him and shunted me not gently but firmly away from the Pecos Valley. Thus dehorned was Deacon Smith."

"There might be a job at Pineville," said Tommy. "I'm not sure."

"Nothing in life is sure," responded Deacon. "We seek in faith and hope. But it is written that the stomach of Whitey, here, and mine own, are empty, and in need of sustenance. Nature looks after him, but perforce I must needs look after myself, especially in clothes. Blessed are the children of the wild who have their clothes furnished them and do not have to wear B. V. D.'s and summer hose the year around."

Tommy laughed. He was enjoying this nomad's chatter. Then: "We'll be in town in twenty minutes or so. I'll see that you two eat there."

"Dost hear, White?" chirped Deacon, while the dog barked. "A good Samaritan has been found."

"Woof!" said the dog.

"Yea, verily," said Deacon. "The road of life is a road of wonders, all crooks and turns and bypaths, yet leading to an unknown end. No friend had I in all the world, no one to love me, no one to trust me and believe in me. Then in a box car I found Whitey, starving and almost dead. I fed him and nursed him, and won his love and trust. Since then we have been inseparable. We don't have much in the way of luxuries, but we share fifty-fifty in everything. As a good provider I rate close to zero, but he never complains. That, my friend, is the acme of true love."

"Better come over to the engine," said Tommy as the engine whistled for town. "It's warmer there. Then, too, the dicks won't bother you there."

Tucking the dog under his arm, Deacon followed Tommy to the engine. Once in the yards Tommy put the engine away, phoned his wife from the yard office and took Deacon in tow.

"I phoned the wife I was bringing home company for breakfast. I hope you like griddle cakes and sausage and sirup."

Deacon looked flustered. He had not expected this sort of help. He would have much preferred the money to do with as he would. He said as much.

"Cash is scarce with us, Smith," Tommy replied. "We've had lots of troubles. Sickness and the death of a baby and the trying to pay on our little home keeps me strapped of cash. But you're welcome to what little we have. There you can clean up and shave and eat before you hit Tremaine for a job."

"Tremaine?" Deacon whistled. "You mean Jimmy Tremaine."

"Yes. You know him?"

"Verily, and how!" sighed Deacon. "It is written that a man's past is always before him. Three times has Jim hired me and fired me. The third time was the last time, so he swore. And he swears not idly, doth Jim. Thus endeth that hope. What ho, for the griddle cakes and then on to a more welcome town."

And so it came to pass that Deacon Smith followed Tommy down the one main street of the town and up the

board walk which led to a tiny cottage where a dainty little woman and a brown-haired, blue-eyed baby fought for the privilege of being in the arms of Tommy Baird at the same time. Then the introductions.

"My wife, Mr. Smith, and Rosemary, the baby, who is five."

Gravely Deacon bowed. Already the baby was on her knees to play with the dog. Tommy's warning that the dog might bite was denied by Deacon.

"Only an ingrate biteth that hand extended to help him, Baird. Whitey is no ingrate."

"Nice doggy," smiled the baby. "I like him."

And the dog liked the baby. While Tommy and Deacon shaved and washed, the baby played with the dog and fed him until he could eat no more. Then breakfast and a smoke. It was with reluctance that Deacon took his leave of the Bairds. Not since he had been a boy at home had he known the meaning of a home. No man before had ever honored him by asking him to visit him. His thanks at leave taking were waved aside by Tommy and his wife.

"We were glad to have you," said Mrs. Baird in all sincerity.

But no request for him to come back again. Deacon sighed as he turned his face toward the yard office to see when a train was leaving town. Nothing was marked up before noon. He would have time to visit around and mooch a dollar or so and perhaps a free meal off some student by that time.

Dinner time came and passed, and still Deacon had not eaten. Neither had he managed to collect any coin. A dozen prospects had been tackled, but no donations came to help out the cause of worthless boomers as exemplified by Deacon. Already the men had passed the word about the town, and with the spreading of the word all purses closed automatically against him.

"Yea, verily," muttered Deacon to Whitey. "If this continues, your loved one may have to look for work. It is written that we cannot leave town on an empty stomach. Perchance we may have to hit the back doors somewhere. Hearts have grown hard in this town. It would not be good manners to return to friend Baird's home for another meal. But it was a nice baby there, eh Whitey?"

"Woof!" said the dog.

"And a nice home," went on Deacon. "No life is worth living without a home and family. Yours and mine have been wasted so far, Whitey. For you, perhaps, there may be some hope, but my life is behind me. I have traveled too far along the road thus to turn back and anchor."

He sighed and searched himself for the makings of a cigarette. While engaged in rolling the pill a girl came out of the offices and made her way across the lawn toward the railroad eating house where he stood. The Deacon stared, as if hardly believing his eyes, for many a town had he visited without seeing a girl as beautiful as the one now passing in review before him. Eyes that were brown, with curly ringlets of hair peeping out from under the tiny hat she wore, and a face with a profile that might have been a model for a cameo, so perfect it was in detail.

She paused in front of the eating house door and tried to enter. For some reason the door would not budge. Twice she tried before Deacon came to her rescue.

"Thank you," she said, and passed inside, leaving Deacon to marvel at

the fact that for once in his life a woman had smiled upon him. The memory of that smile was to linger with Deacon for many days to come

"Who is she?" he asked of a man close by.

"Margaret Conover, Tremaine's clerk. He swears by her, and she just about runs the office for him. Does all the hiring and Tremaine does the firing. They say she cries when some of them get fired. And they also say that lots of them get back to work that wouldn't otherwise, just because she begs for them."

It was easy for Deacon to believe that. A girl with a face and a smile such as she had could not be otherwise. He was still lounging about when the girl came out of the eating house and returned to the office, passing him by as if she had never seen him before. Deacon rolled himself a fresh cigarette and eyed the door leading upstairs through which the girl had passed. For a long time he stood there, then shook himself and turned away.

"Thank You," She Said. Deacon Marveled That a Woman Had Smiled On Him

"It is not good for such as us to dream," he told the dog. "Much better for us to see when a train is leaving town and leave with it."

But no train was leaving town before five o'clock, according to the line-up at the yard office. Back to the eating house went Deacon to take up his old post. From there he could see the offices of Tremaine, where the girl with the cameo profile and smile

worked. For no reason at all that he could explain, he wished he could see her once more before he left town forever, hear her voice, see her smile.

"Why not?" he asked of the dog. "Those who venture not, haveth not. It is a poor gambler who has nothing to lose and is willing to forego that loss to gain something. Ho, for the T. M.'s office, Whitey, for the last time."

With the dog at his heels he made his way upstairs and into the office. The girl at the desk looked up and saw him and came forward with a smile.

"Something, sir?" she asked Deacon.

"Who knows?" replied Deacon. "It all depends on Mr. Tremaine. Will you notify him that a knight of the brake clubs awaits without." He paused to grin. "Awaits, without a job and craves conversation with him."

Again that smile. "Mr. Tremaine is holding an investigation right now. I am his clerk. I hire most of the men for him. If you will let me see your references I'll see what I can do."

She took the letter he gave her and glanced at it. The letter was a good one—about the only good one Deacon had ever been given.

"You have worked here before?" she asked.

"Three times," replied Deacon.

She went to the files and brought forth his record. Deacon knew what that record showed without being told. He could tell from the look on the girl's face that she knew his case was hopeless. She was just putting the record aside when Tremaine himself stepped into the office. One look at Deacon and Tremaine glared.

"You!" barked Tremaine.

"I," said Deacon.

"Nothing doing," Tremaine said coldly. "So don't be taking up my clerk's time. She has something else to do besides waste her time on worthless bums and failures."

"One swallow doth not a summer make, nor one mistake a failure," Deacon quoted. "It is written that we progress only as we fall."

"Not in the railroad game!" Tremaine snapped. "And close the door as you pass out. You've had more than your share of sympathy to date." He faced his clerk. "He isn't worth giving a chance to. Look at his record."

"I have," said the girl in low tones. "It is bad, but not as bad as Mr. Saunders that we hired last year—and he is making good."

"Saunders is a different breed from Smith," averred Tremaine. "Saunders has some sense of honor and decency—Smith, if he has, so far has failed to show it. An old proverb says to beware of him who hath not a single friend. I doubt that he could find a single person in all the world to vouch for him, even if he were to be hanged to-morrow."

"Oh!" gasped the girl. "I am sure—"

"Don't!" said Tremaine. "You'd lose. To prove it, I'll forget the past and give him a job if he can bring one single soul in here to vouch for him, or testify that he ever did one good deed in his entire life."

Deacon knew he was beaten. So did Tremaine. Down on the floor Whitey whimpered as if in sympathy. Deacon's hand dropped to pat the dog's flat head as it came up to snuggle itself against his leg. Tremaine saw the act, and for the first time saw the dog, the stocky figure and the marks of a thoroughbred. A judge of dogs was Tremaine as well as a judge of men.

"Where did he come from?" Tre-

maine asked, pointing to the dog. "I don't recall seeing him before. Follow you here?"

"He came with me," replied Deacon. "He's my dog."

"Your dog?" Tremaine's lips curled.

"My dog," said Deacon simply. "And I didn't steal him. I didn't have to. I found him starving in a box car, sick and hurt. Dogs like Whitey can't be stolen. And even so, it is written that one cannot steal love and affection. He's mine."

For just a moment Tremaine probed the face of Deacon with his eyes. Then, without warning, he reached across the railing to strike the shoulders of the Deacon smartly. As if launched from a gun the dog shot upward toward that moving hand, fang-showing, mismated eyes blazing with righteous anger. Deacon's hand sought the dog's collar and held him.

"Don't let him see you where he can get to you," Deacon warned ominously. "Whitey has a good memory. He doesn't forget—either kicks or favors. He's my dog, you know. I'm his master."

"No, I didn't know," laughed Tremaine. "That's why I struck you. Just wanted to make sure." He beckoned to the girl to come forward. "Miss Margaret, you may take care of this man—a friend has just vouched for him."

And, turning on his heel, Tremaine went back to his investigation. Once more the girl smiled for Deacon.

"You'll make good, won't you?" she whispered. "I know you will."

"I'll try," promised Deacon.

And for the first time in his life he meant to. At the same time he was wondering how and where he was going to get a dollar for the doctor's fee.

But Deacon need not have worried. A Divine Providence takes care of everything when the time is at hand. In this case it was a newly made member of the B. R. T. who furnished the dollar. Deacon spied him on the platform. The huge and shiny emblem dangling from the lad's watch charm told Deacon that here was a brand new brother who would hearken to a touch. So excited was the lad at being approached by an older brother, and at being able to display his newly acquired knowledge of the mystic signs and words of the brotherhood that he forgot entirely to ask Deacon for his receipts. Not only did he lend Deacon a dollar, but he insisted on feeding him. And he capped the treat with a package of Deacon's favorite cigarettes.

III

THE sun was setting when Deacon finally finished his routine and reported at the yard office. No one cheered when the new name went on the brakeman's extra board. No one offered congratulations. Only the call boy spoke to him, and that was to ask him where he was going to stay.

"I am not sure, brother," replied Deacon. "Later on I will let you know."

"Most of the guys stay at the Widow Murphy's," said the call boy. "It's close and handy. Right over there, back of the roundhouse."

Deacon smiled to himself. He did not need to be told where the Widow Murphy's place was. He knew. The last time in Pineville he had stayed at the Widow's. Come to think about it, he still owed the Widow for that stay. Of course she might have forgotten it by this time. If not that, perhaps she would not remember his face. Smith

was a common name. It would do no harm to pay the Widow a call.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Widow as she opened the door and saw who her visitor was. "So 'tis you again, eh? You owe me twenty dollars, me sneaky laddy buck. Have you come to pay it?"

"I hope to," said Deacon in his best manner. "But until I have had a pay day I fear it will be impossible. If you will put me up until then—"

"So you said the last time," the Widow reminded him with distinctly hostile eyes. "And instead of paying me, you got drunk on your money." She reached behind her for a broom. "Away with the like of ye, scum of the earth and no good tramp."

A swing of the broom missed the bowing Deacon. The next swing saw Deacon going through the gate. Whitey, who had been investigating the Widow's back yard, came trotting around with a huge bone he had salvaged from the garbage can. A block away from the Widow's place, Deacon sat down to rest and permit Whitey to eat his lunch.

"Yea, verily, we were not welcome," he told the dog. "It was to be expected."

"Woof!" said the dog, busying himself with his meal.

"And I know of no other place we can go," went on Deacon. "The town has all too few places of accommodation for such as we. I fear, my friend, we selected a bad town to take a fresh start in. We have too much to live down. However, perhaps we might be worse off. At least we have a job. One trip and I shall sign for a pie book that we may eat regularly. One pay day and we may be able to find a hotel to take us in. Until then, we shall have to make the best of it. When you have eaten, we shall inspect the caboose track for a temporary domicile."

And it was on the caboose track in an old emergency caboose that Deacon made his quarters. Straw was brought from the stockyards barn for a bed. His overcoat furnished him a cover. There was a stove in the hack, and he carried coal and started a fire. Before going to bed he went back to check the board at the yard office.

"Four times out," said the call boy. "Four vacancies, four in sight. Might get out around midnight. Where'll you be?"

Deacon told him. The call boy never batted an eye. He was used to just such tactics from the boomers who hit there. Nothing surprised him. And at midnight he came to call the sleeping Deacon for an Extra East at 1.30 A.M. Deacon got up and brushed the straw from his clothes and went in search of a good Samaritan to furnish him the price of a cup of coffee before he left town. He was still seeking when Tommy Baird saw him. Without delay he tackled Tommy.

"I guess so," said Tommy. "And are you the Smith going out with us at one thirty?"

"I am," nodded Deacon. "At least, I was called for one thirty, extra east."

Tommy looked at the mussed clothes and the straw still sticking to them in places. Evidently he guessed what had happened.

"Where are you staying?" he wanted to know.

Deacon told him, not going into details.

"A man without credit and friends or money is without anything," he smiled. "Yea, verily that is I."

"That's a shame," said Tommy. "You should have come to me. We

could have given you a place to sleep and a feed. Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't," said Deacon slowly. Then he grinned. "You see, you forgot to invite me to come back."

"You said you were leaving town," Tommy reminded him. "What happened?"

Deacon told him, forgetting to mention the girl and his reason for tackling Tremaine. That was nobody's business but his own. Never should be said Deacon Smith had gone sentimental.

"I see," said Tommy when Deacon had finished. "And in that case, when we get back off this trip you're coming home with me. The baby still talks about the dog. He can stay when you're gone on trips, and be company for her and the wife. She has been wishing she could take in a roomer to board to fill up the spare room and help pay the bills. We're staggering under a pretty heavy load of debt right now. Your staying there will help us, and in turn give you a chance to get on your feet. After that you can move where you please."

And so it came to pass that Deacon Smith, the worthless bum, moved in with the Bairds to live. That act caused the men in the yards and on the road to attack Tommy single and in mobs. Not only did they tell the stories about Deacon that they knew to be true, but they told stories which they themselves doubted to be true. Through it all Tommy stood firm.

"It may be as you say," Tommy would end all arguments with. "I don't know. But one thing I do know, and that is that he stays with us as long as he behaves himself and wishes to stay."

"But's is good," said one Knowitall Bonner, who was wise in those days, so he thought. "One pay day and he'll prove himself and leave you whistling for your money. The man is no good, he's worthless, and there is not a single bit of decency, honor or morals in him."

"I refuse to convict any man on circumstantial evidence," Tommy retorted hotly. "So far all that has been said has been hearsay. It's the old story of give a dog a bad name and he is a bad dog. I'll say one thing for Deacon that I can't say for the gang of you, and that is I have yet to hear him speak an unkind word about any of you."

Which ended conversation then and there. The boys in and about the yards gave Tommy up as hopeless. Nothing to do but wait for the blowup of Deacon and Tommy's house tumbling about him in ruins. Bets were freely made that Deacon would not last until a pay day.

But he did. Not only one pay day, but two. For the first time in the knowledge of the men, Deacon failed to stage a big drunk and a fadeaway after a pay day. Instead, Pete Maloney spread the news that Deacon had voluntarily gone to the Widow Murphy and paid her in full. Information as to whether he had paid Tommy was not to be had. From Tommy's conversation it was gathered that such information was nobody's business but those interested.

At the Baird home Deacon was firmly installed, and becoming more so with the passing days. Perhaps Whitey and the baby's love for the dog had something to do with it, nobody knows. Whitey was getting fat and sleek, and showing more and more his good breeding and background. For himself, Deacon had bought a complete outfit of new clothes, and you would

hardly believe that clothes could make such a change in any man as they did in Deacon.

Then, too, he was taking more pride in his looks. Evidently association with folks like the Bairds was to be thanked for that. Never did you see Deacon that he was not freshly shaved and looking as if he had just come from the tailor shop. The pool halls seldom saw him now, when they used to see him always.

The same was true of the poker games the boys used to have. In the olden days Deacon was always looking for a game to horn in.

"I know it don't seem possible," said Eddie Dolan, conductor, "but that bum surely has changed. I've had him out a half dozen times and never had to bawl him out once, let alone turn him in. And the other O. R. C.'s tell me they find him a damned good brakeman. I really believe the Baird's are reforming him."

"You can't change a leopard's spots," Windy Smith vowed. "He'll cut loose some of these days, and when he does he'll make up for lost time. His kind never reform."

Yet the months began to slip by and Deacon still held true to his grip on job and himself. When not working he could usually be found in the park with Whitey and Rosemary, Baird's baby. Tremaine saw him there one day, and stopped to make sure it was Deacon.

"You?" said Tremaine to Deacon. "You still here?"

"Yea, verily," yawned Deacon. "Hast missed me because I do not visit in your offices as of yore."

"I haven't missed you, Deacon," said Tremaine. "I'm just wondering what your new game is. What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Two handy arms with hands attached," grinned Deacon. "Both capable of gathering pay checks on the Siwash for many years to come."

Tremaine opened his mouth as if to speak, then closed it again. Instead, he turned away to admire Whitey, who was romping with Rosemary on the grass.

"That's a fine dog you have, Deacon," mused Tremaine. "Want to sell him?"

"Nay, nay, sir. Whitey is not for sale. Only a fool would barter away love and affection for filthy lucre. He's all I have—all I probably ever will have. And it is written that we must have something to love."

"I suppose so," said Tremaine, and went his way.

What Tremaine really thought would be hard to say. Perhaps, like the rest of us, he wondered. But Mrs. Baird never wondered. She believed in Deacon. Being what she was, Mrs. Baird believed that the entire reason for living was to get married and make a home and have a family. And believing that way, Mrs. Baird thought Deacon ought to be married.

"To whom?" asked Deacon when she would put the thing to him. "What young lady would care to put up with me? Nobody could love me."

"Can so," Rosemary would speak up stanchly. "I love you and Whitey loves you."

"Yea, verily, that is good," Deacon would reply. "And with that I am content."

"I know some nice girls who would like to meet you," Mrs. Baird would persist. "Will you let me invite one over some night?"

"I prefer not," from Deacon.

But Mrs. Baird was not the kind to take no for an answer. All of which

perhaps explains why one night when Deacon and Tommy were in together, the Bairds had a visitor drop in. No one but Miss Margaret Conover from Tremaine's office. They played cards and had ice cream and cake. Etiquette demanded that Deacon see her home. He did.

He bowed over her hand. "Good night, Miss Margaret," he said.

IV

After that Margaret Conover was a frequent visitor at the Baird home. Now and then they were seen with the Bairds at a picture show. In August

She Blushed in the Darkness and Held Out Her Hand

"I'm so glad to see you doing so nicely," she said as they stood on the porch of her home. "Even Mr. Tremaine, I think, is glad for you."

"Mr. Tremaine is not to be thanked too much, perhaps," replied Deacon. "It was a young lady whom I promised to make good, not Tremaine."

She blushed in the darkness and held out her hand. "Thanks," she smiled. "And good night, Mr. Smith."

Deacon bid in Eddie Dolan's car with Tommy Baird as a partner. He got it, and everybody seemed tickled, even Eddie himself. Shortly after that Deacon had nerve enough to apply for reinstatement in the B. R. T. He got so many blackballs that the judges refused to count them. Tommy Baird went to the mat with them all then and there.

"A fine bunch of brothers you are!"

Tommy scored them. "Instead of giving a man a helping hand when he is trying to help himself, you try to push him farther downward. A fine Christian attitude. I'm done with you all. I'm taking a withdrawal card and joining the conductors."

And he did. Another month and Tommy had been promoted to the conductor's extra board. Business was getting heavy. Fruit from the west and cattle from the southwest and oil from the south were moving in great streams. Eddie Dolan immediately moved Deacon back to the caboose as hind man.

"Good man!" Eddie swore. "Forgotten more than some guys know, which goes for some of these knockers around here. Another year and I'm seeing that he's promoted so we can take *him* into the conductors. He used to run a train on the U. P."

"Yeah," said an old boomer snake. "I was there then. And the officials are still answering correspondence about that trip."

"At least he tried it!" Eddie snorted. "And that's more than lots of you guys ever had the nerve to do."

Which was a sock on the nose for some of the boys, but they took it. Eddie was a fighter when he got started.

So Deacon stayed with Eddie. He was still there the night Eddie laid off and Tommy Baird caught the turn. It was a highball run they were getting. Forty cars of short time stock and two cars of copper bullion—all rush stuff. Our little old goat was behind them when they left town, and up on top Deacon was throwing the wickedest highballs to be seen.

Three hours later the roundhouse whistle sounded the call for the wrecking crew, and officials began to swarm in and about the dispatchers' offices and the yard office. No. 44, the varnished express, had gone through the rear end of Extra 2345 East at Lenape, so the operator said. And if the report was to be believed, there was enough butchered meat on the right of way at Lenape to furnish that town with meat for months to come.

"Why, that's Tommy Baird and Deacon," said the call boy as he checked the board. "I wonder how it happened."

Details filtered through from time to time. The extra had stopped to fix a hot box and No. 44 had hit them. Four cars were ruined completely, including the caboose, and a good dozen were off the track and busted up. Nobody had been hurt. The hogger and tallowpot on the express had jumped, and the one lone stockman in the caboose had been with Tommy when the accident occurred.

"Well, I hope Tommy is in the clear on this," said old man Trowbridge, who lived just back of the Bairds'. "It would break him to lose his job now."

"It would break most of us," said Pete Maloney. "Me, anyway."

"Yes, but you probably could get a job somewhere else," said Trowbridge. "Tommy couldn't. His eyes have been bad for a year or more—has to wear glasses to read or write. He couldn't pass the examinations on another railroad to save his life. I don't suppose any of you knew that, but it's true."

That sobered us. We had nothing against Tommy except that he had taken Deacon in and made a friend and companion out of him. And we knew that there was one thing the officials on the Siwash would not forgive, and that was the party responsible for any collision. I think most of the boys hoped in their hearts that it was the Deacon who was to blame.

"It was Deacon," Windy Smith announced some time later. "The op got the whole dope. Deacon was short flagging. He was less than a car length away from the caboose when they hit. So he won't be with us much longer."

"Well," sighed Trowbridge, "I got nothing against Deacon, but I do hope Tommy is in the clear."

Which was the way most of us felt.

The investigation was held next day. Eddie Dolan was there to represent Tommy for the conductors. The other men had their local chairman. That is, all except Deacon. No one had come to represent him, which was to be expected. It was Eddie who volunteered and was accepted by the officials. For the first time in Deacon's life he looked worried and ill at ease and nervous.

Outside in the trainmaster's office was Margaret Conover, red eyed and white faced. The doors between her and where the investigation was to be held were closed. Now and then she stifled a sob and her lips moved as if in prayer. Then the arrival of the super and G. M. and the beginning of the investigation.

No need to go into details. They were few, but decisive. Extra 2345 had stopped at 5.34. At 5.50 the flagman had been called in. At 5.53 No. 44 had swept around the curve into Lenape, striking two guns at exactly ten poles from the caboose and five poles from where Deacon had waved a red fusee in their faces. Engineer McCumber testified that he had done all he could, but the distance was too short. He had pinched them up when he struck the two guns, but their speed then was close to seventy miles an hour and he was into the caboose before he knew it.

All this was admitted by Deacon. He had no excuses to offer, no pleas for extenuating circumstances, and no explanation to give as to why he had been unable to get back farther than ten poles in sixteen minutes the extra had stood there before he had been called in.

You can imagine what decision the investigating committee rendered. They demanded immediate discharge for Deacon and Tommy Baird, the latter because he had not seen to it that his flagman was back sufficient distance to insure full protection. Engineer McCumber and Fireman Dunbar were exonerated of all blame.

But the representatives of Deacon and Tommy fought against disciplining Tommy with discharge. Deacon was to blame. He was an examined man He knew the rules. The conductor had seen him go out and had gone to fix the hot box so they could make it to the siding to head in and clear No. 44. In the end they decided that thirty brownies would be discipline enough for Tommy.

There were other details, but the ones given were the main things on which the committee based its findings. More than once Tremaine shook his head while the investigation was going on, as if blaming himself for hiring Deacon in the face of his past record. When the men had been dismissed, Tremaine took the findings and went into his office to place them on Margaret Conover's desk

Margaret was not there at the time. She was out in the hall with Deacon, holding on to his coat lapels, her eyes streaming tears as he tried to comfort her. Tremaine pursed his lips as he saw them. Then he coughed gently.

"Ah, Smith, could I speak to you a moment—alone?"

Deacon came forward Margaret disappeared down the hall. Tremaine motioned Deacon to a seat and tapped with forefinger on the desk.

"Where are you going now, Smith?" he asked.

Deacon half rose in his chair, his lips twitching. Tremaine waved him back.

"Just supposing all that, Smith," he said gently. "And supposing that No. 44 showed up before Smith could

"Well?" Demanded Deacon. "What's the Use of Supposing Something That Didn't Happen?"

Deacon frowned. "I don't know, Mr. Tremaine. This latest doesn't help my previously bad reputation at all, and verily, I suppose I may as well expect to be blacklisted for good. This looks bad for me, I admit."

Tremaine nodded thoughtfully. "It does," he admitted. "But it would look a lot worse if it had been the conductor who was to blame." He eyed Deacon shrewdly. "Supposing Mr. Baird had given the engineman the signal to call you in and you had come in before he was ready to depart?"

get back again far enough to stop them?"

"Well?" demanded Deacon through dry lips. "What's the use of supposing something that didn't happen? I—"

"I'm just supposing," Tremaine interrupted kindly. "But mostly, I'm wondering if you would object to a letter from me to a friend of mine who is trainmaster over on the C. O. G. He might give you a job for a while. He can always use a good man. If things go through as I expect them to

go through, Smith, it is barely possible you may be able to come back here with all seniority rights in a year or so."

Deacon's face twitched. "You," he began in dazed tones. "You would do that for me after all this?"

"That's why I'm doing it," said Tremaine meaningly. "We need good men here, Smith."

V

And while Tremaine was talking to Deacon, Eddie Dolan was talking to us. From his conversation it was easy to believe that we were anything from lizards and snakes down.

"You're a bunch of old gossip mongers!" said Eddie hotly. "You've lied and slandered and abused and humiliated a man whose shoes you ain't fit to wipe to-day. I mean Deacon Smith, the man who took the blame for something for which he was not to blame, the man who sacrificed his own chances for happiness and success in order to save those of the one man who helped and believed in him."

Then he told us the story of what had really happened. You already know. Tremaine called the turn in his supposing the situation to Deacon. Smith had gone to flag and had been called in before Tommy was through fixing the hot box. Deacon started once, but Tommy stopped him. Then 44 showed up. You know the rest.

"Now, listen to me," went on Eddie. "He's leaving here—without a membership card in the brotherhood, without many friends, when he ought to have a hundred. What I want to know is are you men enough to apologize and make amends or am I going to have to lick the whole outfit?"

"Not me!" spoke up Windy Smith, and he spoke the sentiments of us all. "I'm eating crow, and so will the rest when they hear the story."

And did we? We did. Deacon came into Pineville in a gondola, without friends, but he certainly didn't go out the same way. He went out on the Pride of the Rockies with a pass in his pocket and a paid-up membership card in his hand as a gift from the B. R. T., while a band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

Knowitall paused to help himself to a fresh chew of navy plug and get to his feet just as the yardmaster looked in the door.

"Get behind that extra on 4," he commanded Knowitall. "Want to give him a lift out of town. And make it snappy. You're late to-night."

When the little goat had tied into the caboose on 4, Humpy perched himself on the top of the pilot and put a question to his foreman.

"And what happened to Deacon?" he wanted to know. "Did he come back?"

"He did," said Knowitall. "He came back to find friends, happiness, and his life's work. There's a moral in the story I told you, and the best recipe for happiness that I know of. It is written that you get out of life just what you put into it. He married Margaret Conover, of course, and is happy. So is she. Whitey died years ago."

Knowitall smiled. At that moment the conductor on the extra stepped out on the platform to nod to the foreman.

"Cut him off now, if you wish," said the conductor. "We're over the hill."

"Just as you say, Deacon," said Knowitall.

And Humpy almost swallowed his pipe stem as he pulled the pin.

Copyright by Hugh R. Newsom

Crack Limiteds Pile up in a Gruesome Tangle

Training With Model Trains

Built as a Composer's Diversion, the Largest Toy Railway Has Become a School and an Arena

By Lamar Q. Ball

THE towerman at Central Junction is in a bad position. He sits at the foot of a ten per cent grade and handles the traffic as it roars down toward him from Mountain View. When a train hits his switch it's highballing for fair; any old rail will tell you that a string of cars turned loose down a ten per cent grade can pick up a lot of speed.

Yes, sir, it's a tough spot in the Central Junction tower. Jack Carsten, night general yard master of the New York Central, sat there with me one afternoon and watched the towerman catching his orders and throwing his switches.

"If I could just see around that curve!" the towerman confided. "Then I wouldn't have to worry around with these old block signals. I've got too many other things to watch. And between you and me, that other operator down the line is pretty green. He's always getting the—oh! There it goes—they're wrecked! Aw, shucks!"

Carsten and I had been there a couple of hours. This made the second wreck that afternoon. Our hearts had moved up to our throats, and we had been too tense and preoccupied to move them back. Not every one sees a flyer smack the rear end of a double-header freight twice in the course of a few hours.

Both of the wrecks had been in the same thorough fashion at the same bad spot, just around the curve beyond the Central Junction tower. It's a horseshoe bend there, a dangerous twist. The train crashing through the switch sweeps around this curve and is lost to view from the tower. Around the bend there's another gate which routes the trains over the suspension bridge spanning Little Gorge to Lakeview, or straight down the main line to Moun-

tain City. Sometimes when traffic is congested on the main line, trains pause around the bend beyond the Central Junction switch; the orders become confused and the Central Junction towerman highballs the flyer. The switch is open, around the bend swoops the flyer, and—*smack!*

The Central Junction towerman's heart is in his work; it pulses with all the ardor of an old railroader whose life is dedicated to the building of a fool-proof safety system, and who shivers at the grim consequences of a rear-end collision.

Mr Carsten and I could see that the towerman's nerves couldn't stand much more of this sort of thing.

"Aw, shucks!" he confided again to us. "If I could just see around that curve!" He stepped out of the tower and peered around the bend, ruefully.

Ahead lay the frightful toll of his errors. The limited, running at full speed had caught the monkey house of the freight and tossed it into the ditch. It had nosed its way up under the next two freight cars and come to rest on its side, groaning and churning. The varnished wagons were heaped atop and behind it.

We walked down the line to view the wreckage.

"Not a bad one!" commented Mr Carsten. "I've never seen one as thorough as this." One could tell by his tone that he was thankful that he never had. "Just what do you do in a case like this?"

"Aw, that's easy," the towerman

Copyright by Hugh R. Newsom

Towerman and Operator Observes and Guides the Trains from Mountain City

explained. "Just pick up the cars, and if any are badly wrecked toss them into the junk pile over there. Put the others back on the tracks like this and everything's all right . . . But gee, that wreck means thirty more demerits for me! If I get many more they will put me back on that stupid old job I left last week. Nothing exciting ever happens there."

Mr. Carsten and I were guests that afternoon at the Junior Railway Club, which is housed on the first floor of an apartment building on Riverside Drive in New York City. Here we had seen thirty-five boys, of ages varying from twelve to fifteen, operating the most complete miniature electric railway ever built.

Before us lay an amazing network of track, winding about the room in what appeared to us an incomprehensible maze. But watching we saw that here was an orderly railway system: on the tracks twelve Lilliputian trains were being driven with dazzling speed over plains, across miniature trestles spanning relatively deep cañons, up steep grades into mountainous areas, around curves, through tunnels, past towns where a confusing pattern of tracks in railroad yards seemed to threaten certain disaster.

Propelled at reckless speed all these trains seemed headed for destruction; but always signals blinked before them, switches were thrown, freights scurried into sidings to let the flyers through. When Mr. Carsten and I realized that these trains were being guided, not by grizzled old veterans at the throttles of the locomotives, but by young boys at switchboards, we marveled that the two disasters we had seen at the Central Junction tower were the only ill fortunes of the afternoon.

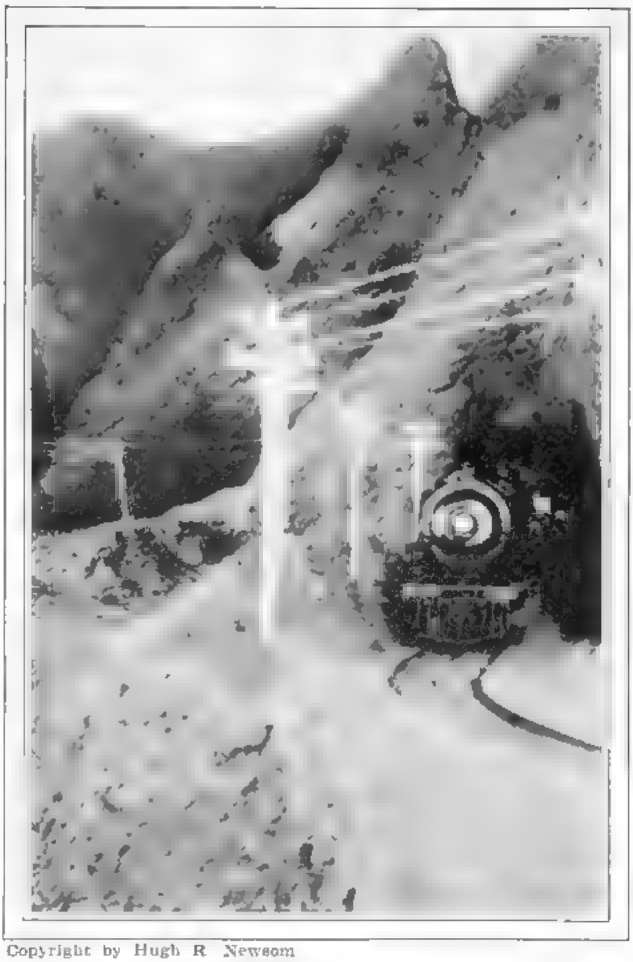
"What do you think of it?" I asked Mr. Carsten.

"It beats me!" he mumbled, with a far-away look in his eye. I could see that his fingers were itching, as were mine, to get at those switches.

Copyright by Hugh R. Newsam

Main Line and Rolling Stock Which Is Operated by the Senior Members of the Class

Five years ago the Junior Railway Club was nothing but the hobby of Hugh Newsom, a composer. His concentrated devotion to his work had alarmed physicians; they had insisted that he develop some other interest than music to avert a nervous breakdown. He'd better play some golf, the doctors agreed. No, Mr. Newsom argued, he couldn't go in for golf; he had tried it, and didn't like it. The doctors insisted, but the patient was obdurate. It had to be something else then. So Mr. Newsom set forth in quest of a diversion.



Copyright by Hugh R. Newsom
Heavy Duty Freight Engine Emerging from a Tunnel on the Mountain Division

He was passing a toy shop when the memory of an old dream struck him. Here was an absorbing display of electric trains whirring about on tiny tracks. Mr. Newsom paused. Ever since boyhood he had resolved that some day he would build a complete scale model railroad system. He decided that the time had arrived. He would give those doctors, who could think of nothing but golf—just as their bewhiskered ancestors could think of nothing but beef, iron and wine—a novelty in recreation that would startle them.

On the next day he located in a Riverside Drive apartment building a large room on the ground floor that had once been used for a dancing school. He called in carpenters and fitted out the room with a framework of tables, built waist high according to blue prints. The railroad was begun. The next step was the laying of track, which took five months. It was laid on tiny wooden ties nailed securely to the tables. Unlike the electric railways of the toy shops, this one does not draw power only through the third rail. All three tracks are wired. This system Mr. Newsom worked out with Ralph Hantzsch, radio inventor and manufacturer, the wiring entailing more than thirty-three hundred connections. It enables the movement of half a dozen locomotives at different speeds over the same track, each loco-

motive being under separate control. The secret of this achievement has been guarded jealously by its builder. No other toy railroad works just like this.

The railroad is built on a scale of one to ten. The steam hogs do 110 and the electrics 120 scale miles per hour. At first Mr. Newsom installed hand switches, but his elaborate equipment outgrew that ancient type and now he uses electric "tower-controlled." His 5,800 feet of track wind through nineteen towns and junctions. To handle the 300 pieces of rolling stock he has two yards. On a good afternoon twenty-two trains are operated at one time, on schedule to a split second, over the four main divisions. Every train is numbered and each has a different route.

The scenery was built of concrete tinted in natural colors. From common trestles to an elaborate suspension bridge, he has reproduced all of the engineering feats that make up the roadbed of a great railway. He has drilled tunnels through the concrete and graded the mountain lines. Some of the grades are steep, perhaps ten per cent, like the one that leads down to Central Junction, but the engines can pull them without a grind and that's all that's needed.

His railroad constructed, Mr. Newsom and a few friends found it a diverting toy. Here, he decided, was something that would appeal to boys. He knew there were thousands of youngsters in New York City who were dreaming of the day when they would own railroads, or be engineers on limiteds. He would form a club of boys, twelve years old or thereabouts, and let them man his railroad.

Mr. Newsom, however, did not go out into the street and invite in the first fifty boys he met. He had a better idea he believed. Boys invited indiscriminately might not be as careful with his equipment as he intended them to be. Not knowing who they were or where they came from, he would find it difficult to control them, and he knew that discipline was essential if his railroad were to remain intact.

Among Mr. Newsom's friends were many wealthy families along Fifth and Park Avenues in New York. These wealthy people have children whose fields of amusement are restricted, for they are not allowed to play ball in the streets nor battle with stones in neighboring alleys as do the lusty, brawling sons of the less well-to-do. These wealthy boys, Mr. Newsom felt, need recreation and he determined to provide it for them.

So the club was organized. It started with twenty-five boys. Within a week these pioneers had spread the word about Mr. Newsom's railroad, and a hundred and fifty applicants were clamoring for admission. Mr. Newsom expanded his organization. To-day there are three hundred members, and a waiting list of two hundred.

Mr. Newsom divided his organization into groups of about thirty-five boys each, and every group comes to the club rooms once a week to learn the science of railroad operation. The Junior Railway Club is operated with the organized efficiency of a great railroad system. Each boy has his job; and these jobs range from the elementary posts of minor switchmen to memberships on the board of directors. Promotion from the easy jobs to the more difficult comes as a reward for mastery of the tasks assigned.

A junction through which trains pass in only two directions, passenger

trains being sent over one bridge and fast freights over another, is the easiest job on the road. But even this entails the control of several switches, and learning the meaning of the flashing

tain range, is the great junction point where lines meet from the separate valleys of the range. Central City is the main freight terminal.

Eventually, having handled every

Copyright by Hugh R. Newsom

This Freight Had to Climb a Stiff Grade to Get to This High Trestle

lights on the operating board and semaphore signals.

A chief dispatcher, who sits high on a dais where he can survey the whole room, controls the central switch which releases power to the entire system. It is he who flashes signals to the towermen scattered about the room, ordering the movement of flyers, fast through freights and way freights. These towermen must know their trains and know what tracks should be opened for them

For instance, eleven trains a minute pass through Junction City. The towers at Siding City and Bridgeborough have twenty-one levers each, four main line tracks and a network of switches Mountain City, in the Central Moun-

tower, had experience as telegraph operator in two or more cities and acted as yard master in some of the main terminals, the boy is eligible for election to the board of directors. Contests for this honor are held in the spring. The evenings of the contests are exciting affairs.

About twenty boys take part in the final elimination tests, seven of whom are given chairs on the board. On three successive nights parents stand about the sides of the room watching their sons handle every job on the railroad. The seven boys with the best records are automatically elected to the board of directors.

The board takes entire charge of the railroad, electing its own president,

vice-president and secretary. Directors who are fortunate enough to have served on the board for two years automatically retire, becoming honorary directors.

Through this system as it functions of afternoons stalks the dominating figure of Mr. Newsom. He is the Interstate Commerce Commission, head switchman, senior engineer, head yard master and chief superintendent. As a director of any railroad can tell you, his rôle of Interstate Commerce Commission gives him the right to approve or reverse any decision of the board of directors. A police whistle suspended about his neck adds the grim authority of a traffic cop, and the ear-splitting blasts he can produce on this little instrument are both terrifying and commanding. A snarl in the traffic, and the whistle shrieks. The chief dispatcher clutches at his switches, off goes the main power and traffic on the entire system comes to a standstill.

"Junction! *Junction!*" thunders through the suspense. "What's the idea of letting that train go so fast down grade?"

The towerman at the junction looks up sheepishly.

"Ten demerits!" decrees the Interstate Commerce Commission. "Junction's fault!"

"Junction" becomes more abject; but he has been trained to take his blows standing up.

"Abo-o-oard!" thunders the command. On goes the power. Away go the trains. Business as usual.

A word about the demerit system. On the wall of the club room is a chart on which is inscribed the daily record of each boy. Promotion or demotion depends on the showing of this chart. Demerits are the penalties for infractions of duties, and a star is the reward for a perfect day's work. During the hour which represents a day's duties these demerits are bestowed on the negligent fast and furiously.

No misstep is overlooked; inattention to detail never escapes the sharp eye of Mr. Newsom, who knows his railroad intimately and can detect in an instant the seat of any confusion or delay. He makes no note of the demerits that he distributes during the course of the hour. The boys are on the honor system. When a group is dismissed the members file past Mr. Newsom and readily confess whatever bad record may have been the ill fortune of the day.

"Any demerits?" Mr. Newsom asked one boy the afternoon I was there.

"Sixty, sir!" confessed the culprit. "But I know what's the matter now, Mr. Newsom. I had those switches mixed up. I'll do better next time you watch me!"

"Well—we'll call it only fifty demerits, then," relented the superior. The boy beamed. He squared his shoulders, threw off his dejected look, and walked out of the club another person.

Mr. Newsom has his boys trained to instant obedience. His word is supreme law while the classes are at work, and his commands bring immediate action. He moves rapidly about, instructing this towerman and cautioning that. Each man knows the name of his post, and it is to that name that he responds.

His own identity is lost completely during that hour. Instead of being Henry van Astor, of the forty-fifth generation of van Astors, Park Avenue, he is only "River" or "Junction."

The boys have their good days, when everything functions with the precision

of clockwork; and they have days when they seem quite unable to get traffic untangled. But through it all they work patiently and carefully in the din that accompanies the operation of this elaborate system.

"Hurry up, River!" cries Mr. Newsom. "Come on, come on with that Hell Gate branch, River!"

"Hey, Mr. Newsom — can you open me up on the upper level? There's about six trains waiting to get up there."

"Come on, High Bridge, you're holding up the flyer—" Crash! There's a wreck at the Junction.

"Now, I had that slowed up!" wails the towerman.

But a blast of the police whistle drowns out his explanation. "Listen, Great Mountain!" cries Mr. Newsom. "Your orders are that that train must go to Lakeview after Siding and Central locals pass." Traffic resumes. "Watch your speed, River! Hold that flyer down! Watch out!" Another blast of the whistle. Silence.

"Twenty-five demerits on Great Mountain Junction. That train should have gone to Lakeview. Abo-o-oard!" Away they go again. "Come on, down grade there. . . . Watch number five's switch, Great City! Hey, send the next train to the bridge—"

Another crash. A bad afternoon.

"Don't!" cries Mr. Newsom. "Don't turn a switch when a train's on it. Twenty-five demerits! Abo-o-oard!" They're off again. "Let's go! Come on! Great City, come on up the main line. Hold that train—*hold that train!* Siding City, will you slow those trains up? Lookout—"

A towerman's nimble fingers flick a switch, and a head-on is averted; but Mr. Newsom is not to be consoled.

"What about those two levers?" he thunders. "Twenty-five demerits."

And so it goes. It was an inexpert class that Mr. Carsten and I viewed that afternoon. One class, a crack group, meets every Thursday afternoon and operates twenty-two trains without a hitch. Each boy in that class knows every job thoroughly. There is no fumbling. They know their signals and respond to them with no loss of motion.

The signals that are sent to each towerman by the chief dispatcher are flashes of small electric bulbs in an ingeniously devised telegraph code,

Copyright by Hugh R. Newsom
The Great Bridge That Spans a Chasm on the Gorge Division

understandable only by the boys of the club. There are long and short flashes and rapid successions of flashes, after the manner of the Morse code, each message having a definite meaning to the towerman who receives it.

In addition, the towerman must watch the lights on his board to advise himself of the condition of the track that leads to the next tower. He must respond quickly to the messages and throw the necessary switches immediately; a moment's delay on these congested tracks means a wreck and a rising toll of demerits that count so heavily against the laboring man's rise.

All of the boys in the Junior Railway Club are students at private schools. Several schools have recognized the value of the training provided by the club, and dismiss the boys from regular classwork when their hours at the club rooms conflict.

"They learn here three important principles of modern education," Mr. Newsom explained. "Boys who would succeed in this club's work must have their wits about them, and the principles which they learn are: first, concentration; second, making instantaneous decisions in an emergency; and third, ability to act at once on those decisions.

"There," he said, "are three qualifications necessary to any business. These principles make a business man a power in the world, and are outstanding reasons for the success of any great world leader."

When the boys first come to him, Mr. Newsom said, their only thought is to run the trains and watch them race about the vast system. But through the organization he has set up, and the ambition he has created in them to advance, he has taught them to see other angles.

Mr. Newsom's hobby, devised to relieve the strain of his labors in music, has grown from a club for sheltered sons of wealthy parents into a serious method of training. It is helping to produce young men who have been taught concentration and decisiveness. But these virtues have not been taught abstractly, as they are in classrooms. It is doubtful whether any of the boys realize the lesson Mr. Newsom is pounding into them as they play.

In their homes the boys have described the wonders of this novel club to their parents. They have pictured the completeness of detail in Mr. Newsom's equipment and the masterly control of its system, until fathers have begun to wonder and to ply their sons with questions. One by one these fathers have slipped away from their offices of afternoons and made their way to the club rooms "just to look on," as they almost shamefacedly put it.

Early in the club's history Mr. Newsom found his room crowded with admiring parents, who would gaze hopefully at him for an invitation to join in the sport. This created a serious obstacle in the club's progress, as the presence of parents tended to make the boys self-conscious. Up went the barriers. The parents were excluded. Mr. Newsom sympathetically but firmly told his uninvited guests that there was no room. The space didn't permit a great many spectators, and he didn't believe it advisable that the fathers be allowed to crowd out their sons.

Several parents have suggested to Mr. Newsom that he form classes at night for the "grown-up boys" But Mr. Newsom started the club to ward off an attack of nervous prostration, and he doesn't believe he would be equal to handling classes of men sev-

eral nights a week in addition to the boys every afternoon.

Besides, he has a living to earn in a chosen field; he must have some time to devote to music. He compromises, however, by inviting some of the fathers in on an occasional night and allowing them to operate the trains. They bungle badly, and are not as quick at learning as are their sons.

The interest of the parents, however, is so great that Mr. Newsom has laid plans for expansion. He plans within a year to lease a larger space in a more central location in New York City. In these new quarters he intends to have a much more elaborate system, with twenty thousand feet of track and a grand central station with an eighteen-track terminal. He has already drawn plans for this station, to be a miniature of the New York Central terminal in New York City.

Mr. Newsom plans to build a visitors' gallery with seats in tiers that will hold several hundred spectators. The seats will be reserved for parents of the boys, and interested friends. It won't be hard to fill them. When he erected the barrier against spectators in his present quarters, Mr. Newsom was compelled to reject hundreds of requests every week.

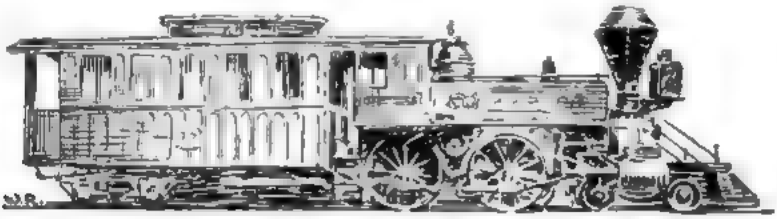
"The way this thing has grown is a wonder to me," remarked the railroad builder. "I started with a toy, and now I'm building a private arena. If it wasn't for the diversion I get from my music, I believe I'd have nervous prostration."

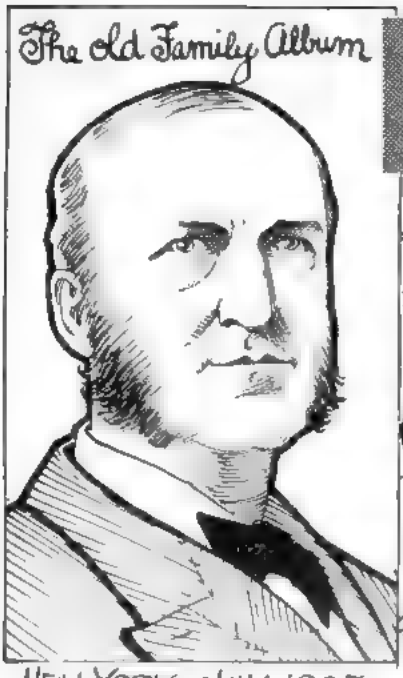
LONGEST SAFETY RECORD

A CROWN of laurels rests on John B. Grant's head as he retires from the Southern Pacific's ranks of employees with thirty years as bridge and building foreman and a perfect safety record. No accident has ever occurred under his jurisdiction. That makes him the proud possessor of the greatest safety record ever given to any S. P. man. Such results are not all accounted to the fictitious "Old Man Luck," because Grant's practices as a foreman have been noted by all the men who were fortunate enough to be employed under him.

Strictness and vigilance have almost been his god, but he has proved to some of his observers that the safety of lives and property is in the hands of the men who do and who are responsible for the work being done. All of the orders that are issued from the head offices mean nothing unless the men on the job make "Safety" their own personal responsibility. It seems that Mr. Grant has not only gained recognition for himself, but has set a precedent that might well be followed by other men and their helpers

Mr. Grant started life on a small farm in Nova Scotia in 1860 and lived there until he was eleven, when he started out in the world as a sailor plying up and down the east coast. Life at sea did not appeal to his liking, so he gave up the marinal ambitions to do some carpentering in Boston. This lasted only a short time and then he worked on construction gangs all over the United States until he came to the Tucson division in 1894. In 1900 he was made bridge and building foreman, the position which he has made the pride of the people who follow this chosen occupation.

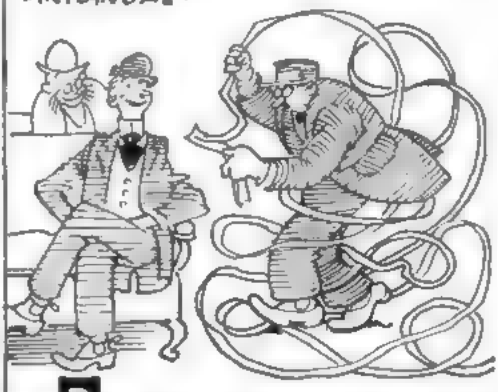




NEW YORK, JULY, 1905— STATISTICS SHOW THAT THE HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW HOLDS THE POSITION OF DIRECTOR IN MORE RAILROAD COMPANIES THAN ANY OTHER MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO CARL GRAY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNION PACIFIC, SWEPT OUT THE "FRISCO" STATION, AMONG OTHER THINGS, IN FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS.

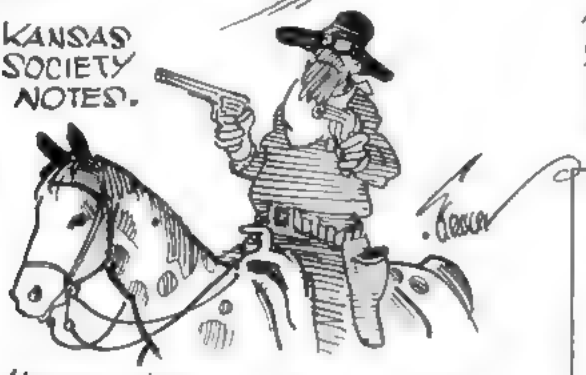
A 1905 CARTOON OF THE DAY.



DO YOU REMEMBER TRAVELING ON A MILEAGE BOOK?

YEARS BACK

KANSAS SOCIETY NOTES.



MUNCIE, KANSAS - JULY, 12, 1874 JESSE JAMES AND A PARTY OF FRIENDS RODE INTO TOWN LAST NIGHT TO MEET THE KANSAS PACIFIC EXPRESS AND TRANSACT A LITTLE BUSINESS WITH FRANK WEBSTER OF THE WELLS FARGO COMPANY.

Happy Birthday

CLEVELAND, O. JULY 8, 1897 - MANTIS J. VAN SWERINGEN. WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND WORKING AS AN OFFICE BOY WITH HIS BROTHER — THE BOYS HAVE BEEN DABBLING IN REAL ESTATE ON THE SIDE.

- ADVERTISEMENT -
CHICAGO - JULY - 1905

GO WEST THIS SUMMER

LEWIS AND CLARK CENTENNIAL
PORTLAND, OREGON

CHICAGO TO PORTLAND AND RETURN
$56.50

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RY.

Gifted Writer Passes

J. E. Smith, Author of Country Station Agent Series, and Former Operator, Signs "Thirty"

WITH the August issue the series of Observations of a Country Station Agent will come to a close. For John Elbert Smith, who has written them over a period of many years, has gone over the last hill. His passing will be deeply regretted by many who loved his quaint humor, kindly philosophy, and charming personality, both in print and in life.

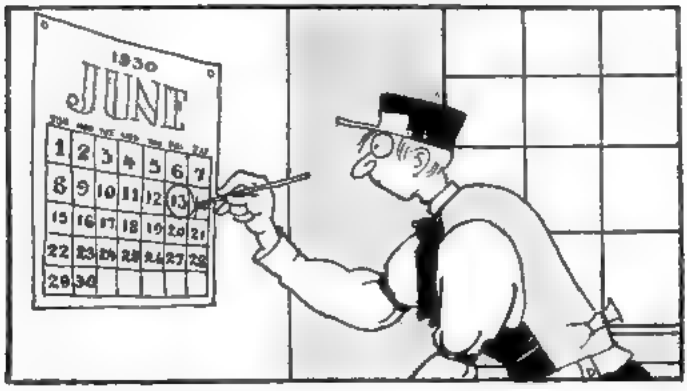
J. E. Smith

Mr. Smith died unexpectedly on the thirtieth of last March, in Miami, Florida, the day after he finished his Observations for August, his last story. He was sixty-eight. For a year he had enjoyed retirement from active railroad service, and was looking forward eagerly to a quiet period of reading and writing.

As any one would guess who had read the Observations, Mr. Smith was a station agent during a great part of his life. He entered railroading at nineteen as a telegrapher in Kokomo. At twenty-one he was made agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad at Bunker Hill, Indiana. His life was spent inconspicuously in small Indiana railroad stations, where he relieved the monotony of routine by cartooning and writing. His series of Observations of a Country Station Agent was begun in the July, 1907, issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and must have provided a welcome escape from the irritations of a station agent's life.

He was a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Smith's mother was Matilda Franklin, who spent her girlhood setting type in her father's print shop in Cincinnati. From her John Smith inherited a peculiar combination of literary and scientific interests. Their home was in Converse, Indiana, where his father was a country doctor.

It was John Smith's first intention to own a newspaper. He had learned typesetting from his mother, and he had a keen interest in facts and in people. His memory was remarkable; he seemed to remember everything he read, and seldom forgot a definition or a date. But his dream of publishing a newspaper never materialized.



I Drew a Ring With My Pencil Around the Thirteen, Bold Faced on the Calendar

Observations of a Country Station Agent

On Friday, the Thirteenth, Luther Leghorn Reaps a Harvest of Bad Luck and Doesn't Know What To Do With It

By J. E. Smith

FRIDAY the thirteenth.

We have that combination on the calendar every so often. In railroading it is a portentous day. While it is accepted everywhere that railroading is an exact science that takes no note of symbols and tokens, signs and superstitions; yet in every act of transportation one man originates, controls or terminates some sort of movement. This one mind may have a superstitious bent. It may believe in the jinxes of dates and numbers. When he is confronted with Friday the thirteenth, he may wonder as he oils around, unlocks the depot or opens the tool house, if that portends anything.

There are no statistics to show that Friday the thirteenth is attended by any excess of calamities and catastrophes in railroad operation. So far as I know it is as smooth and uneventful as any other day. Nevertheless I called out to Mose Hokum, foreman of section No. 27, when he stopped at the depot:

"Watch your step to-day, Mose, this is Friday the thirteenth."

"So I observed," replied Mose dryly. "Section 27 is safe, though, for on the thirteenth of every month I carry this." Mose went down deep in his pocket and brought forth a rabbit's foot. "On the thirteenth of every month I carry this guard against danger and injury. Yeah, you guessed it. A rabbit foot from a rabbit killed in a country graveyard in the dark of the moon. That's how it comes by its

charm. I'm always sure to have it with me on the thirteenth of every month whether it's Friday or not."

In the drag from the lower depths of his pocket, along with the rabbit's foot, he had brought forth a buckeye.

"This buckeye keeps off rheumatism," he explained naively. "I always carry a buckeye, it's a dead shot against sciatica."

"Well, Mose," I observed, "it looks to me that section 27 and its efficient foreman are pretty well protected from bad luck. The gods may mean this as an ill-fated day, but you have offset their power by shift of one rabbit foot from the tombs, and a solitary buckeye. You are pretty well protected."

Mose restored the valued amulets to his pocket. He and his crew then went out to their work, and through a long day nothing happened to them nor to section 27.

But I, Luther Leghorn, station agent at Lone Oak, had none of these talismans on my person. So I unlocked the door of the depot without protection or defense against the fates, but with no particular doubt or curiosity as to what the day would bring forth.

In the smaller way stations such as Lone Oak nothing momentous is likely to occur. The contact is with people over minor transactions. But that is the way with most of us who work for a living. Our lives are made up of affairs which, when written out or narrated, appear small and trivial.

Our real interests are not with the League of Nations, or President Hoover's problems, or any of the world-wide movements. The shirt on our back, the ham and eggs for dinner, poultry breeding or turnip culture, the hum of a bee or the bloom of a flower, or the words of a neighbor who knows but little, but has goodness in his heart, these are the real things that hold our interest and make up our lives day by day.

Once inside the office I drew a ring with my pencil around the bold-faced thirteen on the calendar by way of accentuating the fact that it was bonehead day. In my deeper thoughts I did not expect anything out of the ordinary. Every month I tunnel through a thirteenth, and it has always produced the same as a twelfth or a fourteenth. But this was Friday, a double suggestion of ill luck, so I resolved to watch the day's events from hour to hour.

I took small note of the daily office routine, the little transactions that make up a station agent's work. There is some ticket selling, some expensing, some billing. The final cash balancing and daily summaries are to be made out, but they are only details like sleeping, dressing and eating.

I am now transcribing the memoranda I made of the day's happenings, however nonsensical and shallow they may appear.

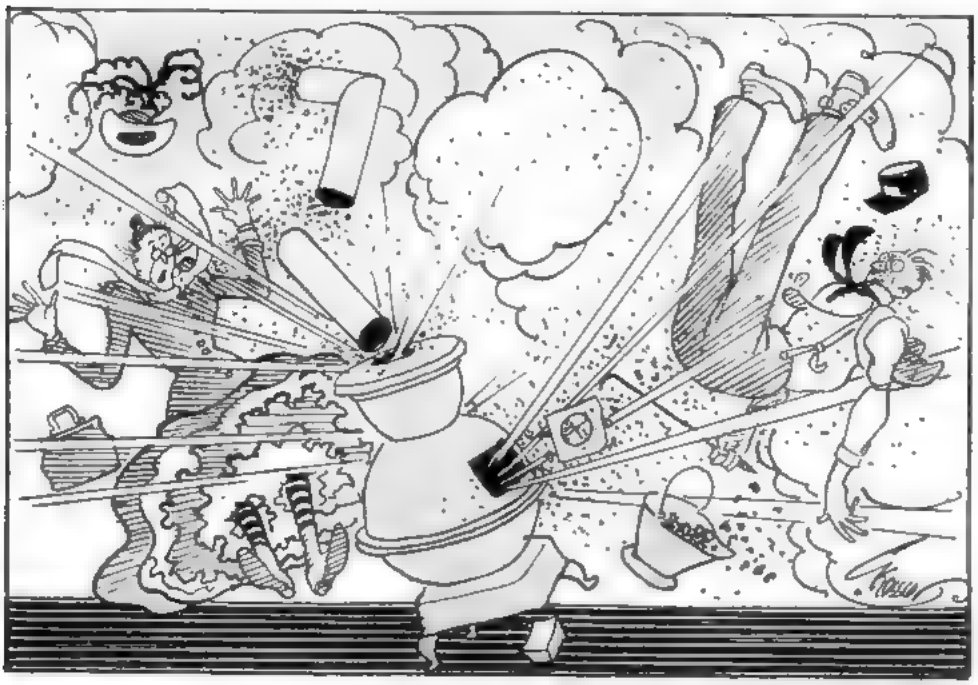
I commenced the day by sweeping out and building a fire in the waiting room stove. Outside there was a touch of chill from a hard north wind. Coming into the waiting room our patrons must feel the comforts of a fire. They are touchy on this point. We do not have the crowds at our station that we had years ago. The auto has taken our local passengers. To-day it is a very thin line of visitors, often a solitary patron or none at all, when our local and only passenger train makes Lone Oak. But if I had no fire in the waiting room and one lone patron should find his way there, he would complain; and I could not give any excuse for the lack of comfort.

We have in the waiting room an old-

time cannon stove. It was designed some fifty years ago. The name of the genius who conceived it is unknown. So far as I know there is no stone nor monument to commemorate his creative work. He rests mute and inglorious.

A lone woman came in. She was sharp nosed and ferret eyed. She came to the ticket window and informed me that the waiting room was uncomfortable, and that there was no fire in the stove.

I assured her there was a fire. That



Just Then the Stove Blew Up

He should have muted and ingloried long before he got around to stoves. This type of stove has never been improved upon. It is based on a large bowl which has neither shaker nor dump. The clinkers and ashes must come out from above through the open door. Thus the air intake soon clogs. Much personal attention must be given if it is to roar any friendly welcome to shivering passengers.

I found live coals from the night before, so I added one bucket of alluvial drift, known as run-of-mine, which our company thinks is coal. Then I closed the stove door to await combustion.

I had just devoted my technical skill as a fire builder to it. That while it now lay apparently sodden and slumbering, underneath the cold, black surface a fire was soaking and seething. Very, very soon there would be that roaring comfort she so much desired.

I did not make any hit with this oration. She had never heard of Cicero nor Webster, so she did not accept warm words in lieu of real heat units.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I catch a heavy cold, maybe influenza or pneumonia," she observed gloomily "How long is it till the train comes in from Holton?"

"Forty minutes," I replied.

"Forty minutes!" she repeated. "Have I got to stay in this cold place that long?"

"You might walk out if you wish. You have time," I suggested.

That friendly hint made no impression. She chose to remain in cold storage. I had some fear that she would harden into a solid. I did not know exactly what to do with a congealed patron. The rules covering refrigeration do not go that far. I had to meet the situation on my own resources. I seized the poker. It was at least a friendly gesture for higher temperature.

Just then the stove blew up.

Has any other agent ever had a demonstration from the waiting room stove? The ayes have it. They do blow up. The explosion filled the room with gases and coal soot. The woman was shocked. She knew I was trying to dynamite her. She gave one high-keyed yelp, broke for the open and streaked away as fast as she could.

II

She did not come back. I do not know what became of her. She may have hitch-hiked her way hence. She will always think I tried to hurl her into eternity. I am sorry she carried away that impression. I would have liked to explain how the accumulating gases suddenly ignited, and that there was nothing personal in the pyrotechnics. But she moved out on high, so I could not explain anything.

After a stove blows up it settles down to real combustion. It roars and crackles to the effect that now we have said "Boo" and had our little joke, here is where we heat things up.

A tall, thin-nosed old man opened the waiting room door cautiously and edged in.

"What's the matter?" he asked "Chimney don't draw, or somethin'? Purty bad in here."

I took a few vigorous pokes into the stove and the fire roared away as though there had been no temperamental outbursts.

"Stove blew up," I explained.

"How come?" he wanted to know.

"The aëriform fluid, becoming a combustible mixture and expanding, filled the bowl. Then followed chance ignition, whereupon — 'Whoof!'" I illustrated by an open wide gesture depicting both expansion and "whoof."

"Huh? How's that?" asked the dazed caller.

I explained again that the stove filled with gas and blew up.

Then we both sneezed. I opened the waiting room door to clear the atmosphere and admit a little oxygen. Soon we had normal breathing conditions restored. I resumed my work in the office and the elderly caller, assured that all danger was passed, and with fresh information on combustion, loitered before our bulletin board, where we had lurid pictures of our best trains in red, yellow and brown.

This is not a rare incident in the country depot wherever the old-time cannon stove is the heat unit. No matter about old Zero outside, the cannon stove cannot be crowded or rushed without showing its disposition.

Presently my lone caller was at the ticket window. He wanted change for a small coin, so he might have some pennies. I resumed my desk work. Uncle Isaac again presented himself at the ticket window.

"Hey!" he called out, showing a little warmth. "I put a cent in this machine out here, but I didn't get any gum!"

Let me stop a moment for explana-

tions. Our main business is transportation, tickets and freight, but on the side we sell chewing gum and peppermint and cinnamon chicles. You see we have the overhead always with us. So we have our automatic weighing and gum-vending machines for whatsoever pennies we may collect from our patrons.

I dug up a stray penny for uncle to reimburse him for the loss he had sustained. Very soon he returned.

"I tried it again," he explained rather testily. "But I don't git anything."

I made further restoration by giving him another penny. Two minutes later he registered his third complaint that he had invested for the third time and there had been no returns.

"What kind of a skin game is this?" he asked sharply.

I passed him another penny with the explanation that we were not trying to defraud him. As one of the great transportation lines of the world, it was our aim to be ever square and upright in all our dealings, that we might have the good will of every one. As for the machine itself, it had certain hair-spring interiors, and at that moment was apparently suffering from some disarrangement or disorder. I could not explain the exact nature. Probably colitis. It needed mechanical inspection and adjustment.

Uncle gave me a cold eye. He did not like my explanation. It sounded like the gas and stove talk to him.

"It's a skin game," he observed. "If I hadn't of stood up an' complained I would of been out my money."

But for all that he couldn't stay away from the machine. He thrust another penny down its throat and punched the rod vigorously. But no

He Appeared to Be a Lone Depositor of a Bank That Had Closed Its Doors

small, wrapped product of the bully tree or sapodilla came down into the open container.

I had to reimburse him again. Still he would not stay away. He was mechanically curious. He pounded and shook the machine, he tried again, but no chicle. He was suspicious, but interested. And he kept plugging away while I remained in the background, his financial supporter and sustainer

He had played only one slot. I recommended peppermint, but his preference was for cinnamon. He played the cinnamon slot only. I got nervous and irritated that he would not leave it alone. It exasperated me that I had to get up and supply a new penny every three minutes. I handed him ten or

fifteen pennies. The visible supply was about depleted. The cash reserves on which our gum credit rests were near exhaustion. So I went out and stuck a note on the machine: "Out of Order."

Still he hung around and punched the rods. He looked like a depositor of a bank that had closed its doors. He gave me the jumps. See dictionary—neurosis or psychosis. Again he confronted me at the window.

"How about the train from Holton?" he asked. "It oughta be here, ain't it?"

That one has the same syntax as, "Yes, no bananas."

"They are going to be about ten minutes late," I informed him. "They were held up at Aurora a short time."

"But this board out here is marked on time."

"They were on time out of Cincinnati," I explained.

He came back with: "But they hain't on time here!" Having delivered this, he stalked about like *Hamlet* soliloquizing: "Stove blows up, gum machine out of order, bulletin board giving the wrong dope."

It seemed that all the charges were true. I could not offer much in rebuttal. I did not like his behavior nor his comment, but I had to show a patient and pleasing fellowship. Our rule book reads that way. Always exercise forbearance and courtesy toward the public even under annoyances and the temptation to make a protesting noise of our own.

"It's ag'in' the law to mark a train 'on time' when it's late." That was an upper register squeak that filtered through to me from the waiting room.

Quite true. Here was an Arcadian who knew his Blackstone. I went out and changed the figures to "10 mins. late," all in strict compliance with the statutes aforesaid. It is better to use chalk than to land in the hoosegow. Uncle Isaac gave my writing a hard look. He ran a bony finger under "mins." and came to a full stop.

"M-i-n-e-s—what does that mean?"

"That's not mines. It's mins.—m-i-n-s. It's an abbreviation for minutes. It means minutes, see?"

I do not know whether that explanation was satisfactory or not. The train whistled for the station. Uncle went out on the platform to be in the forefront when it arrived, while I maneuvered a truck from the baggage and mail car. Uncle met a woman and a gangling girl.

After the train pulled out the three stood for a time in animated but serious discussion.

III

MEANWHILE another lady from the same train came to my office door carrying a large cloth-screened cage. It contained a domestic pet of some kind. She wanted to leave it with me for a short while. Her husband would call for it.

There was no objection to this. If she had led in Bul-Bul the baby elephant I would have tied him to my desk leg. I do not mind Bengals, alligators or mountain goats as long as they are the family pets of our patrons.

When I got into the office again, carrying a few bundles, the office mail and some express packages, Uncle Isaac was rapping for attention.

"See here!" he called out to me. "This lady is my niece, Mrs. Applegate." I bowed to Mrs. Applegate. "She's got a complaint to make, an' I told her to register it right here."

I assured him that such was good

advice to give her. In fact, "right here" was the spot where every squawk should be entered and tagged.

Mrs. Applegate came a little closer, and to the intelligent aspect of my inquiring visage she said:

"That conductor charged me full fare for Isabel!"

She said that in slow funereal tones, as though a culminating outrage had been perpetrated on her. She had been wronged and robbed by a uniformed bandit of transportation. Our buccaneer conductor had got her. A-hah!

"Is this Isabel?" I asked, jerking a thumb in the direction of the young lady by her side.

"Why, yes, sir, this is Isabel."

"How old is she?"

"Well, of course she's past eleven."

"You see, if she's passed twelve," I went on to explain, "she cannot go on half fare. Half fare is only for children from five to twelve; after twelve—full fare."

It seemed to me that was a lucid explanation.

"How does it come," asked the woman, "I have never had to pay full fare for her before?"

"No, never before." That reënforcement of the argument was from uncle, who was close by, and doing all the heavy breathing.

I explained that a child grew and aged; that was the order of human life. Isabel was now a young lady.

"How old are you, Isabel?" I asked sharply.

"Sixteen in January," she replied artlessly.

That was sufficient to settle the argument. There is no great rush of local travel any more. Such examples are now not so plentiful. But years ago the graduation of the child from half to full adult fare was accompanied by evasions and cunning. Many a youth has had to telescope down into his clothes and shrink into insignificance until after the conductor passed. It has dwarfed the race. We might have been an upstanding and stalwart people if our forefathers and mothers had not wrinkled and shriveled us to keep us no fare or half fare.

Uncle Isaac was not entirely satisfied.

"What's this document?" he asked, shoving in with a flourish a conductor's paid-fare receipt.

"That is only a receipt from the conductor showing the fare from Holton to Lone Oak was paid."

"Of course it was," Uncle broke in. "We don't need any papers to tell us that. Ain't it redeemable, or somethin'?"

I explained it had no cash value.

Then the uncle, the niece, and Isabel the baby went out on the platform and talked among themselves.

Whereupon I carried a mail bag to the post office one square away. When I returned to the station they were moving. Uncle appeared to be in fresh agitation, so I slipped in at the rear to avoid them.

Then a man came in to claim the cage a lady had left with me, and to thank me for caring for it. He was so nice about it I forgot Uncle Isaac. I did not know nor ask what sort of a pet I had cared for. If I had it might have saved me much perplexity and anxiety. For at this point I had one of the most unusual experiences any agent ever had. I was not done with Uncle Isaac, far from it. I was to hear from him further. I was to be embroiled with my own officials and to be mystified and perplexed as never before in my railroad station experience. It all developed later. I shall

tell you of it, but, first I must complete the day, Friday the thirteenth.

I had one more patron of whom I want to tell, and who was the last on that ill-fated day.

All you station agents or clerks who regularly handle claims will recall, if you have taken note of it, some very unusual claims, or some features in claims that have been quite out of the ordinary. I had a new phase in a claim that I believe has never before been presented.

A woman came to me to report on damage. A day or so before she had taken from our station a box of household goods. It had been delivered by us in apparent good order.

She came in to report that when the box was opened a looking-glass, part of the contents, was found broken. The damage had been concealed. There was no way to indicate how it happened. But it is always thus — no matter how many outsiders or draymen have handled the package, the responsibility for any breakage is with the railroad.

The woman explained how carefully they had unpacked the box, and there was the looking-glass smashed to smithereens. It appeared as though some demoniacal trucker or trainman had rough handled the box out of sheer cussedness.

I questioned her some on how it was packed, but we never get far on such inquiries. The consignor and consignee never do anything wrong. The customer is always right.

Would I not like to view the remains?

I did not see that a trip ten miles in the country to stand in sad contemplation over glass fragments would restore anything, nor yield any new information, nor help us in any way to a fair valuation. I explained to the patron the process of filing a claim against the railroad, and what supporting papers were necessary.

She took only a passive interest.

"How can we tell the amount of loss this may mean to us?" she asked innocently.

I pointed out to her that it was very simple. Have a new glass put in the frame, and the bill for its cost would be her claim.

"But that is not all!" she protested. "That isn't what worries us. It's the looking-glass that's broken — that means bad luck. If our hogs die of the cholera, or our house or barn burns down, or a cyclone hits us, or some one dies, our loss will be very heavy—and all because the looking-glass was broken! We can't make our claim against the railroad until we see what's going to happen."

The woman was very serious in this bad luck prospect. There is no way to combat a senseless superstition of this sort. And the day was Friday the thirteenth.

"Well," I replied at last, after a show of serious thought, "perhaps we had better wait. Keep all your papers. After the calamity happens, if it does happen, we shall be able to make an estimate of your loss."

She seemed satisfied.

The prospect of that claim still holds my interest. To the present I have heard nothing from it. The fates work slowly. It may be a long while before the culminating disaster.

I do not wish any one any misfortune, but I want to send that claim in to our Freight Claim Department. I want to give them something new to wrinkle their brows over. I want to show that that when they smash looking-glasses and provoke the gods, their

accountability goes up to the limit. The claim will be declined, to be sure. A railroad does not deal in supernatural values. All I want is the distinction of submitting a claim unlike any other.

IV

Nothing further happened that day worthy of recording. But when Uncle Isaac got home he started something that made me sit bolt upright and take heed. In fact, I took instant heed and gave immediate attention. What followed was this:

When Uncle Isaac got home, which is over in the Sand Creek neighborhood, he "took his pen in hand." He formulated a letter of general complaint against the agent at Lone Oak. He addressed his letter to the president of the X. Y. Z. Railroad; not taking any chances with minor officials or smaller authorities. The very top in railroad jurisdiction must know the wrongs and humiliations he had suffered. He was censuring and accusing, he wanted certain reproval and punishment, and so he addressed the president.

Perhaps we are all funny that way. When our fancied or evident wrongs move us to expression, we want to tell the supreme authority. What is the use of all this choking choler unless we can have the highest visit indignation for us? It best satisfies our resentment, it cools off our rancor to think that the sovereign has reached down and grasped the offending minion, who in terror begs for mercy.

So Uncle Isaac wrote the president of our road. I shall not quote his letter "verbatim et literatim," as Julius Cæsar would put it, nor "word for word," as we say in Lone Oak.

Isaac related in good chirography and well chosen words his intercourse with the agent at Lone Oak. He declared that on his last appearance at the ticket window he was ordered out of the station and roundly cursed.

In regular reference this letter came to Superintendent Hicks, who mailed it to me under "personal" for full explanation. It was all preposterous. I had a turn of furious wrath. My first impulse was to go to Uncle Isaac and make him eat his words. I cooled off by degrees, and then prepared a full two-page answer.

I gave what I thought was a truthful account of Uncle Isaac's visit. I strongly protested against the statement that I had ordered him out and had sworn at him. I branded that as a deliberate and malicious lie. Here was the charge: here was the answer. Some one was very wrong. This brought the matter up to Strahle, our captain of police.

Strahle came to see me at once, and I gave him the truth about Uncle Isaac's visit. I denied with vehemence that I had ordered him out of the station with a scourge of profanity. Nothing of that sort had taken place; nothing that could even have been remotely construed as such.

"I do not mind letting you know, Luther," Strahle explained, "that the boss gets worked up over any report of incivility. If he finds you are guilty as charged—"

Strahle drew his hand across his throat. That indicated decapitation.

I have never been guillotined. The thought of it made me a bit squeamish. I shouted:

"I say 'no' to all of this! I never ordered that old man out. I never used a word of profanity. My word is as good as his!"

"It should be," replied Strahle. "I am going out to interview the old gen-

tleman. Suppose the two women who were with him should corroborate his charge. The testimony would be against you, Luther. It is hard for a lone denial to stand up before three accusations. I will see you when I come back."

Three hours later Strahle returned.

"The Boys Tought Him That. We Are Try'ng to Make Him Forget It"

"I saw the old gentleman, the woman and the girl," he explained. "They tell a very straight story. The girl did not hear the words, but she heard your high-pitched voice indicating anger. The old man and the woman declare that you yelled at them: 'Git out! Git out! D—n it—git out!' Those were the very words. They said you were furious. They got away as quickly as they could, fearing personal violence. He thought it should be reported."

I heard this with astonishment

"It's a lie!" I shouted. "It's a rotten lie! They have framed it all up on me. I don't care how many of them testify. Nothing like that happened. I say—nothing like that happened!"

I had reserve force and lung capacity to repeat that again, but Strahle cut in:

"There is one thing in your favor, Luther; not one of the three saw you when you assailed them. You were not facing them at the ticket window. They say you were engaged in the office near the window and shouted at them, but they, standing before the ticket window, could not see you. They say they did not try. They thought it best to move."

Strahle made me detail every move from the time the old gentleman became our guest until I saw him departing. The reader has this exactly as I narrated it

"I am not without a theory on this, Luther," Strahle said, arising to go. "I am coming back to-morrow. When I get here I want you to have the name

and location of the old gentleman who called for the pet that was left with you. He met these people, or was in the waiting room near the time they say you blew up. We may get something of value out of him."

Strahle drove away, and late on the next day he returned.

In the meantime I had learned from Mr. Bascom, who runs our general store, that the man who called for the pet was a Mr. Black, living some ten miles away.

"I came late," Strahle explained. "I want you to go with me. The dispatcher will let you off."

We made our way directly to Mr. Black's country home. We found Mr. Black and his wife. Mr. Black remembered the three people at the depot when he called. They were going away. He did not hear anything, he said. He did not see any other person at the station. The railroad agent was very nice to him, and had been to his wife. He declared that he saw no evidence of disturbance, nor any show of recent anger in the agent's face.

"The pet you left with the agent is a parrot, is it not?" Strahle inquired. "Would you care if I saw the bird?"

Mrs. Black protested.

"I don't want any one to hear him until he is better educated," she explained. "We've only had him a short time. He's been in camp with my nephews and other boys all summer. Boys are not particular what they teach a bird. They kept him near the entrance to the camp—he was known as the Watchman. The boys taught him to scream out at cats, dogs and people who approached. We want him to forget all that out here in the country. Then we hope to teach him better manners and better words."

I just stood silently by.

"This is all very interesting," Strahle replied. "Some of these birds are surprisingly proficient. The strange thing is that they pick up what they shouldn't much more aptly than what they should."

Pol the Watchman was out in the summer kitchen letting out occasional squawks and mentioning crackers. Suddenly he got fresh wind and delivered a new line, high, strong, and quite distinct. Perhaps he glimpsed Strahle.

"Git out! Git out! D—n it—git out!"

Strahle gave me an exultant look. Mrs. Black blushed an apology.

"The boys taught him that. We're trying to make him forget it."

Strahle got it out of the Watchman two more times, then we drove back to Lone Oak.

"Good-by, Luther, you have a good case," said he, driving away.

Good old Watchman! May he never die of psittacosis!

BUILDS OWN ELECTRIC JACK

IN its own repair shops the Piedmont and Northern has turned out an electric locomotive of 100 tons, and the six-mile spur over which the engine is to be used for hauling coal was electrified by the railroad's own staff. In stringing the overhead wires the inclined catenary type of construction was used, and the job has been successful in spite of beliefs that this type is too complicated to be undertaken without expert supervision. The engine develops 795 horse power on 1500 volts direct current; continuous tractive force, 18,550 pounds.

Ipecac Was Right Opposite the Linen Cupboard When He Was Lifted from His Heels by a Sepulchral Croak

Ipecac Skirts Psittacosis

Service and Orders Waged a Battle in His Bullet Head That Shook His Half-Pint Frame with Mortal Fears

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

IPECAC INGALLS, undersized porter on Car 7, didn't need any fortune teller to inform him that a tall light haired man was fixing to bring him trouble. Ipecac already knew it—as soon as he saw what Pullman conductor was going to have charge of the cars on train No. 130 to-day. It was Cap'n Ed Saunderson, a hard, strict man, with a genius for uncovering any weak work around the cuspidors on a porter's part—and a shrewd suspicion that Ipecac was not without gin on his car.

Hence Ipecac now, scratching his head and figuring out a diplomatic way to get word up front to the train maid that he wouldn't have his usual amount of spare time in which to gab with her on this trip.

And times kept on getting worse. Ten minutes before they were scheduled to pull out, two redcaps toil-

ing perspiringly up the steps to the train platform. Three hatboxes, four suitcases, and a couple of young trunks was Ipecac's estimate of the burden beneath which they staggered. Not to mention the parcels that were stacked upon them until the perspiring redcaps resembled a luggage store in process of moving to a better location.

Behind all this perambulating property, Ipecac glimpsed the worst. A cold wave hit him in the pit of the stomach as his eyes turned in their initial report on it to his brain. For just back of the station porters, and criticising their technique steadily, came exactly the sort of white lady that makes trouble for porters. Heading, with a proprietary air, straight for Car 7!

"Heah come one dem ladies whut de car all time too hot or too cold fo'!" mourned Ipecac as he prepared to become a pack horse.

"Section Twelve, porter. And be careful of that largest suitcase—my tonic's in it," ran his new passenger's opening remarks to him.

"Yas'm; dey gen'lly is," grumbled Ipecac under his breath. Then, aloud, "Sho takes keer of ev'ything. Special 'tention to ev'ybody—dat's me, Ip'cac Ingalls. Names cars aft'r me, I gives so much suhvice."

Ipecac returned to the platform for more bad news. And it was there for him. In the shape of overhearing the two redcaps being instructed by his new passenger to divide a dime between themselves. At which Ipecac's spirits finished the job of sagging to the floor and beginning to drag.

But the worst, it appeared, was yet to come. For, with Cap'n Saunderson strolling dangerously near, the lady was sorting out half a platform full of her baggage, only to drag forth triumphantly at length a paper-wrapped parcel of ample size and ominous appearance. Ipecac groaned afresh. He might have known it!

"Now, porter, pay attention!" She was addressing him snappily. "This parrot is very susceptible to draughts, you understand?"

"Yas'm; means she cain't stand no fraish air," gulped Ipecac groggily.

"—so I want you to hang *his* cage," the new passenger emphasized the pronoun meaningly, "in front of the closed window in the section."

Ipecac remembered something—wrong—and dived for it as for a life-raft.

"De rules say ain't no birds an' an'mals 'lowed in de car, lady," he batted his usual percentage on the Pullman regulations. Here, he thought, was one time the old book was helping a boy out.

But before he could get further, something happened that prostrated the lingering redcaps, and made Ipecac's own lower jaw almost graze his instep as it dropped in astonishment. Before his protruding eyes, this parrot-lady was tearing a five-dollar bill squarely in two.

A light sweat broke out on Ipecac, as he guessed what was coming. If only Cap'n Ed would quit prowling about while a boy was fixing to make his passenger satisfied with his service.

"—I've travelled before, porter," she followed up her startling action verbally; "and I've known one of these bills to cover a rule so completely that a porter couldn't see it any more. So you get half of this five dollars now—and the other half to-morrow when I'm satisfied you've taken good care of him. Neither half, of course, is any good without the other."

A hasty glance told Ipecac that Cap'n Ed's back was safely turned.

"Lady," he accepted the initial half of the month's biggest tip, "fo' less'n dat I'd *lose* de rule book! Don't you pester yo'se'f none, ol' parrot jes' same as got a whole drawin'-room to herse'f—"

Before His Protruding Eyes This Parrot-Lady Was Tearing a Five-Dollar Bill Squarely in Two

"Himself," corrected his passenger.

"Yas'm—himse'f, ain't make no diff'ence to me. I loads yo' baggage in de section an' puts de parrot in de linen clawset. Rides dar long as she keeps—"

"He."

"Yas'm; long as he keeps he mouth shet. Right 'mongst de sheets an' piller cases an' de upper buth step-ladder."

II

ATLANTA was passed and Ipecac two pounds lighter from worry, before he had a chance to slip into the diner with a fellow porter from the observation car for a lot of big talk and bigger eating.

"White folks jes' natu'ally runnin' me down to a runt!" complained the diminutive Ipecac over a portion of roast beef that would have kept an orphanage going for a week.

"I c'n stand de white folks—hit's

de conductors whut keeps me from gittin' no rest," contributed the observation car boy. "Specially dis heah Cap'n Ed Saunderson. He keep on runnin' he finger 'long de winder sills fo' dust an' lookin' in the linen clawset fo' licker."

The subject disturbed Ipecac.

"Hope he stays out my linen clawset dis trip," he exclaimed fervently. "Got li'l gin in dar, in one dem paste-boa'd ice cream containers. But whut pester me mo', I ridin' a parrot in dar fo' a lady. She gimme ha'f a five-dollar bill a'ready."

"Yeah; an' hit's de *other* ha'f dat five whut counts. You better take keer dat parrot, or you ain't git hit."

"Boy, de parrot goes th'u'!" Ipecac tried to make himself sound convinced and convincing.

Cap'n Ed was waiting coldly for Ipecac when he got back to his car.

"Lower two wants more heat; old lady in ten wants her window raised; lower three wants ice; lower six wants milk warmed for her baby." He gave Ipecac a partial list of his impending labors. "And I want to know why it takes you forty-six minutes to eat your dinner!"

"Yessuh, Cap'n; yessuh! Dustin' 'bout so fast now you cain't see me!" Ipecac burst into action.

Get Cap'n Ed stirred up now, and a couple of folks were liable to keep on having halves of five-dollar bills that they couldn't spend!

But, busy as Ipecac continued to be, he froze suddenly like Lot's wife. He was right opposite the linen cupboard when he was lifted from his heels by a sepulchral croak, followed by a voice beside him announcing with suitable prelude of profanity:

"Done rolled you for yo' shirt wid dis natu'al!"

Ipecac's eyelids fluttered and his brain creaked wildly on its bearings! He knew what the trouble was, but that in itself was but a fresh phase of an old trouble now!

The torn bill burned his pocket as the voice from the porter's closet again blistered the atmosphere. Ipecac slammed an upper hard shut in fruitless effort to drown it. How could a boy know in advance, he implored himself, that a lady's parrot had evidently spent her—or, rather, his—early life on the New Orleans levees—judging from the language that continued to emanate from the dark room?

Which, at that, wasn't going to be half as hard to answer as Cap'n Ed—when Ipecac should undertake to persuade him that it was the motherly old soul in lower ten near by who was making herself heard raucously now above the din of the train in:

"Scrum's my point! Wham! Heah whar de baby gits new shocs! Wham!"

Ipecac wrote a new definition of trouble into the dictionary; it was having a profane parrot locked up in the porter's closet, with Cap'n Ed Saunderson in charge of the car—and the other half of a boy's five-dollar bill safely tucked into a white lady's purse.

III

And Cap'n Ed was settling comfortably down for a chat with the gentleman in lower one, too. Which sure' got a boy's business in a jam! If he opened the door to get out the sheets now he'd let a whole lot more levee-type loud-speaking out too. And if he didn't open it a whole passel of white folks were going to be after him shortly about not making up their berths. Besides, there was just enough gin left in the cardboard container to make a boy feel better in this sort of

predicament, if he could only get to it. Not to speak of two gentlemen in the drawing-room who looked like heavy tippers that were fixing to get off at Gainesville. Ipecac had been figuring all afternoon on giving them a four-bit brush-off, and now his whisk was locked in the linen closet, too!

The Evidence Against Him Was Safely Inside Lower Twelve's Parrot—and Lower Twelve's Parrot Was Safe and Soused Behind the Curtains of Upper Twelve

What to do had Ipecac on an agonized trot in the aisle. It wasn't safe to leave his car, and any porter knew it wasn't going to be safe for long now to stay in it. Not with Cap'n Ed keeping on sitting in lower one, where he was liable to pick up something worse than psittacosis before long, as far as Ipecac was concerned. And already it was past eight o'clock. Old rules said for berths to be made up, beginning then. Old rule said not to haul parrots in that car, either, was the way Ipecac understood the rules.

"*Grrrequrrrk. Whoooooosh! Grease on de axle; shackle on de houn's. Good ole waggin but she 'bout broke down—!*" apparently sang the old lady in lower ten ribaldly.

And there was a new note, a new accent in the song that chilled Ipecac in a fresh place and sent him, cap in hand, issuing S O S's around lower twelve.

"Please, ma'am, lady," he mourned from the depths as he mopped his clammy brow, "how I gwine git dat parrot shet up? She fixin' ruin me, all time hollerin' an' cussin' in dar."

"*He* doesn't like to be locked up. That closet was your own idea. I was perfectly willing all the time to have him here in the section with me."

Ipecac scratched his head. Wasn't nobody but Cap'n Ed keeping it from being unanimous, then.

His annunciator rang. Five and seven wanted their berths made ready.

"Yas'm! Sho is make hit up soft!" stalled Ipecac desperately. "Naw'm, I ain't sick; jes' ain't feelin' so good heah lately. Skeered maybe I's comin' down wid a tetch of dis heah parrot fever de paper done been so full of."

But a new mystery appeared. In mid-squawk the roistering bird gave a queer gurgle and shut up like a clam. Ipecac's relief was short-lived. Suffocating lower twelve's parrot was no way to get that other half of the five. And here came Cap'n Ed.

"All right, Ipecac; I've been watching you for an hour!" snapped his superior. "And I think I know what's the matter. Come on now—open up, let's see where you keep that liquor!"

Ipecac looked wildly about. So did the engineer nine cars ahead as a flivver shot onto the tracks squarely in front of the pilot. Emergency and reverse sent Cap'n Ed half the length of the aisle. But Ipecac had business he couldn't leave—and an opportunity he hadn't dared hope for. Not that he could fix everything. Nor understand at first the upturned feet of the bird on his back on the cage floor.

"All right, open up!" Cap'n Ed was back at him when No. 130 was rolling again. "Where is it?"

And Ipecac opened, in ashen-faced fear. Suddenly hope rose in the breast of Ipecac. Clearly, one jam in his business had offset the other. If Cap'n Ed was disappointedly unable to understand the simultaneous odor and absence of Eighteenth Street gin in the little closet, Ipecac wasn't. Not with that beak-torn container on the floor! That went all the way with Ipecac! Now he knew the whys of gutter language and gutter song, the sudden succumbing to silence, the upturned feet. And all was right with the world! The evidence against him was safely inside lower twelve's parrot—and lower twelve's parrot was safe and soused behind the curtains of upper twelve.

But for the saved and salvaged Ipecac the fine and final wine of victory was saved until morning.

The lady of lower twelve was coming down the aisle, in hat and coat. Ipecac lifted down the cage—and extended his palm for the other half of the torn five-spot he saw coming.

Then his victory!

"Heah yo' parrot, ma'am. She sho lookin' fit dis mawnin'!"

"*He* does, indeed," corrected lower twelve primly.

"Yas'm, 'scuse me," Ipecac played his trump. "I gits mixed up; you see I looks in the cage jes' now an'—an' *he* done laid a aig!"

"Dawggawn!" boasted the inflated Ipecac to the observation car porter as he watched the burdened redcaps stagger down the platform behind his erstwhile passenger. "Done skeered myse'f out of nine yeahs' growth las' night, bustin' dat rule! But I gits by, I gits by!"

"Bustin' whut rule, boy?"

"'Bout not carryin' no birds in de car. Hides him in de linen clawset, an' he sho raise hell!"

A pitying look crept over the observation boy's face—and a great illness over Ipecac as enlightenment caught him in the solar plexus after his night of agony.

"Well, if you ain't de dumbest!" And, between paroxysms of laughter, the other floored Ipecac for the final count with: "Why, boy, you done all dat hurtin' fo' nothin'—dey ain't no rule 'bout not carryin' *birds* in de car!"

A Member of the "Central Cavalry" Protecting the Public from Heavy Freight Trains as They Roll Down Tenth Avenue

New Life for "Death Avenue"

Thrills, Tragedy and Gun Play Fill the Historical Pages of What Is Now a Great Industrial Thoroughfare

By John Walker Harrington

"DEATH AVENUE," highway of sin, gin and din, is passing in its checks. Its name on the map of New York City is 11th Avenue. The skull and bones alias was hung upon it because of the many fatal accidents which happened on the tracks of the New York Central Railroad that occupy it. Also, it has been the scene of battle, murder and sudden death for three-quarters of a century. There river pirates split their swag; gangsters held up the unwary citizen or shot out their feuds; rioters raised barricades against the cannons of troops, and railroad detectives and the police battled the underworld in one of the most bitter campaigns in the history of transportation.

The beginning of the end came a few weeks ago when James J. Walker, Mayor, yanked up the first spike. Then Patrick E. Crowley, on behalf of the New York Central, took the clawbar and drew out spike No. 2, handling the tool as skillfully as the Mayor tosses words. The first two of the big nails, plated with gold, are on the desks of Messrs. Walker and Crowley.

The starting spike of the new line which the company is to build on a

private right of way ought to be of precious platinum pointed with diamonds. That one will mean the coming of a $175,000,000 improvement which will benefit not merely New York, but the whole country.

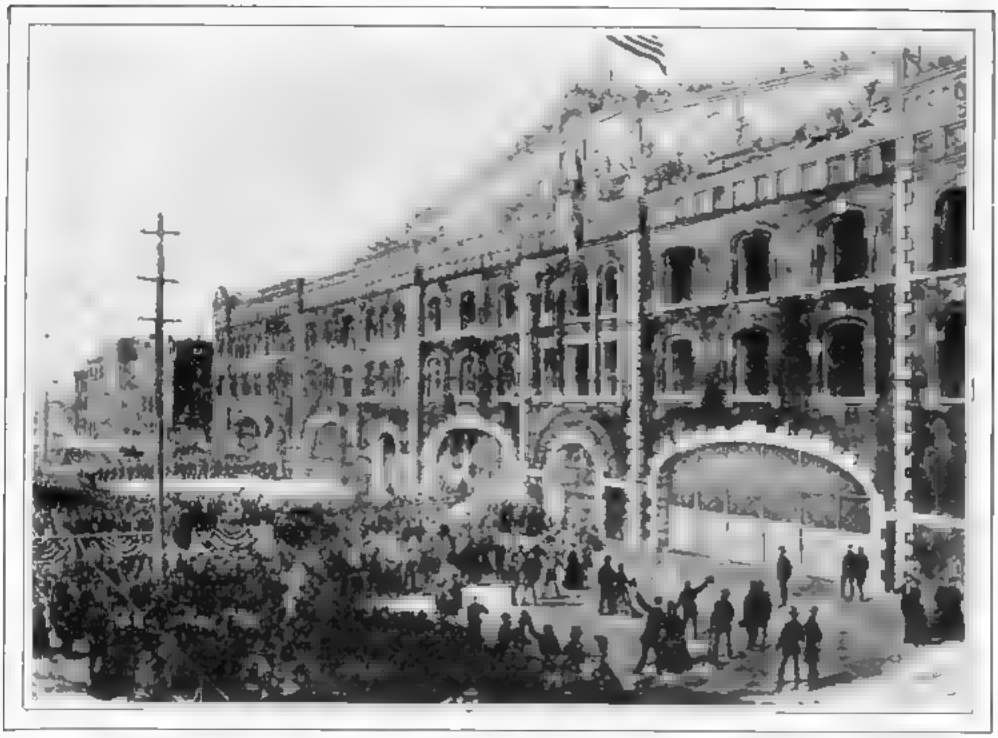
Railways in New York State were sickly and unwanted infants a century ago. The Erie Canal was completed at great expense in 1825 and all shippers were expected to use that great man-made waterway which spanned

P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central, [illegible] Starts the Elimination of Death Avenue. Mayor James [illegible] Walker, Left of Picture, Looks On

Old timers realize how great a plan is being carried out, when compared with the enterprise out of which came Death Avenue with its story of action, its romance and its tragedy. New timers are asked to stand by while—as the Silver King would have said—we turn back the pages to yesterday.

the broad commonwealth from Albany to Buffalo. Many of the canal boats were carrying passengers, and had berths, cabins and some of the Pullman comforts of to-day.

Shortly after the Baltimore & Ohio started the first train service back in 1828, rail lines began to appear, con-



The Grand Opening of St. John's Pork Freight Station From an Old Wood Cut in Leslie's Weekly

necting cities in the middle of the Empire State. From 1831 and for nearly twenty years afterward these struggling roads tried to earn a living.

Everybody was forced to employ either the Hudson River steamboats or stages to go from New York City to Albany, where railroad travel began. About 1832 the first mention of a railroad for the eastern bank of the stream was made The Hudson River Railroad began to be something in shipping and travel in 1846 and obtained an entry into New York City at Spuyten Duyvil, the northern tip of Manhattan Island. It was permitted, by the Common Council, to have tracks in what there was of 12th, 11th and 10th Avenues, as far down as Canal Street A passenger station was built at 10th Avenue and 32nd Street. Locomotives were not permitted below that point and cars had to be hauled by horses if they were taken to lower points. Then the new river road was carried first to Peekskill and next to Albany and finally joined the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad

Its passenger coaches were light in weight and gaudily painted, and soon received the nickname of "Dolly Vardens." This did not increase their popularity with the tough element which stoned them along 11th Avenue.

Dolly Vardens

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of this family's fortunes, had been gaining control of the little central lines and of the Hudson River Division. There was also a street car line, the New York & Harlem, chartered in 1831. From the lower part of the city it worked its way up to West

27th Street. Finally it gained a foothold at Park Avenue and 42nd Street, and with the aid of political friends it reached out in the Bronx and Westchester County beyond the Harlem River. All its cars, although resembling railway coaches, were horse drawn through New York. When the road got into financial difficulties in 1863 the old commodore absorbed it and thus gained a right of way, in the heart of the city—a privilege since capitalized into many millions.

Gradually, most passenger business was transferred from the West Side lines to the new station at 42nd Street. The original route was dedicated to shipping. Later the commodore acquired the control of St. John's Park—a beautiful semi-public area—cut down the trees, and built a huge freight terminal.

Meanwhile, in order to preserve the franchise, the "Dolly Vardens," flounced over the West Side lines. They became dingier and gloomier as the years wore on.

Very little exists in common with the New York of 1848, when the New York Central got a five hundred year grant of its West Side route, and the splendid city of to-day.

Where is now Riverside Drive and its park, there were torn rocks and rubbish along which the tracks had been laid. The water front had been improved along the East River and the Battery, but there were only a few

Looking North up Eleventh Avenue from Thirty-first Street—See What Damage a Misguided Freight Car Could Do

piers on the west or Hudson side of the island. Above 14th Street the whole bank was a desert of swamps and wreckage littered with garbage. From Eighth Avenue over to the Hudson, the town was a waste and the "better element" of the city's society had reconciled themselves to the fact that it was the "sink of iniquity."

"This tract of land" to quote Fitz John O'Brien, a noted writer of that time, "is perhaps the most melancholy and mysterious spot in the entire city. The buildings that approach nearest its confines are long, low ranges of fetid slaughter houses, where on Sundays bloated butcher boys lounge against the walls. On week days one hears from behind closed doors the heavy fall of oxen within; the groans and the hard drawn breath and then a sluggish stream trickles from under the doorway and flows into the gutter, where hungry dogs wait to lap it up. The murderous atmosphere, these streams of blood, seem appropriate as an approach to the territory."

Human Derelicts

Amid such surroundings rose the "Cleaver Gang." They were discharged or drunken employees of the shambles; hatchet men who would knock over a fellow being for ten dollars, more or less. In an old stone sloop at 46th Street was the quarters of "The Forty Thieves" who hung around the shipping docks and stole everything that was not nailed down. It was said by the chief of police back in the fifties that there were from four to five hundred of these water front

Freight Cars and the City's Skyline Meet in the Thirty-third Street Yards

Freight Cars in the Thirty third Street Yards Waiting to Dump Their Cargoes on the Boats for Exportation

marauders, organized in numerous gangs.

Round both 10th and 11th Avenues and in them were the thugs whose doings gave the region the title of "Hell's Kitchen."

The meanest of several mean streets was then 39th Street. It was probably the inspiration of the boast of a bully that he lived in the toughest street in New York; and that the farther one went in it the tougher it was, and he lived in the last house.

The tenement nearest the Hudson in 39th Street was inhabited by counterfeiters, burglars, gamblers and cheap pickpockets, who scrapped among themselves when in liquor. When they became especially noisy, an Irishman named Morrisey, who feared nobody, organized a vigilance committee and went after them. The police came in largely as referees. This human riff-raff was called "Hell's Brood," crooks of "Hell's Broth." The house which was "Hell's Kitchen," gave its evil moniker to the locality.

Vilest of these gangs was the "Gophers," named for a burrowing rodent which has all the bad qualities of a rat and a skunk. They hid in the cellars, and went from one underground retreat to another, when policemen were close enough to give chase. They loafed about a saloon in that part of 39th Street between 10th and 11th Avenues which was once designated as "Battle Row." The owner of their "hangout" was one "Mallet" Murphy, who kept order, not with the usual bung starter, but with a much heavier wooden weapon. He used it with the skill of a croquet player, but with more force than is required to send balls under wickets. He was a terror to evildoers who did not please him.

Dishonorary members of the gangs were ladies of the "Parlor Mob," who were accounted as hell cats by the police. Such was "Battle Annie," who often recruited strong arm and strong nailed Amazons like herself for service in strikes in the needle trades, which employed many women.

Bandit racketeers preyed on the New York Central Railroad from St. John's Park to the old 16th Street yards. If they wanted rations they broke open box cars and helped themselves, after beating up any watchman who interfered. Freight sheds were pillaged; even chickens and livestock were

seized. It took the strongest and the huskiest policemen to hold their own against this gangdom.

More than a match for four or five of these scullions of Hell's Kitchen was "Old Iron Claw," a giant of "The Finest," six feet tall, fighter, boxer, wrestler, and with a grip like a bear trap. Mayor Gaynor had issued an order that the police were not to use their clubs in making arrests. The gangsters snatched the useless nightsticks from the city's defenders; and even took to stripping them of their coats to make wraps for their girl friends. "Iron Claw" carried with him a heavy bale hook, such as longshoremen use. He let his club go and knocked his assailants down with his fists, after which he fitted his hook about their necks and dragged them to the station house

Matters got into such a mess on the West Side that the railroad organized its own strong arm squad and went after the gangsters hammer and tongs.

Of so many stirring events which were connected with the West Side tracks, the Draft Riots of the Civil War stand out in the strong spot light of history.

In the summer of 1863 the Enrollment Act was put into effect under which those citizens chosen by lot had to enter the army—if they were unable to hire a substitute to go for them. The fee was three hundred dollars. The rich could easily afford it, and many took advantage of this provision. The cry went up that the law was unjust and riots broke out all over the city when the drawing began. This was in the midst of the Civil War and the regiments of militia had left the city to stay the advance of the army of General Lee. There were only a few scattered companies of soldiers and National Guardsmen left and most of these were aged men or on the invalid list. The police force was fairly well organized, but few in number for such emergency. The rioters blamed the negroes as the reason for the war, and hung many of the unfortunate race to lamp posts and burned their bodies.

In order to isolate New York and prevent reënforcements from coming to the aid of the authorities, the rioters cut telegraph poles down and tore up the tracks of the railroads. In Eleventh Avenue they were especially violent. They pulled up the rails of the New York Central tracks and made a big bonfire in the street out of the ties. At Ninth Avenue the rioters raised barricades of paving blocks and lumber to keep the police and militia back from the railroad while they went on with their despoliations. They believed that, if supplies and troops could not leave or enter New York, they could control the situation. They burned the ferry house at the foot of West Forty-Second Street, then owned by the Erie.

Unable to cope with such conditions, civil and military authorities parked cannons in the streets and poured out a galling fire at various points. The artillery casualties were highest at Eighth Avenue and 32nd Street, where a mob from Hell's Kitchen had collected about the bodies of two dead negroes swaying from their lamp post gibbets. Order was finally restored with the arrival of recalled militia and the effective action of the police. It is estimated that in these Draft Riots, one thousand persons were slain.

Industrial Growth

After the Civil War railroad building, which had been seriously

interrupted, developed amazingly. New York City became more and more of a goal for rail traffic and an immense volume of freight poured into the New York Central system on the West Side of Manhattan. Large factories were built close to the line and as a result a region which had been thinly settled began to teem with the homes of workers. Hundreds of tenements rose on lots which had once been mere dumping grounds. The newcomers included many hard working and law abiding citizens; although in spots, and very bad spots, the criminal element grew like weeds

A New Viaduct of the New York Central in the Upper Part of Manhattan Island

Traffic increased, street car lines were built in 42nd Street and thousands of passengers for the West Shore Railroad with its terminus across the Hudson River at Weehawken made their way daily to the ferry house. The public complained bitterly that the tracks in 10th and 11th Avenues were in its way. The New York Central had an idea, new to the layman but no secret to practical railroad men, that the citizenry and the traffic were interfering with the efficient operation of its system. Thus in 1808 began the movement for the removal of the tracks from Death Avenue. The campaign in some form or other had been going on for forty years before the final step for the elimination of the rails was taken.

Prior to New York City's developing her system of traffic control by the police, the casualties in 11th Avenue were appalling. Children playing aimlessly in the streets took chances with what seemed to them slowly moving freight trains, fell and were crushed beneath the wheels. Hoboes stealing rides, gangsters bent on plunder, reckless motorists in mad dashes for the ferry and commuters running in front of the engine and then slipping

An Overhead Highway Takes Away the Largest Death Trap in Harlem

on the damp smooth road bed were among the victims of the railroad.

Besides placing flagmen at the street crossings, the company sent its own patrol, mounted on horses and bearing signal banners to give warning to riders and walkers of the approach of trains. The Central Cavalry is still a picturesque sight in 10th Avenue When the "mounties" were first employed years ago, they were supposed to give due notice to all riders and drivers who might have horses easily scared by the sight of locomotives.

A movement to abolish grade crossings, born of the criticisms of the press, is responsible largely for the passing of Death Avenue. As the business of the railroad increases, that great artery to the west of New York must furnish circulation. On that line much of the milk supply reaches the city as well as enormous quantities of refrigerated meats and fruits. If for no other reason than that of maintaining an efficient schedule, the ninety-three grade crossings on this part of the railroad have to disappear. To raise or depress tracks at every city block, which is about 250 feet long, would be impossible. The New York Central therefore decided to relinquish its ancient right of way in the avenues in exchange for certain properties along the water front elsewhere, the titles of which passed to the New York Central from the city. The details of a plan were worked out by the State, the municipality and the railroad.

Under this agreement, the railroad abandons its monumental freight station at St. John's Park, and the bronze statue of the commodore which once adorned it stands at the 42nd Street

passenger terminal at Park Avenue. A new freight terminal will be erected at Spring Street on the West Side, convenient to the entrance and exit of the Holland Tunnel. The tracks will be carried on an elevated structure passing through property purchased by the company and parallel to Washington Street and 10th Avenue. The 13th Street yards will be retained. From them the tracks will gradually dip into a tunnel constructed on railroad land and run under 11th Avenue to the 66th Street yard, and from there to the yard and roundhouses near 72nd Street on the Hudson River.

The New Avenue

THE elevated structure will be over cross streets, giving at least 14 feet headroom for vehicular traffic. It will be led eventually through the company's own buildings which will be leased either for manufacturing purposes or storage. The gigantic trestle will rest on its own cushioned pillars and have no connection whatever with the steel framework of the enveloping buildings, thus cutting down vibration.

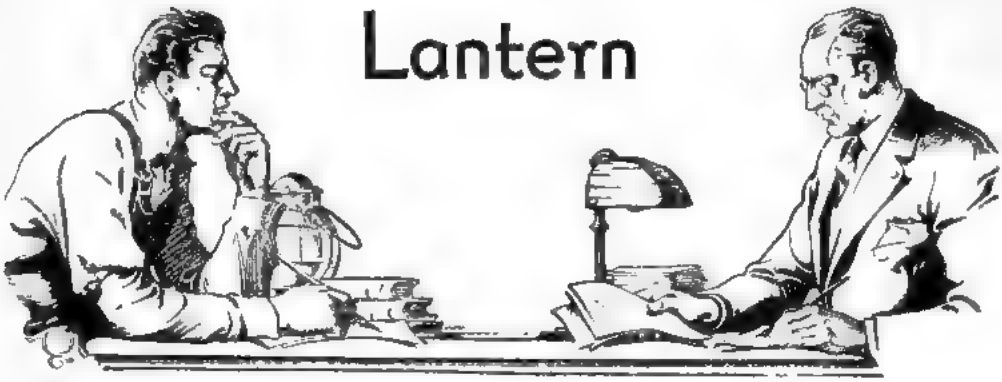
Where a subway or tunnel is employed, as from West 36th Street to the 60th Street yard, trains can move without the slightest interruption from the traffic of the streets. When they reach Riverside Drive they will be led through a synthetic tunnel, for a roof of steel and concrete is to be placed above the tracks, and then covered over with earth. Over this structure will be an express motor way, connected with one which the city is to build from Canal Street to that point. There will be raised crossings over this by which the public can reach the edge of the river and any park lands which may be added there. Farther up, as at 129th Street, where there is a deep natural valley, the trains will be on viaducts, some of which have already been completed. Under this scheme all grade crossings are eliminated, Death Avenue closes its career; the city gains a splendid motor highway and extends its breathing places.

For carrying out this stupendous project, the New York Central lines are to spend $110,000,000; the City of New York, $50,000,000; and the State is to give $15,000,000 under the terms of the Grade Crossing Elimination Act. The proportion of the $175,000,000 expense thus allocated which will be borne by the railroad is somewhat larger than would usually obtain in placing crossing at grade in the discard. This is due to the plans for increasing facilities which are to be carried out while complying with the new law relating to crossings.

Arrangements have been made for the electrifying of all the new line. In fact, a good deal of third-rail construction has been done along Riverside Drive, and electric locomotives are being built at leading plants. Without smoke, nor cinders, nor uproar, the freight trains of the future West Side Line will move through buildings and dip into tunnels.

By skillful ballasting and pillar padding, hardly a tremor will be felt. Just as Park Avenue, which was once a tract of soot and dust, was reclaimed and made an esplanade of fashion, so Tenth and Eleventh Avenues will become as spotless and as stainless and as smokeless. They will be dedicated not to society, but to industry; not to costly restaurants and palace-like apartments, but they will bulk large in the commercial prosperity of a great city. Death Avenue is surely to find a new lease of life and a revival of extended usefulness.

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions

WHAT is the diameter of the largest driving wheels that were ever made?

(2) What type of locomotive is used on the Williamsporter, which runs between Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and New York City on the Reading?

(3) What is the diameter of its driving wheels; the capacity of its tender; its greatest speed per minute?—J. J. M., Ashland, Pa

The largest wheels that have been used as drivers have a diameter of 9 feet. The Bristol and Exeter Railway of England built a locomotive in 1853 of the 4-2-4 type with such wheels. From the Baldwin Locomotive Works we hear that there are records of a locomotive having been planned with 10-foot wheels for the Great Western Railway of England, but there is nothing to show that such a locomotive was actually built

(2) The Williamsporter uses a 4-6-2 or Pacific type locomotive

(3) Diameter of the driving wheels, 74 inches; capacity of tank, 9,000 gallons of water and 15 tons of coal; maximum possible speed, 80 miles an hour.

W. P., Newark, N. J.—The Lehigh and New England Railroad operates 210 miles of standard gauge track. It has 62 coal burning locomotives, and operates passenger service between Nesquehoning and Tamaqua on its main line and between Bethlehem and Penargyl on the Lehigh and Lackawanna branch

The Lehigh and Hudson River Railway provides passenger service from Graycourt, N. Y., to Easton, Pa. It has 96 miles of railroad, standard gauge, and operates 34 coal burning locomotives

G. N., New York, N. Y.—The Ulster and Delaware has 29 engines, 6 of which are switch engines and other special types. 23 engines in regular service are of the 4-6-0 type, 11 of them weighing 75 tons and 12 weighing 85 tons, exclusive of tender. These jacks have 60 and 62-inch drivers respectively, making them all available for either passenger or freight service

WOULD you please publish in your "Light of the Lantern" department a description of the Union Pacific 9000 class engines? How many of them are in service on the U. P.?—W. A. S., Sausalito, Cal.

This 9000 class engine you ask about, which was designed in 1925 by engineers of the railroad and of the American Locomotive Company working together, is known as the Union Pacific type. It was announced as the largest nonarticulated power unit ever constructed, and introduced a number of striking changes. The illustration shows some of them

It is a three-cylinder engine. The center cylinder under the boiler is connected with a crankshaft between the second pair of drivers. Unlike the Mallet type, it is a single rigid unit with six pairs of drivers, whereas the Mallet type is really two engines. There is

also a feed-water heater on one side in the space usually occupied by the air compressors, which have been put in front.

The Union Pacific conceived this type for freight use, especially in the Rockies. It was designed to haul a mile long drag at about 50 miles an hour, where the Mallet type in use made only 25. With its tender and ready for the road it weighs 782,000 pounds. Length, 102 feet 6½ inches over all. Diameter of the drivers, 67 inches. Its 4,330 horse power exert a tractive force of 96,000 pounds. Boiler pressure, 220 pounds. It carries 15,000 gallons of water and 21 tons of coal; uses from six to seven tons of coal an hour by an automatic stoker. The boiler is 105 inches in diameter and 56 feet 3 inches long.

The Union Pacific System owns 63 of the

(3) The Wabash runs into Buffalo over the Michigan Central tracks. At the B. & O. station in Chicago, which is called the Grand Central, these trains enter: B. & O., Soo Line, Chicago Great Western, Pere Marquette, Chicago Terminal Road.

(4) The Broadway Limited changes engines at Harrisburg and at Altoona.

(5) The longest single engine run at high speed is that of the Wolverine on the New York Central, which carries the train from New York to Chicago without a change

I WOULD like to have some information on the 3400 and 3500 type of locomotives used on the Santa Fe. The 3400 is heavier than the 3500 and is used on the heavier trains

The Union Pacific Has Ordered Twenty-Five More of These Three-Cylinder Giants

9000 class locomotives. An order has been placed for 25 more, delivery of which by the American Locomotive Company will commence July 1.

C. E. C., Claymont, Del.—The owners of the private cars you speak of on the Pennsylvania are these: Skipaway, J. J. Raskob. Hussar, E. F. Hutton. Wanderer, H P Whitney

(2) The average speed of the Columbian on the B. & O. between Washington and Jersey City is 49.8 miles per hour. The fastest schedule between Washington and Philadelphia is that of the Congressional Limited on the Pennsylvania, averaging 51 miles per hour On their Senator trains, the Supervisor of Passenger Service at New York informs us, they have steel observation cars.

I desire to know the tractive power, weight, etc., of these engines.—W. O. G., Topeka, Kan.

As you probably know, the 3400 class is a later development of the 3500 class. It is much heavier, more powerful, and is a 4-6-4 type instead of a 4-6-2. Both were built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The 3400 will pull 44,900 pounds, with a weight on the driving wheels of 198,400 pounds. The total weight of this hog with its tender all ready for running is 636,500 pounds. Steam at 220 pounds is generated in a wagon top boiler with a total heating surface of 4,156 square feet; superheater, 980 square feet. Grate area, 88 square feet. The cylinders are 15 and 25 by 28 inches; driving wheels, 73 inches. It's a passenger engine

Its earlier prototype, the 3500 class engine,

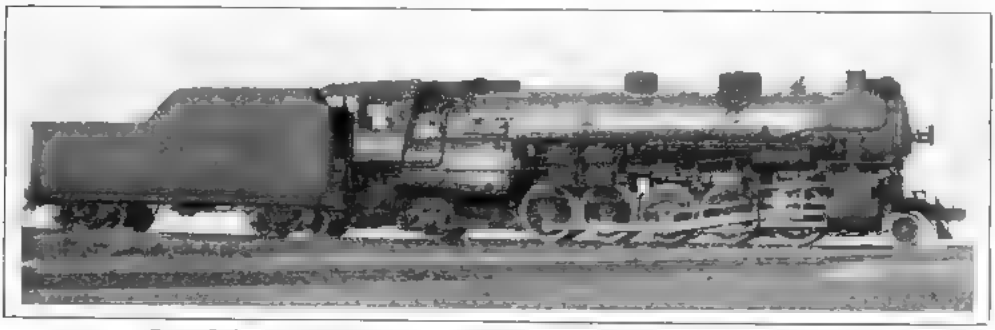
weighs about 480,000 pounds along with its tank, which is something like 78 tons less than the 3400. Of this weight 165,100 pounds rest on the drivers. Steam is carried at 210 pounds also in a wagon top boiler; boiler area, 3,475 square feet; superheater, 619 square feet Grate area, 58 square feet. Here the cylinders are somewhat larger than in the later jack—17½ and 29 by 28 inches. Driving wheels the same, 73 inches.

WHICH is more powerful of these Rock Island locomotives, the 3000 class or the 5000? How much does each weigh? —C. A. G., Union City, Okla.

The 3000 is a more powerful engine by itself, but the 5000 puts forth a greater tractive effort in combination with its booster, and has a little better distribution of weight. The tractive power of the 3000 type is 77,800 pounds; that of the 5000 type is 66,700 pounds, but with the booster added it is 79,800 pounds. We are illustrating the 3000 jack here. The 3000 was built in 1925 and the 5000 in 1929, both by the American Locomotive Company

The total weight of the 3000 engine and tender in working order is 628,600 pounds; engine, 405,000 pounds; tender, 223,600 pounds; weight on the driving wheels, 317,500 pounds This jack has 30 by 32-inch cylinders and uses steam at a pressure of 200 pounds; heating surface 4,940 square feet; superheater, 1,424 square feet. Grate area, 80.3 square feet.

It is interesting to compare it with the 5000 class engine, similar in many respects, built four years later after a similar design, although the 5000 is a 4-8-4 instead of a 2-10-2 The 5000 engine with tender in working order weighs 733,200 pounds; engine, 434,000 pounds; tender, 299,200 pounds; on driving wheels, 265,500 pounds. In this engine we find 26 by 32 cylinders; and driving wheels of 69-inch diameter, larger than on the 3000 class. Steam pressure is here 250 pounds; heating surface, 5,443 square feet; superheater, 2,243 square feet. Grate area, 88.3 square feet.



One of the 3000 Class Engines Ready to Do Business for the Company

WHILE traveling between Buffalo and Philadelphia recently I saw a great number of engines with the cab in the middle of the boiler. They were on the Erie, Lehigh Valley, Central of New Jersey, Lackawanna, and Reading lines. What is the idea in having the cab placed in the middle of the boiler? Are locomotives of this type used generally in the United States, or just in the New York-Pennsylvania district? Are they still being built?

(2) Did the Reading ever operate any locomotives of the 4-2-2 type?

(3) What is the name of the crack train on the D. L. & W?—N. B., Toronto, Ont

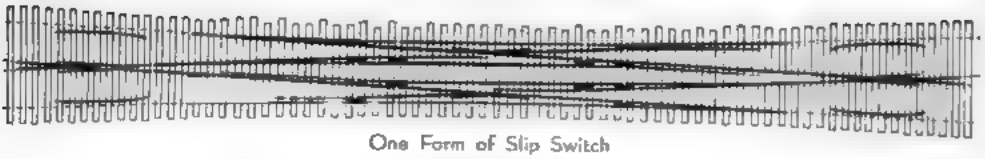
(1) The camel back locomotives you refer to are still used a great deal out of the New Jersey terminals at New York, but they have become obsolete. Built around 1900, they are being scrapped rapidly now and are not being replaced. The only purpose of this jack was a problem in construction; they were designed for burning hard coal, and it was not then understood how to hang the cab on an engine with the oversize grates required. Designs have improved so that it is no longer necessary to stick the cab up in the middle of the boiler to get it out of the way. These are entirely a local institution

(2) Yes, the Reading has operated three 4-2-2 engines. They were all built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the first in 1880 and numbered 507; the others numbered 378 and 385 were built in 1895 and 1896.

(3) The Lackawanna Limited

CAN you give a short history of the Central Vermont and the Suncook Valley railways? W. G. E., Ilion, N. Y.

The Central Vermont is the older of these two lines. It was opened December 31, 1849, as the Vermont Central; ran from Windsor



One Form of Slip Switch

to Burlington, 120.5 miles. In 1864 the Vermont and Canada built a line from Essex Junction, Vermont, to Rouses Point, New York; and from Swanton Junction to Canada Line. This brought the total mileage of the combined railroads up to 181.1 miles. The first president of the Vermont and Canada was John Smith, Esq., of St. Albans, Vermont; first president of the Vermont Central, Mr. Charles Payne of Northfield, Vermont. Its equipment consisted of 42 locomotives and snow plows, 26 passenger cars, 19 baggage, express and mail cars, and 734 freight cars.

The Suncook Valley Railroad dates from ten years later, having been built in 1860 and 1870. At that time its total mileage was 19.54, and it had no equipment. Mr. Samuel N. Bell was its first president.

PLEASE explain where it would be necessary to install a slip switch in a yard. Also describe how they work. I have been in maintenance service ten years, but never saw one.—G. L. P., Van Buren, Me.

A slip switch is installed wherever one track crosses another and it is desired that trains go from the first track to the second within close limits. You can find them in most any yard where there is one diagonal track crossing a series of tracks.

The slip switch is also called the slip-switch crossing. It is like an ordinary crossing with one or two curved tracks added, running from the first track to the second. Depending on whether there are one or two connections, it is called a single or a double slip switch. The center points of slip switches move the same as in ordinary switches. The switch is normally kept set so that one track is always open. The other track, usually the diagonal, is not kept open; an engine approaching the switch on the second track will run onto the first.

WOULD you please give me some detailed information on the construction and operation of the Tom Thumb locomotive which was built for the Baltimore and Ohio about one hundred years ago?—C. H., Elkton, Md.

On the frontispiece of this issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE you will find reproduced a photograph of the Tom Thumb locomotive together with what in those days was known as a directors' car.

The history of this particular engine is of much importance, and few people know that this was the first American built locomotive ever operated in the United States. Peter Cooper, the builder of the engine, was a New York City merchant.

His interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad began when he became heavily involved financially in what was known as the Canton Company of Baltimore which had invested in the lands of a terminal and improvement organization. According to the best historians, Mr. Cooper worried a great deal about his investments in Baltimore, and he felt personally that any success of that venture would hinge upon the success of the then projected Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Mr. Cooper was inclined to be an inventor after a fashion and in the late summer of 1829 or the early fall, he went to Baltimore and convinced the Board of Directors that he could build a locomotive which would insure the successful operation of the railroad. Mr. Cooper began the construction of his engine at the Mount Clare shop, which was then new. He bought the engine part of his contrivance in New York and transported it to Baltimore. It had a 3½-inch cylinder and a 14-inch stroke. Mr. Cooper then procured some boiler iron and made a boiler, perhaps a little bit larger than an ordinary wash boiler, after which he puzzled himself to determine how to connect the boiler with the engine. He was unable to find any iron pipes because there were no such things for sale in this country at that time, so he took two muskets, broke off the stocks, and used the barrels for the boiler tubing.

According to his own account of the building of the locomotive, Mr. Cooper called it the Tom Thumb because it was so insignificant. He said he didn't intend it for actual service, but merely wanted to show the directors what could be done.

The first test was made with the president of the road and two or three of the directors on a Saturday night in the fall of 1829.

This locomotive attained a speed of better than thirteen miles an hour in its early days, and would carry thirty-six passengers in the dinky cars of that era. In fact, its first real official test saw six men on the engine and thirty-six on the wagon that trailed it. An average grade of 18 feet to the mile was accomplished.

"This Bird's Gonna Tell You the Truth About That Engine Failure," Butch Panted to Baker

Head End Mutiny

The Boomer Knew an Engine, and He Knew What to Do With a Rawhiding Imitation of an Engineer

By Hardy Reeves

Illustrated by F. J. Maloney

BUTCH BAILEY was a boomer fireman. Not because he enjoyed changes of job and scenery like some. Butch was a boomer through necessity. Since the time the big tallowpot, carrying two hundred pounds on the balls of his number elevens, and boasting a mean elevation of six feet above the cab deck, started out stoking coal back in New Jersey about eight years before, he had aspired to the right hand side

This Butch feller had fired three years in those days to win promotion on the Reading, and when he was ready for his examination there wasn't a hogger on his division but who swore emphatically that Butch Bailey was the best fireman on the pike and a natural born engineer. Butch was a dirty fireman in that he was sparing of deck hose and broom, but he knew, at the end of those first three years, everything there was to know about a jack from pilot beam to apron, from dome to driver tire.

But Butch failed on his tests be-

cause he was shy on "book larnin'." He couldn't make words for the answers to the various questions, although he knew perhaps more about the mechanics of an engine than his examiners.

That's how Butch became a boomer. Pretty sore about his failure, he quit the Reading, started to drift west, and kept drifting until he could find a pike which would pass him for the right-hand side. The Burlington, Rock Island, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and a score of other roads had carried him on the motive power pay roll. But each time he went up for his mechanical examinations, he was stopped dead in his tracks. He figured some day he'd hit a pike that wouldn't be so damn' particular on the "book larnin'" angle, and give him a chance to show the practical knowledge he knew that he possessed.

That's how Butch came to the Kansas prairies to a road that hired engineers and conductors outright in the boom periods, and required very little in the way of examinations. Butch had heard about this pike, and he didn't care much where he settled down, so long as he could run an engine instead of continually breaking his back on the executive end of a No. 4 grain scoop.

When Bosco Baker, the Road Foreman of Engines, hired Butch, the fireman told him what was on his mind.

"You're a-hirin' engineers right now," said Butch, "an' I guess I know enough 'bout any hog you got to run it. I don't wanna stay firin' all my life."

"Yeah," said Bosco Baker. "I heard you damn' boomers talk before. You say anything an' then you don't stay put. I gotta get me some men on this division that'll stay here in the winter as well as the summer."

"You give me a chance at runnin'," said Butch, "an' I'll stay here forever."

Baker squinted at the rugged, leathery face, the straight blue eyes, the massive jaw of the fireman Baker was shorter and stouter than Butch. He'd been an engineer in Idaho in his earlier days—and he was known to have been a boomer too.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Baker, after a moment's reflection, "you take thirty days to study up an' if you still wanna stick on this pike I'll give you the works."

Study up! Butch took that to sound a lot like reference to book stuff. Leave out books and he was pretty cock-eyed sure he'd pass without a flinch. He'd asked a couple hoggers who'd just been hired what they thought about the examination. They laughed. They said the whole slew of tests wasn't much of anything but a formality.

"If you can read a train order," one said, "an' know the difference between the smokebox jacket an' the back head sheetin', you're all set."

Butch went firing on the Midland division. One hundred and thirty-three miles between Harlow, the western terminus, and Kingman on the east. The crews worked out of Kingman, so Butch looked the town over, liked it as much as any town he'd ever seen, and spotted a cottage three blocks from the roundhouse which was for rent. He figured that would be a good place to bring his Ma to from New Jersey when he was sure he had passed his running tests. His mother was getting along in years, and every now and then Butch would think of her and the fact that it must be pretty lonely back in the old home town. He'd always sent her money, but he'd never stayed one place long enough to make it pos-

sible to be with her. Maybe in Kingman, he thought, it'd be a different story.

It was a pretty good gang that highballed it over the Midland. Mostly boomers, but Butch found the homeguards a likable lot too. In three weeks he'd made a number of friends, had

Goin' to Town in His Underdrowers

learned the division thoroughly and felt surer of himself as each day passed.

It was then that he first encountered Candy Gant. Candy, whose name really was Cannon Gant, was a boomer hogger, beady-eyed, dish-faced, spare of frame, and generous of mouth. He could railroad around the hotel or lunch room stove like nobody's business. What he didn't know about an engine had never been written in a book or thought of by the man who made engines.

As boomers will, a group of them were sitting around the table at Ma Biggers's boarding house in Kingman just after supper, swapping yarns. The subject, in general, was engine failures. Matt Darby, a homeguard engineer with whom Butch had just come in from the west, pushed back his chair and rose.

"You fellers can sit here an' talk till the cows come home an' go out ag'in," said Matt, "but I'm gonna hit the hay. I ain't rassled with nothin' in all my life like I did that damn' 1631 all day. Tough baby."

"I'll say r a s s l e d," grinned Butch, looking up at the hogger with a flash of admiration. Matt was rather squat and red of face, and he was getting gray above the ears. Matt waddled off toward the stairway. Butch watched after him until he was out of sight.

"What the hell was the matter with that 1631, anyway?" asked one of the group. "They gotta be pretty bad before Matt 'll complain about 'em."

Butch leaned back and lit a cigarette, rubbed his big hand over his jaw. "Oh, they wasn't nothin' much the matter," said Butch after a pause. "All they need to do is jack up the bell an' put a new locomotive under it."

"What's the dope? Wouldn't she steam?"

"She steamed plenty," replied Butch. "Maybe too much at times. But what I'm tellin' you, we come to town with the throttle plugged wide open an' we had sixty loads too. Say, that boy

Matt sure knows his stuff. The way he brought that jack in!"

"What happened to her throttle?" another wanted to know.

"We don't know unless the damn' thing lost a bolt up in the steam dome when we was shut off comin' down Barren Hill," said Butch. "I was on the deck squintin' at my fire. I straightened up to see Matt yank his throttle open to work steam goin' down so's we'd get a run at that next grade. He'd pinched her up on the bend just as you start droppin' down Barren. When he opened up ag'in nothin' happened. The valve was seated shut an' the connection was busted."

"The hell you say!" bawled a listener. "Why didn't he tie up?"

"Matt didn't wanna tie up, I guess, so he hossed over his Johnson bar for backward motion," continued Butch, "an' that, makin' air pumps outta the cylinders, pretty damn' soon shot enough air into the throttle pipe to blow the valve off its seat. Matt had to be mighty quick, too, in gettin' her back in forward motion, I tell you. If he'd delayed a second after he felt the valve go open, we wouldn't 'a' had no cylinder heads.

"You guys know the rest. The steam pressure kept the valve open right up to when we set her on the pit, so we had to come in usin' the Johnson bar to run her with. But believe me, Matt brought her in—hot shot merchandise, too."

"Hell, you guys don't know nothin' about engine problems," sneered Candy Gant, who'd just gobbled down a piece of apple pie. It was Butch's introduction to the boomer hogger. The others at the table seemed somewhat ruffled at the outburst. They turned to face the dish-faced brother.

"Why, you guys has good motive power," continued Gant. "I've made five trips on this pike an' I ain't seen nothin' that'd tax any man's brains when it comes to real engine problems."

Butch scowled. He didn't like Candy's looks.

"Don't you call what Matt got in that 1631 a engine problem?" demanded Butch

"Hell, kid, that was easy," said Candy. "Say, lemme tell you! I guess none of you birds ever railroaded on the Mex National. Well, I did. They got engines down there that'd make any feller lose his religion. Talkin' about this 1631 reminds me of a night a few years ago." Candy leaned back and bit off a chew of plug. "I was pullin' a troop train outta Torreon. You know. Them greasers is always havin' some kinda war. I had hold of an old Mogul type hog an' we was breezin' along about forty per with them Mex soldiers loaded in cattle cars an' the general ridin' back in the crummy.

"Right about the time we hit a bad curve with some rotten track the main driver spring busted loose. Well, they wasn't nothin' to do but stop an' do the necessary. I had to get a block an' strap it to the frame under the equalizer. Do you guys know they wasn't a piece of wood on that engine nowheres? Nothin' to get a block from. Finally I took the scoop an' laid it across the rails so's the leadin' trucks'd bite off about six inches of the handle, then I run the wheels over it. I got my block all right, but that didn't help none 'cause I couldn't find nothin' to strap it to the frame with.

"Me an' the fireman looked all over hell for a piece of wire or somethin'. Finally I seen he was wearin' a belt, so I got him to let me use that. We

got the block strapped on an' high-tailed it outta there. Now this fireman, as I said, was a little feller, a Mex. Them pants he had on was too big in the waist an' with his belt gone he was havin' one hell of a time holdin' his pants on. Then we got on a long hill an' between them pants an' the boiler he wasn't doin' so well, so I offered to stoke a minute while he shed his pants. While he was takin' 'em off one leg got caught in the draft an' was drawn into the firebox, an' before I knew it I'd closed the door on it. Them pants was cotton, so they wasn't nothin' else to do but throw the whole pants in.

"Every time I think about it I nearly die laughin'. You ain't never seen nothin' as funny as that little sawed-off Mex tallerpot goin' to town in his underdrawers an' tryin' to keep that old jack hot with a short handled scoop.

"But it's like I always says. Gimme a good fireboy an' I'll get 'em over the road. But that Mex sure was funny!" Candy finished with a cackle.

"Yeah?" Butch shoved back his chair. None of the others seemed to see anything particularly amusing about Candy Gant's narrative. "Maybe you call it funny, but I call it plain rawhidin' to do a fireman thataway." Butch sauntered to the door, turned, saw Candy's beady eyes fastened on him. Butch didn't like what he read in those eyes.

Butch had an opportunity two days later to get better acquainted with the dish-faced boomer. Butch was called to deadhead to Harlow on the early morning passenger shot to help bring back a drag of dead freight. An embargo east of Kansas City had been lifted, and as the cargo in question had been tied up together with countless other carloads on the west end, the stuff had to be moved while the moving was good. The master mechanic was calling out and pressing into service every engine on the division.

Butch got out of Harlow late that afternoon on the way east with Candy Gant as a running mate. They had drawn the 1559, an antique, freshly patched in the shops. It was as hard-riding as an army mule and just about as flexible in its moods. If Butch had been guessing about Gant being a rawhider, he was thoroughly convinced of it before they had covered a third of the division.

Butch was keeping the 1559 hot, but it was a tough assignment. What Gant couldn't do to it to make the going anything but pleasant wasn't anybody's business. Gant worked water at the wrong time, used bad judgment with the steam and sand. But Butch stood for a lot of things, because the following day he was slated to take his examination for the right-hand side. He'd made the necessary arrangements with Bosco Baker and he tried to satisfy himself with the thought that it wouldn't be long now.

The 1559 stopped for water at Drummond. Butch flooded the tank and got a bath. Gant had set his injector so that they'd have a boiler full to start for the hill just ahead. The hill kept Butch's mind on the white blaze he had in her now. They made the hill with the water low in the glass. Next came a rather level stretch for three miles, then a gradual upgrade for twenty miles. Gant was having troubles of his own on the pull. After about an hour the engine and thirty cars were over the brow of the summit Forty cars and the crummy were following up the grade. Gant had his injector on.

Then the safety valve unseated, and

the injector quit. Butch looked at the glass. The water was out of sight. He heard Gant storming and fuming. The hogger gave her the air for a screaming stop.

"Hey!" called Gant. "Start up your gun." Gant was working with his own. Butch tried his injector, but nothing happened. Gant tried the gauge cocks. The crown sheet was barely covered. Butch saw the hogger grab his torch, ignite it at the firebox door and scramble up over the coal. Butch threw open the firebox to cool her down. Gant came back.

"Bone dry," he bawled, jerking his head toward the tank. "Better drop your fire." Butch had already started to do so.

"Did you get a full tank at Drummond?" demanded Gant, wiping the perspiration from his sooted visage. Butch straightened.

"What the hell kind of a fireman do you think I am?" Butch demanded. "I flooded that tank."

Gant said no more but took his torch and dropped to the ground. Butch began a private investigation of his own. He was right at Gant's elbow while the hogger examined the tank connections. Then Butch got a look at the engineer's injector, made mental note of what he saw, climbed back to the cab.

There are two kinds of injectors. One is called a lift and the other a non-lift. It was the latter type with which the 1559 was equipped. The injector was low on the boiler. It was operated from a valve in the cab, and a tell-tale in front of the engineman was supposed to tell whether the injector was working. This type of injector can waste water while it is running. In the event of such waste there is a dinkus called a lazy-cock which can be manipulated by the engineer to make the injector do its stuff right.

Butch plunked himself down on his seat box, pulled his cap peak lower over his eyes. The brakeman had started ahead on a seven-mile walk to tell the dispatcher of their situation. It was shortly before three in the morning. Kingman was forty miles away. Gant came back to the cab after a few moments. Butch watched him from under his cap peak, saw him turn the lazy-cock after looking furtively over to the left-hand side, then sit down to await developments.

The 1559 was towed into Kingman some four hours later. Behind it on the main line was a parade which included two hotshot passenger runs, three drag freights and two sections of a highball fruit train from California. Butch had to smile to himself as he thought about the music Candy Gant would have to face. And he knew Bosco Baker wouldn't delay about it. Butch's heart also beat a little faster every time he thought of his examination ordeal which was but a matter of a few hours away. He h o p e d Bosco Baker's disposition wouldn't be affected too much by Mr. Gant's performance.

Just how much Bosco Baker's disposition was affected was made known to Butch at a few minutes after eleven in no uncertain terms. In fact Bosco's invective spun Butch around on his heels.

"Yah!" bawled Bosco across the scarred-up top of the old desk in his office above the ladies' waiting room of the passenger station. "Yah! You wanna take your tests fer engine runnin'! Yah! Don't know 'nough to put water in a jack out on the road. Go an' tie up a main line three-four

hours. Hell of a fat chance you get ever runnin' a hog on this pike!"

"Who said I didn't put water in that tank?" Butch's big jaw was thrust forward. His eyes blazed straight into Bosco's face.

"Who said it?" shouted Bosco "Who the hell you think said it? Didn't you have no engineer in charge?"

"You gonna be in a few minutes?" Butch demanded, swinging about

"Yes, I'm gonna be in, an' I'm gonna say right now you're outta service until—"

But Butch had slammed the door in Bosco's face. He stormed down the rickety wooden stair, crossed Railroad Street, and, fists thrust deep into the pockets of his old blue coat, he stormed into Ma Biggers's boarding house.

Candy Gant was the center of a group of listeners in the dining room when Butch strode in.

"—an' that's the first run the Amazon Central made through the jungle," Candy was bleating. "Me a sittin' there easy on the throttle an' the brakeman walkin' ahead of the engine shooin' the monkeys off the right-o'-way. They was that curious about the big iron horse—"

Butch's hand on Gant's shoulder jerked the boomer hogger sharply about.

"You lyin' skunk," Butch roared. "What kinda alibi's that you're tryin' to make to Baker about me bein' to blame for a engine failure?"

Gant squirmed loose from Butch's grasp. The dish-faced hogger looked the fireman up and down.

"Here, feller," said Gant. "What the hell's eatin' you? Ain't nobody tryin' to alibi nothin'. I had to report facts, didn't I? You didn't put no water in the tank."

"I didn't, huh?" Butch hovered over the hogger menacingly. "Well, lissen, loud-mouth. You're gonna go with me an' tell Baker just what was up on that engine."

"Say," snarled Gant, "I don't let no dirty-neck fireman talk thataway to me." Gant turned to the others in the room. A sneering smile broke on his thin lips. "What do you know about that for nerve? A dumb, dirty-neck fireman—"

Butch's quick left stilled the hogger's speech. Gant reeled against the table, then waded in. The fight lasted less than three minutes. In that time Butch and the hogger did everything to Ma's dining room except knock a hole in the ceiling. The table was overturned. Three chairs were splintered. Gant went out like a light in the corner, bringing the old fashioned china closet and contents down on his head. Butch gathered up the remains of the engineer, tossed the inert form over his powerful shoulder, and carted the dead weight the hundred yards to the passenger station to the amazement of startled Kingmanites who stopped on street or porch to stare.

Butch weaved and staggered under Gant's weight up the wooden stair, kicked open Baker's door and laid his burden across the desk in front of the wide-eyed, spluttering Bosco Baker.

"Low down, dumb dirty-neck," the hogger was mumbling, blinking for sight in a badly swollen eye, coming out from the spell cast on him by the fireman's horny fist. "Ain't gonna—talk—"

"This bird's gonna tell you the truth about that engine failure," Butch panted to Baker. "No man ever lied about my work an' got away with it!"

"Bailey," growled the master mechanic, "I oughtta fire you right—"

" I ain't gonna be fired," Butch protested. " I'm gonna get the truth outta this lyin' skunk, an' then I'm gonna take them examinations. I ain't never been fired yet, an' I know you ain't gonna fire me when you know what he done."

Butch told Bosco his side of the story of the 1559, of the bad injector and the fact that Gant had been wasting water without ever seeing the tell-tale in the cab. Butch told how he'd seen Gant set his lazy-cock after it was too late to be of any service.

" He didn't fill that tank," bawled Gant who now had regained consciousness fully.

Butch stopped in the middle of his words, turned to glare at the hogger, then started toward him menacingly.

Baker was between the pair like a shot.

"You get to hell outta here, Bailey," bawled Baker. " An' lissen to me! You're outta service till I send for you! Now git!"

Butch got. But at the door he turned for a parting shot.

" I betcha I'm gonna prove to somebody around this railroad I'm right " he bellowed. " I'm gonna do it if I break my neck."

Which is just about what happened.

Butch was out of service for three hours. The caller came for him with an order to deadhead up the line to Prescott and report the following morning for work train service. The job was on a dinky eight-wheeler puttering around some new construction on the branch line. The regular fireman was taking a two weeks' leave of absence so Butch had a fortnight respite from the main line during which time he heard or saw nothing of Candy Gant. If he never saw the dish-faced boomer again it would be too soon.

The two weeks duly passed, Butch was told to go to Harlow and report to the roundhouse foreman. Butch reported at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The roundhouse foreman told him to get his rest. He'd be moving by midnight. Which wasn't a bad guess.

The caller yanked Butch out of bed at eleven and Butch signed the book for 1st 96 at 12:30 A.M. Melon shot east to Kingman, engine 1627. Butch did the usual growling about a short call, but took his overclothes and stopped long enough on the way to the roundhouse to grab some ham and eggs.

The crew room was deserted when Butch showed up. He hadn't got his jumper on, however, until the door slammed and two men entered. Butch looked up. Matt Darby shouted a greeting. The other man was Matt's foreman. By the time Butch had pulled on his uniform, and had tucked his red kerchief down inside his blouse the door opened again, and a fourth man came in. Butch had his back to the newcomer. He was bending over, lacing up his work shoes.

" You ketchin' 1st 96?" Matt Darby questioned, while changing his pants.

" Yeh," replied Butch. " Short call too. Suppose you guys are on the second."

" Right on your tail," said Matt.

Butch had stooped to take up his battered black grip when a voice arrested him. It was the fourth man.

" I want another fireman," the harsh snarl of Candy Gant spat. Butch whirled to see the hogger talking through the window which connected the crew room and the roundhouse office.

" How the hell you get that way?" the engine dispatcher wanted to know.

"You lemme see the foreman," demanded Gant. Butch clenched both fists. So that was to be his running mate on the melon train! He spat viciously at the wall. The roundhouse foreman came bustling in.

"What's all this about a fireman?" the foreman demanded.

"I want another fireman," insisted Gant.

"You're gonna take the fireman you got an' like it," snapped the foreman. "Who'n hell you think you are? Some primer donner?"

"I ain't gonna take no chances with this perishable train not gettin' over the road," bawled Gant. "I got rights."

"You got a big wide yeller streak," barked the foreman. "We ain't gonna tie up this 96 shot because you get finicky about firemen. Naw sir. You're gonna get to hell outta here or you're gonna get off this railroad."

"All right," Gant retorted. "If I don't get that engine over the road I got witnesses."

This was too much for Butch. He advanced and towered over the hogger.

"Say loud-face," Butch growled. "You'll get over the road. You just look after your side of that engine an' I'll look after mine." Butch took up his satchel and went for the door. Matt followed him outside.

"Just a tip," said Matt quietly. "Watch out fer that guy, Gant. He's out to get you. I know. I heard him brag."

"He ain't gonna get me, Matt; much obliged," Butch mumbled.

"He was outta service ten days after you beat him up an' took him before the Old Man," advised Matt. "He ain't feelin' any too kind toward you, an' he's gonna do all he can to keep you from gettin' a shot at promotion."

"I guess he knows better'n to get smart," said Butch. "I ain't afraid of him."

"He won't get smart, but they's lots of things he can do to you," Matt hinted. "You just watch out."

Butch stumbled down past the pit to find the 1627. It was spotted just ahead of the 1632, Matt's engine. Butch crawled aboard, inspected the fire, opened the blower and gun, and got set for the brakeman to come and take them away. Gant came along a few minutes later, oiled round, inspected air, steam and water gauges and succeeded in completely ignoring Butch. No word was spoken between them But Butch sensed something deadly in the glint of the hogger's hard eyes, the twist of his thin lips.

A hungry looking brakeman with over-sized ears on which a plush cap rested heavily, came loafing up, opened the spur switch and rode the pilot beam down to the east end lead.

They had just backed on to thirty yellow refrigerator cars when the rain set in. It started suddenly and came down in torrents. The conductor came aboard with a fistful of tissues.

"Looks like they got everything out on the railroad to-night," said the skipper, a thin, wizened individual, as he wisked the rain from his hat by swinging it around in the cab. "We ain't got nothin' to worry about but No. 7. He's thirty minutes off. Everything else has to watch out fer us, so keep her snortin'."

"I'll keep her snortin'," snarled Gant, comparing watches with the skipper. "You can go on back an' go to sleep."

Butch saw the little skipper look up as if he considered the latter part of Gant's remarks unnecessary, but without exchange of insult the conductor

blinked, scowled, opened his mouth, then closed it, and dropped into the rain

The air brake tests were made, the high sign waved from the rear and 1st 96 with 1627 rolling her easily, swung to the main stem, looked back, caught the highball, tooted twice and jerked open his throttle. Butch looked up from his labors. The Johnson bar was far forward, giving maximum

"I'm Runnin' This Engine," Snarled Gant. "You Keep Her Hot"

curved out to the main line while the brakeman with the big ears and the plush cap settled himself to doze on the collapsible seatbox ahead of the fireman.

Butch had a thin fire under her. He chose to burn it that way for maximum results with minimum effort. Gant eased down as the rear end of the train

steam in the stroke and the sudden yank Gant gave the lever didn't do a thing to Butch's light fire but pull it loose from the grates. Butch clenched his t e e t h, gripped his scoop, and slugged in the coal

The needle on the steam gauge never flickered from the 200 pound mark, but Butch's temperature was pretty well beyond that. So that's what Gant had in mind! Anything to cause the 1627 to fail to steam in a way that a

fireman would have to do a tall lot of explaining! Butch kept one eye on Gant's motions and the other on the steam and water.

They hit a rise on a two per cent grade about a half hour later. Butch was ladling the fuel when he heard a sudden whine and blinking a moment for his sight, he looked up to see the valve on the engineer's injector wide open. Butch calmly crossed over, shot his arm forward over Gant's shoulder and slammed the injector shut.

They were clanking over the rail joints at passenger train speed with their light train.

"I'll take care of the water," bawled Butch into the hogger's ear.

The hogger reached up and again opened his injector.

"I'm running this engine," snarled Gant. "You keep her hot."

"I'll run the water," barked Butch, and he again closed the injector. Gant sprang to his feet, leaned forward menacingly.

"You'll—you'll—"

But Butch, clenching his scoop handle tightly, brandished it above his head.

"Sic 'em, tiger!" yelled the big-eared brakeman whose slumbers across the cab had been disturbed by the controversy.

The hogger and the brakeman then began to yell nasty compliments back and forth to each other while Butch turned again to his scoop. But Butch worked the water. Candy Gant had nothing more to say about it.

There weren't any more arguments until they came to another grade when Butch, with the aid of the coal pick, had to convince Gant where the Johnson bar ought to be set to keep from tearing the base out of his fire and shooting it through the stack. Butch was going to see the 1627 over the road and he was going to be doubly sure that Gant didn't do anything to delay it. He had to prove himself to Bosco Baker. He didn't know how, but he had it to do. Nothing was going to happen to the 1637 as long as Butch was conscious.

But something did happen as a direct result of Candy Gant's rough handling. First 96 swept down on a siding called New Union in the face of a flaring fusee. A hundred car drag, trying to make the next station west to clear the hotshot, failed to do it, and couldn't get in the fifty-car New Union passing track. The head shack on the westbound extra had the rail bent and let 1st 96 go in the hole, while the extra pulled up far enough to clear the east switch. That let 1st 96 out on the main line again, but it cost some delay and 1st 96 was racing to make a meet with No. 7 at Forty Mile. Gant was sore about it, or maybe he was still sore at Butch. Anyway, he had a hard time starting on the slippery rail after he'd come to a dead stop in the passing track. He jerked his valve gear into back motion with a jam, and did the same thing to get started forward again, without due regard to the equipment. He got started all right, and he got over the hill beyond West Union. Butch could see the headlight glare of the 2nd section behind them, and knew their delay at West Union had allowed Matt's train to catch up pretty well.

The first section had smashed past the station at Gear and had eleven miles to go to make Forty Mile for No. 7. Butch was bending to the scoop, working his water steadily, and enjoying life fairly well.

Sw-o-o-s-h!

The swoosh was a sudden plunge of

steam with the gear dropped down, and it just about took the grate bars and the ash pan right up through the tubes.

"Hey! What the—"

Butch took his coal pick and rushed the hogger. The hogger, Butch discovered a second later, was having troubles of his own. He gave the train line a twenty pound reduction, and when the train screamed to a halt, Gant whistled out the flag on both ends, then took his torch and got out in the rain to see what the trouble was. Butch went with him.

The trouble was a broken reach rod, snapped off near the lifting arm of the link motion which is that bewildering array of gearing just back of each cylinder and over the forward drivers, and which controls the forward and backward movements of the engine. The break was due to Gant's rough handling at West Union which strained the reach rod at some weak point in the metal.

"Have to block her full forward an' try to make it to Forty Mile," said Gant, looking at his watch. "Only take a minute."

"We can't block her full forward an' make Forty Mile no way you figger it," said Butch, doing some mental arithmetic. "We better block her clear up an' drift back to Gear."

"We're goin' to Forty Mile," argued the hogger who proceeded to get some blocks and tools. Butch decided to stay in the cab away from the rain.

At the end of ten minutes Gant, dripping wet, cussing and fuming, wasn't any nearer his meeting point with No.7.

"Come on here, an' gimme a hand," he ordered Butch. "You're just deliberately tryin' to tie up a railroad!"

"You go to hell!" called back Butch. "I'll give you a hand to get this shot back to Gear, but I ain't no party to the chances you wanna take."

The dried up skipper came over to see about the tie-up. He tried to argue with Gant in the rain while Butch kept dry in the cab. The second section came up behind them.

A fusee flared out up ahead and in due time No. 7 came swinging down to meet them. Gant had to open his throttle and cylinder cocks to keep the cylinders from pumping air while No. 7 pushed 1st 96 back to the siding at Gear, the second section leading the reversed parade. At Gear the two freight trains had to saw No. 7 by. It was a slow process because the 1627, being disabled, the second section's engine had to take care of both trains. The two freights had to back up clear beyond the west switch at Gear passing track, then head in while No. 7 came down on the main line between the east and west switches. The east switch, then being opened, the second section of 96 pushed the first section through the passing track to the main line, then cleared the main line itself to allow No. 7 to proceed. It was a lovely party in the cab of the 1627 with Gant calling on the boomer's vocabulary for profanity, and Butch calmly resting on his seatbox.

The argument as to how the 1627's link blocks should be anchored in place started all over again.

"You block her up near center, or we tie up right here," Butch told Gant with a growl. "We ain't got no more hills to pull, an' you know's well's me we can't get this jack over the road if we don't do it that way."

With the link block fixed where Butch wanted it, the 1627 could highball it to town, working a short cutoff, and while it wouldn't have the maximum tractive effort, it had a light

train behind it and the chances were all in favor of Butch's argument. Butch knew, too, that if the links were blocked in full gear forward, it would be virtually impossible for a human being to keep it hot. The engine, so to show Bosco that he knew something about an engine. Butch looked at Gant's seat box—the right-hand side!

"Lissen, feller," Butch shot out suddenly. "We're gonna take this hot shot to town, an' we're gonna do it my

Butch Held on to the Hammer While He Poked Gant in the Nose

fixed, would be working its maximum steam pull, and would run itself out of coal and water in no time.

Butch did his cock-eyed best to make Gant see it that way.

"We're gonna block 'em full forward," stubbornly insisted the hogger.

Butch tilted back on his heels, his eyes blazing. He thought of Matt's warning that Gant would stoop to anything to get Butch. Butch thought of Bosco Baker and the fact that he had way. You ain't gonna rawhide me none."

Butch took the torch, the handful of tools and the wooden blocks and dropped to the ground. The rain was whipping against his thin overalls in the wave of a gale. The torch flared and spluttered. The conductor, his lamp bobbing up and down, came up to see if there was any chance of getting under way.

"They ain't no dumb dirty-neck

gonna tell me how to get this engine in," shouted Gant, coming up behind Butch as the fireman set to work.

"What the hell is this, mutiny?" demanded the skipper.

"Naw, it's common sense," snarled Butch. Then he swung about to face Gant. "An' you ain't gonna call me no dirty-neck another—"

Gant reached out and grabbed for the hammer that Butch held. Which was a bad move for Gant. Butch held on to the hammer while he poked Gant in the nose. Gant slipped backward, lost his balance on the gravel, and rolled down the embankment some thirty feet to the water-filled ditch below. Butch took the hammer and went back to work. The skipper put down his lantern and held the torch.

"Boy, what you know about fixin' this here thing, anyway?" he queried dubiously. "You ain't got no right to handle a engineer thataway."

"Hold that torch up there, skipper," growled Butch, plugging away, "or maybe I'll be treatin' you to somethin'. We're gonna get this train to town."

Butch dropped the hammer and a couple of other tools and grabbed at a spot on his back between his shoulder blades. He didn't know whether he'd been hit by a ton of iron, or an avalanche. He swung about. Gant had hurled a bowlder at him from close quarters.

"Git away from that engine," the hogger bawled. "Git! G'wan or I'll—"

"I ain't a gettin' away from this engine till I get her—"

Butch saw the rock coming. He dodged and the rock grazed his left ear. It bowled over the skipper who was standing to Butch's right. The torch and the skipper both rolled down the dump. The torch went out. Butch grappled with Gant in the dark, helped only by the dim glow reflected back by the headlight. Butch felt his hard fist find its mark, heard a muffled curse, and saw a dark form go plunging down the embankment. Butch took the skipper's lantern, found his torch on the edge of the dump, lit it, and went back to the blocking. Matt Darby came over to give him a hand.

The two were just finishing the labor on the valve gear when the skipper crawled back up the embankment and appeared in the torch light, rubbing a knob on the side of his head. His cap was gone and he was covered with mud and water.

"It's all right fer you guys to kill one another," mumbled the skipper, "but when you start on innocent bystanders—"

"Where's the other guy?" demanded Butch over his shoulder.

"That hogger?" queried the skipper. "Ain't seen him. Ain't seen nothin' but a flock o' colored stars. Thought he was up here tryin' to kill you."

"Naw," said Butch. "He went down in the ditch lookin' for you."

The skipper sat down on the gravel to nurse his bump while Matt and Butch finished up the valve gear job. They then took the torch and slid down the dump to look for Gant. They found him sitting in the ditch water. He didn't know a thing. Butch and Matt dragged him up to the engine. The skipper gave a hand to load Gant on the deck. The three crawled up after him and laid him out on the fireman's seat box. His face was covered with mud.

"Guess we better send in word by the brakeman an' tie up," grumbled the skipper. "Hell of a note, killin' a engineer thataway."

"We're gonna leave here right now," said Butch as he turned to his

fire. "You better ride up with me an' watch for signals while I do the stokin'."

"We can't go without a engineer," insisted the skipper.

"What you think I am?" asked Butch as he looked at the hogger's seatbox.

"We'll tie up," decided the skipper.

"We're gonna go in if I have to put you over there with him." Butch nodded toward the inert Candy Gant.

"He'll getcha there all right, skipper," said Matt.

"What the—" bawled the skipper. "I don't give a damn! I guess I'm crazy an' don't know it. If this is railroadin'—"

"Gimme a kick in the tail when you get back there, Matt," said Butch, opening his injector, "an' I won't have no trouble in keepin' goin' when I get started."

By the time Matt got back to the rear and coupled in behind 1st 96's crummy, Butch was set to go with steam and water. Butch tooted in the flagmen, then got the sign from the hind end. He felt the buckle as Matt's jack closed in. He opened his throttle, sanding his rail at the same time, and in a few short seconds, 1st 96 was hightailing it down the main line.

"Throw off a note," Butch demanded of the skipper, "up here at Forty Mile an' tell that dumb dispatcher not to stop us. We can travel as long as we keep her wheels a-turnin'."

The skipper scrawled a note on the back of a company envelope and tossed it off as they sped by the green board.

Butch kept her nose held high. It seemed that at every passing track they shot by, some drag was in the hole for them. The boards all were green. The skipper's message had done the trick.

With the break of day 1st 96 rolled down to a stop in track six of the Kingman yard. Butch made a good stop with his air valve play. He was sweaty, and weak and tired. The grime was caked on his cheeks. His knees sagged as he leaned against the back head. Gant was out of his trance, but he wasn't in any shape to argue.

"What kinda engine performance you call this?"

Butch straightened and turned at the guttural growl. He was facing Bosco Baker who had come down to meet the jack. Butch gulped. In Baker's chubby fist he saw a yellow message blank.

"Why—uh—why," Butch began to stutter, looking first at Baker, then at the drowsy skipper.

"Gwan," bawled Bosco, "an' see if you can explain this." Bosco thrust the message into Butch's hand. Butch blinked and read:

"Due to brawl between two lunatics on engine 1627 and ensuing fight over engine's disablement, one lunatic got it fixed so we can run in if not stopped. Other lunatic out of service. Please keep us moving if possible."

Butch towered over Bosco, gripping the message in his fist. He told the official in no uncertain terms of the engine trouble, his part in it and Candy Gant's part.

"I brought this jack in, as the skipper can tell you," shouted Butch.

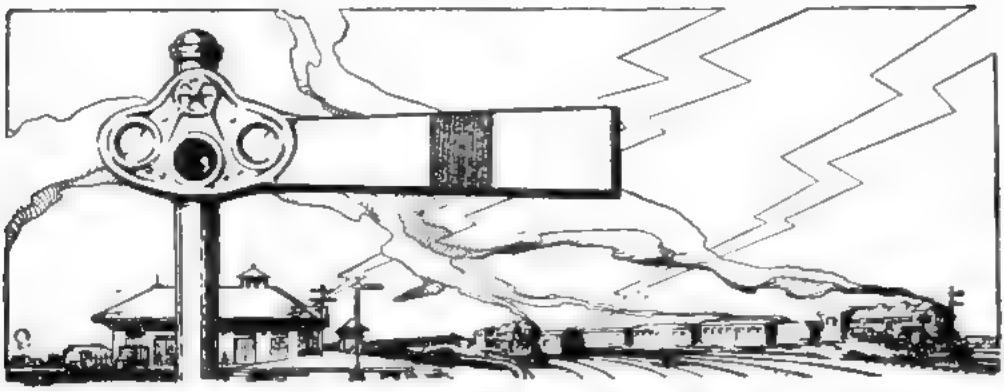
"I guess I oughtta fire you for fightin', an' mutiny an'—"

Butch broke into Baker's remarks.

"There's the guy that needs firin'," said Butch with heat, nodding toward Gant. "I wanna know when I can take my runnin' examinations."

"Aw, go tie up," growled Bosco Baker. "You don't need no examinations. Anybody'd bring a jack in like that's got my O. K. to go runnin'."

My Greatest Thrill



A department where true experiences of railroad men are related. Prompt payment at good rates is offered for narratives of personal thrills. Each story must be verified.

Bill the Boomer's Story

The Slow Order at Double Divide Meant Nothing to Galloping Grogan Until the Racing Engine—

By Jacques Girourard

Illustrated by I. J. Maloney

THEY called him Bill the Boomer. What his real name was I could not hazard a guess. He was a fireman on the extra board, and I was holding down a yard office trick while the regular brass pounder was on vacation. Like myself, Bill spent most of his spare time in the reading room. He was there the day when the subject of narrow escapes from death came up.

"Everybody has had at least one at some time in his life," said Bill. "If he's a railroader, the chances are he's had a half dozen or more. For my own part, I never had but one, yet that one was enough to last me for the rest of my life."

"It furnished the thrill of a lifetime, did it?" I asked.

He frowned.

"I don't get you on the thrill stuff, mate. Maybe it would sound thrilling to you, but all I got out of it was a fresh crop of gray hairs and a scare that I never got over. And to show you how badly scared I was, I let it drive me off the best money job I ever held on a streak of rust anywhere, and out of a country that I loved with all my heart. If it wasn't for that one

stunt, I'd still be holding seniority on a certain mountain road in the Northwest and maybe running an engine by now. And 'Galloping' Grogan would be holding down a passenger job now instead of a switch engine."

"They fired you?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "They fired Galloping. All I got out of it was a reprimand and a bad case of nerves. I finally had to leave the job, much as I loved the country and the road and everything."

He paused to light a cigarette. I said nothing because I knew a story was coming. In this I was right. Bill the Boomer blew a smoke ring and settled back in his chair.

"I'd been firing for three years about the country when I met up with Gilligan, a boomer tallow who had worked for a dozen roads and hoped to work for a good many more dozens before old age caught him. It was Gilligan who put the idea into my head to head for the great northwest where men are men and engines are engines, and experience is to be had for the asking. Gilligan was the authority for the statement that a fireman up there on the mountain roads made more money a month than an engineer on a valley pike.

"'And summertime is the time,' went on Gilligan. 'That's when they start hiring. You never know what it is to swelter in the heat like you do down here in this country. Up there it's always cool weather.'

"So that summer I chucked my job and headed northwest for a mountain job. Gilligan was with me, but he was headed for the coast. We parted when I found a division point in the very heart of the mountains that was begging for men.

"I got a job. Our division was a stretch of single track in the Rocky Cañons where the Continental Divide made half the run an uphill grind and the other half downhill pull, no matter which way you were going. Helper engines were as thick as flies about a honey barrel, and promotion was so fast that you had a regular run before you knew it.

"It was a paradise to work in—that country. The men were as fine as one could want to meet, and the officials were the same. You always got better than a square break over there. All the officials asked was a day's work for a day's pay and strict compliance with rules and regulations, especially Rule G. Before I'd been there a month, I'd made up my mind to be one of the gang when old age crept up behind me and took me.

"My first regular run came with a rapping hogger by the name of Galloping Grogan, one of the toughest bozos that ever pulled a fire up through the stack, and whose idea of running an engine perfectly was to put the Johnson bar in the last notch on the quadrant and hang the throttle out over the coal tank.

"But he was a running fool—poor Grogan. That was how he got his nickname. Other crews might be ten or eleven hours over the division, but Galloping would make it in seven or eight—all depending on whether the fireman's back and the shovel held out or not. If he didn't he could be depended upon to try to make it up the next trip out.

"And he didn't do all his running on the uphills either. Going downhill Grogan went just as far as the rules, regulations and the track permitted. More than once I've come down the hill with brake shoes smoking and the whole train looking like a bunch of

fireflies and lightning bugs had taken possession of it, while the brakemen and conductor would be hanging on to the nearest brake staffs, cussing him for all they could lay a tongue to.

"Yes, Grogan was a runner and a rapper, but he was all right. Off the run you'd never meet a finer fellow. Do anything for you. But once you climbed on the engine with him, then friendships and relationships ceased. He was out to make his money in the shortest possible time, and if he didn't make it the fault was never laid on him.

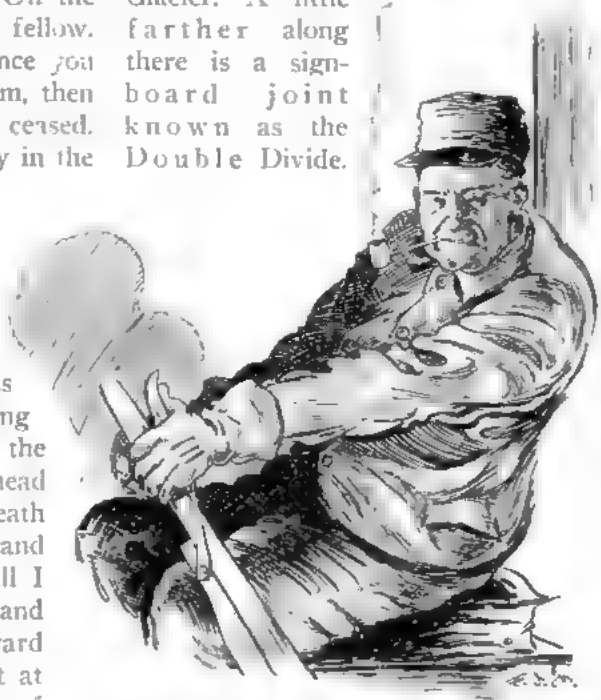
"We were headed east the day I got my scare.

"As usual, Galloping is performing as he always performs with an engine, and I'm spading coal continuously, except for the times when I'm sticking my head out of the window to get a breath of fresh air, which are few and far between. I was having all I could do that day to keep the hand on the steam gage pointing toward Galloping all the time. I'm not at all sorry when we get to the top of the Divide and stop to take water.

"While I'm doing this Grogan oils around and the train crew looks the train over. This done, we test the air brakes as per rules and regulations and whistle off. I perch myself on the seat box to watch the brakemen and conductor club brakes and set retainers as we drop down the hill. They had it easy coming up the hill, but I had it easy going down.

"Grogan is working steam as he always does—not much, but enough to keep them from sticking on an occasional hump or level. You know you have to keep a train stretched on the hills up there. Now and then he makes a service application when the wheels get to turning too fast or when the conductor signals him that he has just set a fresh crop of retainers and kicked off the old ones.

"We're rolling along at a pretty good gait when we pass through Glacier. A little farther along there is a signboard joint known as the Double Divide.



A Rapping Engineer by the Name of Galloping Grogan

Just beyond there was one of the scariest looking places on the division, a place where you whip around a curve and skirt the edge of a cañon at least five hundred feet deep and without a single ledge or hump to break your fall for the entire distance, in case you ever happened to fall in there.

"Maybe you get the picture. I don't know. Just suppose you were on a road that whipped around a curve and passed over a bridge high up over a gully. And just suppose that some day you whipped around that curve and found that somebody had moved the bridge. How would you feel?"

"Like looking for a place to light," I replied. "And right now."

Bill the Boomer nodded.

"Then you know my feelings. I had a hunch that some day, instead of taking that curve, we would take off across that chasm and land in the bottom of the cañon.

"So this day I'm ready to put in my usual fire when we drop down the hill toward the curve. To my surprise I see a yellow flag along the right of way which means a slow speed of not more than ten miles an hour unless otherwise specified. Having read the orders, I remembered then that we did have a slow order for ten miles an hour at some mile post. Evidently, this was the one.

"It was, as I found out later. But Grogan never pretended to slow up for it. When we passed the flag itself and Grogan did not shut off I yelled at him across the cab:

"'Slow order!'

"I pointed back up the right of way behind us. Grogan grinned and curled his lips scornfully as if to call me a coward. Then with a shrug of his shoulders he reached up and pulled the throttle a little wider.

"My heart came up into my throat at his act, but I swallowed it again. I could feel the old mill hump herself as I reached for the shovel to put in a fire. At the same time, I had a lost feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"I'd barely opened the firebox door when the old mill lurched heavily and something seemed to fly up and hit us. That was enough for me. Before you could bat an eye I'd left the shovel in the firebox door and was making for the window on my side.

"'E—yow!' yells Grogan and follows after me.

"If I'd been in doubt before, that doubt was all gone with Galloping's yell. I echoed his whoop as I dove straight out the gangway with Galloping hanging onto me like a football player making a flying tackle. We landed together in a heap just as the old mill balanced on the edge of the chasm for one brief second before making her five-hundred foot dive for the bottom, taking with her two cars and half the ground between the tracks and the chasm as she fell.

"I looked at Grogan and tried to get to my feet. His face will never be any whiter when he's dead. Neither will that of the head brakeman who is hanging onto the brake staff of the third car which is balanced on the edge of the cañon with more than half of its length suspended in space.

"'Well,' I said to Galloping with as much sarcasm as I was capable. 'I hope you're satisfied!'

"'I'm sorry,' Galloping mumbles. 'I plumb forgot about that slow order. This means curtains for us, kid.'

"I didn't say anything to this. I'm trying to make my legs hold me up so I can get a little farther away from the edge where the engine went over. Even when I'm up against the wall of rocks on the other side I don't feel any too safe. If I could have had my way, I'd have gone a mile into the hills. All the time I kept wondering what would have happened if I'd gone with the engine.

"I'm still wondering when the conductor shows up. One look at the car hanging over the edge of the bank and the plowed up ground and no engine and he whistles under his breath.

"'Well, I'll be totally doggone!' he says. 'You've lost the engine as well as the two cars.'

"There was no argument about that statement. Those cars and that engine

were lost for good as far as Jim Hill's road was concerned. For all I know those two cars and engine are still at the bottom of the cañon, waiting to be resurrected. And if it hadn't been for the knuckle breaking on the third car, there would have been a brakeman and another car lost as well. That's the only time in my life that I ever knew a broken knuckle on a freight car to bring pleasure and happiness to a brakeman."

Bill the Boomer paused to light a cigarette and frown.

"Funny thing, isn't it?" he said more to himself than to me. "Here I am a healthy man and all that, yet I can't work up there. I've tried it a dozen times, but always it drives me away. To save me I can't get over that fear Galloping put into me. I suppose I'm doomed to spend the rest of my life piking around on these valley roads, unhappy, unsatisfied."

"This Means Curtains For Us, Kid"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled ever so sadly.

"And they wonder why there are boomers," he said whimsically.

The Railroad at Lens After the Germans Withdrew. Many Bombs Are Planted Under the Debris

On the Quiet Western Front

Buried Shells Made the Eleven-Year Job of Restoring French Main Lines a Daily Hazard

By Ralph Heinzen

ONE shell landing squarely on any railroad track can hold up traffic for a day. One million shells, falling squarely on the tracks, might be expected to hold up traffic for a million days.

But France has already rebuilt most of her two great railway systems, the Nord and the Est, although more than a million shells hit their tracks, stations, roundhouses, workshops and rights of way. It took only 4,015 days —eleven years

The Armistice was not the end of the war for these two French railroads. The Germans, in anticipation of their departure, had planted all that was left of the tracks with delayed mines; torpedoes to be exploded by the first passing train, and buried shells which needed only pressure on the rails above them to explode.

Before a single train could be run every inch of track had to be taken up, the ground probed for mines, and new rails laid. France had to build anew 1,789 miles of track, homes for 22,000 railroad workmen, and 675 railroad stations. Billions of francs were spent in modernizing the rolling stock, as well.

At noon on November 11, 1918, after the Armistice had been agreed upon and France was at peace again, officials of the two French railroads in the war zone looked over their task and dug in.

Miles of track had simply vanished under four years of bombardment. Sixty-nine bridges were down, and before they could move a wheel they had to find materials to rebuild them. At one place on the line between Arras and Lens there was a hole in the right of-way fifty-seven feet deep and forty-six feet across, caused by the explosion of a mine.

In many places it was necessary to use blow-torches to cut away masses of tangled wreckage that had once been bridges or freight yards. Every tunnel had been blown up by torpedoes, so they had to be dug out and roofed in again.

The railroaders coming back to their jobs as soon as they were demobilized found themselves without homes. Many of them did not know where their wives and children were, for their home towns had often been wiped cleanly off the map. The men were given work by the railroads immediately, but they had to find places to sleep in trench dugouts.

By midsummer of 1919 the railroad shops of Saint Etienne du Rouvray, with 600 men at work, had been able to repair 152 locomotives. The British army had constructed three lines of ferryboats during the war to bring whole trains of munitions and men to France. She had assembled 1,200 locomotives and 56,000 freight cars. These she turned over to the Nord railroad.

The Americans had brought over American-size freight cars, practically double the size of the French and British cars, and more than a thousand American locomotives. These were sold to the French Government immediately after the Armistice, and through the Minister of Public Works assigned to the Est, the Nord, and other railways.

Every day saw hundreds more railroaders coming home from the war. Before hostilities the Nord system had

The Same Site To-day. Lens Has a New Station and a New Railroad

19,000 employees; but by the time of the first battle of the Marne 7,000 of these men were already under the colors. During the war the railroads had to give up all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty, which left them only boys and veterans. So 5,000 women were employed, and took their places in the shops and on the trains as conductors and brakemen.

The honor roll of the Nord system

So Badly Wrecked Were the Railroad Shops at Tergnier That the Debris Was Never Cleared Away

is a long one, a tribute to the courage of rails all over the world. While on duty 217 employees of the Nord were killed. Many were shot by advance units when they refused to quit their posts as the Germans moved forward. There were 842 others killed under arms, and 400 injured by shells while operating trains. Of this one railroad 423 men were decorated for bravery with the Military Medal, Croix de Guerre, or Cross of the Legion of Honor. That is a record for all railroaders to point to with pride.

The German retreat started in midsummer of 1918, soon after the Americans broke the German attack on the Marne and advanced in the Argonne. The railroaders followed just a few miles behind the advancing infantry; and by October 27, fifteen days before the Armistice, the first passenger train was operating on the Nord from Calais to Lille.

On November 28, or seventeen days after peace, the first passenger train steamed into the ruins of what had been the station at Saint Quentin, a town still occupied by its American saviors. By February 15, 1919, the Nord had repaired 360 miles of track, and by May 15 of that year 1,000 miles

Those bare figures do not tell the story of sacrifice and hard work which made such rapid recovery possible. The first gang of track walkers who started out to clean up the mess of war was caught by an exploding mine. One escaped with his life; the other eleven were blown to bits.

From then on more caution was shown. Engineers went ahead with electro magnets and exhumed masses

On a New Site at Tergnier the Nord Railroad Has Erected Modern Shops

of iron just below the surface. Often they were twisted débris; but equally often they proved to be hidden mines, torpedoes or unexploded shells.

Torpedoes had been sown like wheat by the retreating Germans; there were hundreds of them in every ten-mile stretch. And there were many hidden mines, attached with wires to loose rails or to harmless-looking coils of waste barbed wire. When workers picked up the wire or pieces of rail they were blown up.

There were other mines which worked slowly. Rain falling on certain chemicals produced a gas which set them off. The station at Roye, spared by four years of war, was blown up by a delayed mine seventy-five days after the enemy left.

The Passenger Station at Tergnier a Week After the French and the British Captured the Town

At Chaumy the Rails Were Ripped from the Ties with a Locomotive

Near the Roye station was a bridge, also left intact by the war. It had been in use for several months when a curious engineer, who kept wondering why the bridge had been spared, dug around the base and found a delayed mine operated by chemicals, which was practically ready to explode.

German prisoners were used to clean up the débris of the station of Laon. They appeared hesitant, and the French officer questioned them. They admitted that they were afraid of the mines they themselves had planted when still in the German army. They were told to find the mines, and in this way twenty were discovered.

One of the luckiest captures of the French during the closing days of the war brought to them a plan of the mines planted in the Lille station. It was seized in a raid on a trench occupied by German engineer troops, and led to the immediate discovery of twenty-four mines in that building. Unfortunately four others were overlooked, or did not figure on the chart, and exploded early in 1919.

The greatest damage was wrought in the few days just preceding the evacuation of France by the Germans, and must be written off as one of the exigencies of war. The Germans, after using the French railroads inside of their lines for four years, destroyed them before retreating to make pursuit more difficult and to save their rear guard.

The destruction of the tracks was methodical. A ninety-pound rail was bent in the form of a U and the open end was attached to the front of a powerful locomotive. The curved end was looped under the two rails by simply loosening a few bolts and lifting them up.

The engine was then fired up and sent on a path of destruction. As it progressed on its bumpy run, it ripped up the track. In places where the spikes held too tightly the ties came up, but generally the rails were stripped neatly from the ties.

Nothing shows better the spirit of the French railroad men than the story of their constant battle to keep Lille

open to trains. The German advance in March, 1918, cut off Lille to the north and the south, although the city itself still held off the enemy.

The French headquarters promptly gave out the order: "Open three new lines of railroad communication into Lille." Nine words. It appeared very simple, but railroad men knew that what looked fairly easy on a paper map would prove one of the hardest tasks of the war on the muddy plateau of Lille under a rain of German steel.

The job started April 22, 1918. It was necessary to move 784,000 cubic meters of earth and lay 150 miles of track and 20 miles of sidings, all within three months. Eighty days later trains were running over the new cut-off into Lille.

Thereafter trains ran every day, although bombardment charts show that 900 shells of 150 and 210 millimeters fell on it within a month. On one day 18 German shells of the type known as "galvanized iron cans" fell on the cut-off, yet 154 trains passed over those rails. On the next day the ration of shells was 15, but 145 trains moved along and saved the French army. The next few weeks saw the German energy spent, and then the retreat started which ended with the Armistice.

All this time the railroads depended upon the mines of Bethune, Noeux and Bruay for their coal. The Bethune mines were only 2½ miles behind the firing line, but the miners never missed a shift. It was necessary to haul the coal away from the mine every night, for if it was piled up the German airplanes dropped incendiary bombs and set the coal piles afire.

It was at Bethune during the hauling of night coal that a munitions train stopped beside a hospital train while a fleet of German planes was bombarding the railroad. One of the incendiary bombs struck a car on the munitions train, near the engine. It was evident

The Same Spot in Chaumy After Eleven Years of Peace

For Four Years the Station at Noyon Was Shelled

that when the flames burned through the wood there would be a horrible explosion, and hundreds of helpless men in the hospital train, waiting for the rain to stop so that it could continue, would be blown to pieces

The hogger of the munitions drag calmly ordered the rest of the train cut off and pulled away the blazing car filled with concentrated death. When he had run a mile up the line there was a terrific explosion. Nothing was ever found of the locomotive, nor of the heroic engineer and his fireman

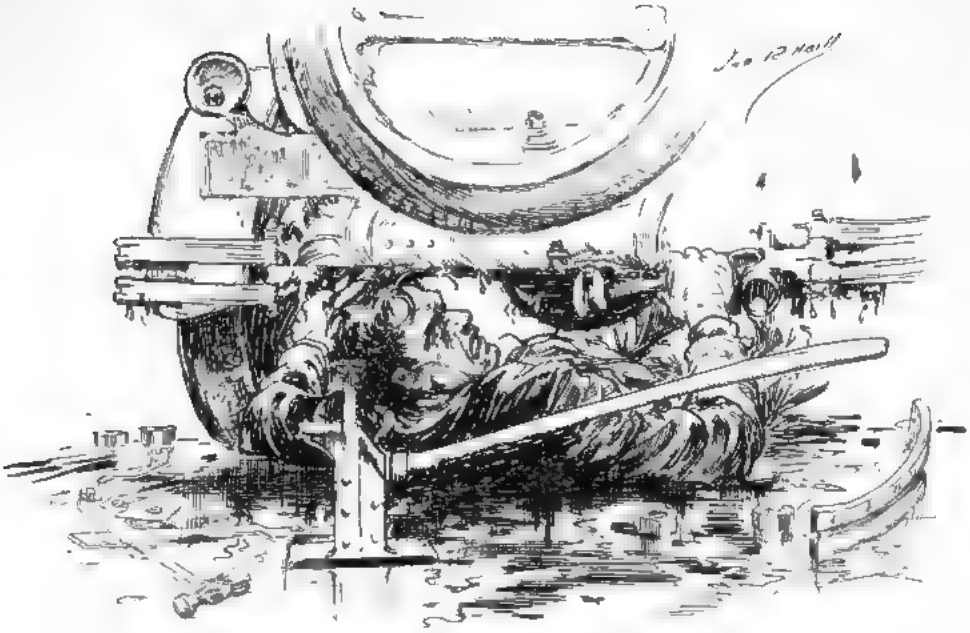
There is also a story of sacrifice by a switchman During an air raid a falling bomb wrecked a signal tower and killed the two towermen Sensing the danger to an approaching munitions train, which must have a clear path and be kept moving, a switchman set five boards by hand and was scurrying to the sixth when another bomb caught him.

Such cases of devotion to duty have become history. The French railroad men have forgotten the war's grim side. They realize that because of the war they are working under ideal conditions; they are running new stock over new rails; the glaring white of new bridges and new constructions is on every side

Their families are comfortable. They have clean, airy, modern homes with bathtubs—unheard-of in European workmen's homes before the war. The railroads have built cities for their employees, such as Tergnier and Bethune, with parks and playgrounds, rugby fields and community houses; every railroad man has his onion patch.

This healthy mode of living has worked wonders among railroad workers. The birth rate has gone up, and the death rate, especially from tuberculosis among children, has gone sharply down. On an average the child of a railroad worker now gets eleven years of education, compared to five before the war.

The war was to blame for much of France's misery, but it must also be given credit for making the Nord and Est systems two of the finest railway empires in the world.



Imagine How I Enjoyed Lying on My Back Under Decrepit Puddle Jumpers

Clothes You Wear

Maybe a Lot Depended on Front, but the Kid Took a Lesson in Raiment from Slick Slim

By the Georgia Rambler

MY front was gone. You can get by all right without a front if you got coin. My coin was gone except for a two-dollar bill. So I was up against it hard. I'd been cleaning up the floor in a garage with my suit. I'd blown that job a couple of weeks ago and was well rid of it and what I'd collected on it. It was no job for a respectable nut splitter anyway. I'm right. I got a card in the I. A. of M., No. 244569. I been a booming it now for a couple of years.

Imagine me tinkering with scissors-built auto engines, soldering broken gas lines and beating tin fenders out straight, me who is as good a hand at setting a set of Walschaerts valves on a mike, or boring out a three-foot low pressure cylinder on a compound as ever split a nut! Imagine how I enjoyed lying on my back under junk puddle jumpers taking up bearings, a wad of grease down the back of my neck and a drip of dirty oil dropping into my eye!

Well, anyway, I was about broke and pretty seedy-looking. I'd been a bumming around Richmond for a week a trying to land something. The

guy at the office of the locomotive works was the last one to turn me down.

"No," he says, giving my clothes the once over. "No, we don't need any machinists."

That didn't help anything but my feelings, for he hired the next guy, a no-bill who had been working on a no-card job. I left town that afternoon. It was Saturday.

That evening, just at sundown, I unloaded off a passenger on the little branch line on the Southern that runs out of Richmond. Of course, I could 'a' fixed it up with the shop steward to get me a pass, but I knew a lot of those nut splitters and I didn't want them to see me looking so down and out. I'd been a bumming the back end of the tank. The tallowpot had been amusing himself by turning the sprinkler hose on me. Then he began tossing big chunks of coal over the back of the tender. They'd hit the end of the baggage car, bust up and then hit me. Nice, playful sort of delegate, that transfer agent. I'd 'a' sure poked him in the eye if I had a chance.

But a bo ain't got much chance at that, so I hit the grit first time we stopped. I got off that front end an' I sure got that scoop handle polisher told before the train eased on off

I was standing shaking my fist at her markers when a voice behind me says, "You gotta good line there all right. Where did you pick it up?"

So that's the way I met the Tidewater Clam.

Tidewater was right, too. He's got him a traveler out of Norfolk machinists' lodge. He's served his time and, like me, has gone to booming to pick up some experience. Him and me were buddies till—well, maybe I'll tell about that some time. That came a long time afterward and many miles away from there.

II

He was a sittin' on a pile of crossties, a young guy about my own age, twenty-two or three. A husky-looking guy, wide across the shoulders and square across the chin. He had on a blue serge suit. It was clean and neat, not like mine. I could see the coat under the open front of his jumper, the ends of his pants legs below the turned up bottoms of his overalls. Black-headed, blacker-eyed, the Tidewater Clam looked no man's fool. And he wasn't. I took to him right away an' he and I got along fine.

We nailed a freight out in an hour, got into a empty box car. The floor was covered with straw and we chewed the rag for a while and then we hit the hay and passed out. Next morning early just at daylight, when I opened my eyes, the car was standing in a siding right close to a river. Tidewater was gone. He must have left while it was still dark. I felt right lonesome and sorter cheap, to think he'd ditched me. I figured he had come to the conclusion I was just a gay cat an' didn't know the game and would be too much trouble to take care of.

I went to the door, looked out. It was right on the edge of town. A couple of big buildings all sided with windows was near by, cotton mills. I figured it must be Danville by the river and the mills. But wherever it was, I felt the need of a feed. I just was getting ready to throw my feet, amble up to the main stem and see what was doing in the way of breakfast. Suddenly a thought hit me. I remembered that bad luck two-dollar bill pinned on to the inside of my inside shirt. I almost bust the buttons off the other

two getting to it. It was still there. I felt pretty cheap to think that I'd even suspicioned that Tidewater would 'a' frisked me for it while I was asleep.

For he was coming right then. There was a bulge under the right side of his jumper, a bulge under the left side. He had a can in one hand, a bundle wrapped in a newspaper in the other.

"Good scoffin', Georgia!" he called as he came near to where I stood in the car door. "Let's find a camp. We eat to-day."

So we ambled on down the tracks a way and found a good jungling place about a mile from where we'd been set off that morning at an old shack.

"It's a good country, Georgia, this," he said as he unpacked his loot.

And I'll say it was. He had a loaf of bread, a fresh killed chicken, a nice little home cured ham. I guess my eyes must have popped out when he proceeded to unload his pockets of a couple of dozen spuds and three or four big yellow yams. In the can was a quart of coffee. I wanted to ask him how he did it, but I reckoned he wouldn't care to have me prying into his private affairs, so I let it go at that.

Outside the tin can, we didn't have anything to cook with, but we cooked that chicken as nice as you'd want to see. That's the way to cook a chicken. There's no bother with feathers or cleaning 'em or anything else. Just get you a good big fire going and let it burn down till there's a nice bed of coals. Then you take your chicken and roll him up into a tight ball, plaster it all up with red clay. It don't have to be red. Blue, black, gray or plain gitchy gumbo will do. You roast him, clay and all. How long? That depends on how long it's been since you et last. You bust the ball of clay. The feathers all come off with it. His insides are in a nice tight little knot. It's no trouble at all to clean him then.

Tidewater knew the trick. He knew lots of tricks. I learned a lot from him. While our chicken was cooking, so were the spuds and yams and the coffee was warming up alongside the fire. After maybe three-quarters of an hour or so, we tried that chicken, and say, it was good!

While we was eating it, the Tidewater says to me, "Georgia, you know how to get you a chicken whenever you want one?"

I knew several ways and I told him.

"No good," he said. "Positively no good. Them chickens are sure to make a squawk when you go busting in on them like that. Now, here's the way. You spot some fowl roosting up in a tree. You wait till it gets dark; good and dark. Then you get you a nice long plank and you ease it up edgewise alongside the branch them chickens are a sitting on, rub it slowly and carefully alongside their feet. They step off the branch and on to this plank. Don't try to get more than two at a time," Tidewater cautioned me, "'cause when you ease 'em along down, you drop the plank and get you a neck in each hand. They're your fowl then."

I've tried that trick lots of times since and it always works.

Well, anyway, we were having one grand feed there when all of a sudden here comes a guy down the embankment toward us. I jump up and started to go from there, but the Tidewater Clam stops me.

"Take it easy, Georgia, take it easy," he whispered. "This guy's just another bo."

He came on down, came up to within ten feet of us, stopped, made a move toward his hip pocket.

"Aha!" he says. "Aha, I've got you now! Larceny."

I looked over to Tidewater. He was chewing away contentedly on his chicken bone looking at this guy with a sort of a half grin on his face, not a bit concerned

"Sure you got us," he says. "Now what you going to do with us?"

This question seemed to sorter puzzle Mr. Man. He stood there looking foolish. Then he took his hand away from his hip pocket, got a sheepish grin on his face, laughs.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" he cackles. "I like to fooled you then. I betcha you thought I was Johnny Law coming. If you fellows had got up and started to leave, I'd 'a' had the joke on you, wouldn't I?"

"Yeh," Tidewater admitted. "You'd 'a' had the joke and feed both, wouldn't you?"

Tidewater turns around to me and says, "How about it? Does this guy eat?"

I was pretty well filled up then and I nodded, although I was a little bit sore from his trying to pull that stunt on us. He came on down.

"Slick Slim is my moniker," he introduces himself. "That's the name I'm known by from the blueberry patches of Maine to the hop fields of California. I'm a rambling guy, I am."

He helped himself to a piece of the chicken, bust open a yam

"Yeh, I ride 'em all," he says. "Frequently on the cushions, and I ain't paid a cent fare for years."

Tidewater was sitting watching this guy. I could see him studying him pretty close.

Finally he spoke.

"From your own say-so, brother, you're pretty good. What's your line, anyway?"

"Oh, me?" he says. "I'm a promoter. Promoters don't work. They use their heads. I can get anything I want without paying fer it."

I looked over this Slick Slim delegate. He might have been all he said he was, but he didn't look very prosperous to me. His shoes were well scuffled. He'd ripped his coat.

Tidewater grinned, shook his head and said: "Brother, it may all be so, but you sure don't look it. I don't like to get personal, but you brought it on yourself. You're a monument of rags and your feet are going to be kissing the ground before long. Pretty soon you can be using those uppers for spats."

This Slick delegate raked through the coals seeing if he could find another spud. He went over 'em pretty carefully without success and then he answered: "Sure, I could get all lined up for that stuff. That's easy. I just bin wearin' out these old rags 'cause I didn't want to get a new suit till the spring styles come in."

We both laughs at this and us making a joke of it that way seems to get this Slick delegate peeved, for he starts out talking fast and loud.

"Now, let's see. To-day's Sunday," he said. "I'll get started to-day and by to-morrow I betcha I doll myself up for fair and not one thin dime do I spend. I'll show you, I'll show you guys!"

"Yeh?" we both said doubtfully.

"Yeh," he answered as though it was a dead cinch.

"I'll put you next to some things that are worth knowing. Now speaking of clothes"—he looked at me—"it won't hurt you none to get next to this trick."

I was getting all ready to paste him when Tidewater nudged me.

He lowered his voice and got real confidential.

"Don't spread this, 'cause if it gets out, it 'll ruin it But here's how I get me a suit of clothes to-morrow. I'm going to ease on uptown, pick out the best tailor on the main stem. I'm a going to walk in and say to him, 'Scissors, you think I need me a new suit?' And what 'll he say?

"Why, he'll say, 'Sure, course you do.' So then I'll get the price on one, fifty or sixty dollars, it don't matter"

"Aha!" He Says, "I've Got You Now! Larceny"

Our unbidden guest wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand.

"Yeh, fifty or sixty dollars' front. 'Course about this time Scissors is going to get interested and I'll tell him I got a pay day coming Saturday, and I'm going to trade with none but him. After a little talk about the weather and so forth, I'm going to start out.

"Now, fellows," Slick went on, "I know all this sounds pretty flat. But here's where the trick comes in. Just as I get to the door, I'm going to say, 'How about one of your cards, Mr Scissors? I'm sorter forgetful and I might not find the right place.' Of course, the tailor's going to dash back and get me a card. Sometimes they give two or three and that's where the trick comes in. Now I take these cards and I go way off to the other side of town and I pick me out a swell looking house—not too swell—just sorter swell, and I ring the front doorbell. When the door opens, I pass out a card with this line, 'Now, I represent Scissors, the tailor. We're just starting a new department. We've installed all the machinery and we're out for business. Now in order to introduce this department, we will clean and press a suit absolutely free of charge, one to each customer' Maybe I get a suit and maybe I don't."

"No, maybe you don't," interrupts Tidewater. "Maybe they just call up Scissors on the phone. Maybe by the time you get to the next corner, a bull is there waiting for you."

Slick laughed scornfully.

"Say, I look that easy, don't I? I don't go up to no house that's got telephone wires running to it."

"It's your hand," Tidewater says, "play on."

"Well, maybe I don't do any business at the first place, but I positively guarantee I get me a nice set of rags before long."

This guy had a good line all right. I could see the idea. Here was my shining chance. I looked over at Tidewater. There's a little smile around the corners of his mouth. "Not so bad at that," he says. "But how you going to get you a pair o' kicks? Are you going around and tell 'em you represent Spaghetti, the shoe shine, and you going to shine a pair for nothing to get started?"

"Nah," Slick grunted. "I got a better one than that for the boots."

"Well, brother," Tidewater says, "if it ain't no trade secret, let's hear that one, too."

"All right, this is easy," Slim began. "Now I walks into a shoe store and I picks out a clerk and I says to him, 'I want to get me a pair of number eights.' Then I hesitates, 'I think they're number eights, I ain't sure.' O' course the guy says, 'Mister, if you'll kindly remove your shoes, I'll measure your foot.' And I shakes my head and says, 'That won't do any good.

"'No,' I tells the shoe clerk, 'these shoes ain't for me. They're for a friend of mine and I think he wears eight. Sorter wide, I think, double Es.' O' course the clerk is going to look surprised at this and say, 'Where is your friend? Why don't he come down and try 'em on himself?' 'Oh, he can't, he can't,' I says. 'And why not?' Then I explains my friend's in the hospital and he can't get out for a day or two, but he wants a new pair of shoes and I'm out to get 'em for him, but I ain't so sure about the size. 'Maybe he'd just better wait till he gets out and can come down himself.' I sorter say as if I'm thinking out loud. And then I suddenly have another thought—out loud. 'Seeing as how my

friend can't get down, how about my taking them for him to try on?' "

"Fat chance you got!" Tidewater grunted.

"Oh, but you don't see the trick yet," Slim answered him. "I wouldn't think of asking the guy for a pair of shoes without showing him the color o' money. Naw, I don't want a pair of shoes. All I want is one. Course nobody'd ever think a guy'd go south with one shoe and I gets the shoe either right or left, it don't matter. I beats it on down and finds another shoe store. I give 'em the same line and I pick out something that'll match the one I got, only this is for the other foot and, when I go out of this second place, I got me a new pair o' kicks."

"Yeh, now why don't you get yourself a hat to go with your new outfit?" Tidewater asks.

"Oh, hats is easy," this guy says. "I aim to get me one to-day. I always go to church about three or four times a year. You know they generally hang up the hats and coats in the hall. It don't hurt none to listen to a sermon once in a while. I think it's good for a guy. You can generally make a big sneak right after the sermon before the bunch start out and you can leave with a nice new lid. That's perfectly safe, for you see if the guy comes out while you're leaving with his lid, you can always make out it's a mistake. Besides, no one'll start an argument with you right in church."

"You got a good line, brother," said Tidewater. "It's good and certain to put you to makin' little ones out of big ones."

"Humm. I've pulled these many a time and they ain't never nabbed me yet. Say, it's getting 'long about church time now. I guess I better git to going. If you guys are here after 'while, you'll see that I haven't been giving you any phony line."

III

He left and a few minutes later it begins raining. Well, we had nothing much to do. There wasn't any freights running, so we just laid up there. Slick come back in a couple of hours and he had a new lid on all right and a nice new waterproof Benny. He was pretty cocky. We lay around all day, waiting for it to clear up. Just before night it quit raining a little and Slick suggests that he go out and rustle up some grub. He left his new hat and coat. I guess that was to show us he was coming back.

"Lay off of 'em, Georgia," my sidekick said when he saw me eye 'em. "They're rank poison."

Slim wasn't gone long, but he come back with plenty. It was canned stuff, about a dozen cans and one o' his knuckles was bleeding, so I figured he'd busted in a window some place and lifted the stuff. But that was no business of mine.

Well, we stayed at that shack that night, the three of us. Next morning we caught a freight out in the rain and Slick goes with us. Tidewater never said anything, but I could see he was uneasy about this guy and we ditched him 'long about noon next day. We got off the slow drag we was riding and Tidewater and I nailed a hot one about an hour afterward. We see Slick making three or four passes at it, but it was getting faster all the time. The last time he tried to grab him a handful of box cars, he skidded down the fill. I thought we'd seen the last of him then. He was dressed in his new Benny and when you got a coat flopping around your legs, you ain't in the best shape for a running grab.

Well, anyway, we saw him getting up out of the ditch and our drag went right along without him. We'd got over into North Carolina then, down around Greensboro and it was still raining. Now it ain't no fun to go bumming in the rain, especially when it's the spring of the year and still pretty raw. So we kept our eyes peeled for a place to jungle up for a few days.

We found a swell hangout here; a construction gang had been repairing a trestle that crossed a big creek right below there. They'd finished the job, I guess, and left their cook shanty cars in a siding. There was no one keeping tab on them, so we moved in.

Long about three o'clock in the afternoon, a freight headin' west goes by on the main line. I was sitting reading an old newspaper, looking out the side window when I sees a bo standing in the open door of a freight car. You couldn't help seeing him. He had on a pair of ox blood kicks, a striped suit that was pretty loud. Over his arm dangled a raincoat and on his head was the nice new pearl gray fedora. Slick Slim had worked his tricks all right.

Tidewater looked out the other window. After the train had passed, he nodded to me and says: "Well, he's come and gone. That guy's original. You could spot that suit a mile away."

I'd been figuring on it for some time, so I says, "Tidewater, that's not a bad stunt at all. I believe as soon as it quits raining, I'll throw my feet and see if I can't get me a new front like he did."

Tidewater looks up at me and puts the damper on the scheme.

"Georgia," he says, "if you do, you gonna ride alone from then on. I know temptation is pretty strong, but that's the unsafest thing that you could pull."

We was having a pretty soft time of it all right. There was quite a bit of grub in a cook car, canned stuff mostly. We had half of our ham left yet and we got along fine for four or five days with nothing to do but lay around and read and watch the little river right below us as it slowly got higher on account of the rain. Right upstream about a hundred yards above the trestle, an old tumbled down house stood on the edge of the creek. The bank was washing away in under it and Tidewater and I used to sit and figure how long it would be before it fell into the stream.

After we'd been there a few days, one morning I decides to fix up my suit. So I took it off. I had a needle and some thread with me and I went to stitching up some of the rips in it. I figured after I got it sewed up, and give it a good brushing, and wash out the grease spots, maybe I'd sorter look respectable again. I still had on my red woolen winter underwear and I sits in it while I worked on the suit.

Tidewater was laying in one of the bunks, taking a snooze for himself. Suddenly I heard a crash. I ran to the end door and looked out. The house on the creek had fallen in. Well, there was nothing alarming in that, for I'd been expecting it for the last day or two, so I watched it settle down in the water, rise up and begin floating. The creek was bank full now and a hundred yards wide. I noticed the water was only a foot or so below the level of the crossties on the trestle that spanned it. That house turned over a couple of times, got out in midstream and barged right down on the trestle.

It hit with a hard smash. The water seemed to get under it then. It turned up, rolled over, balanced for a second,

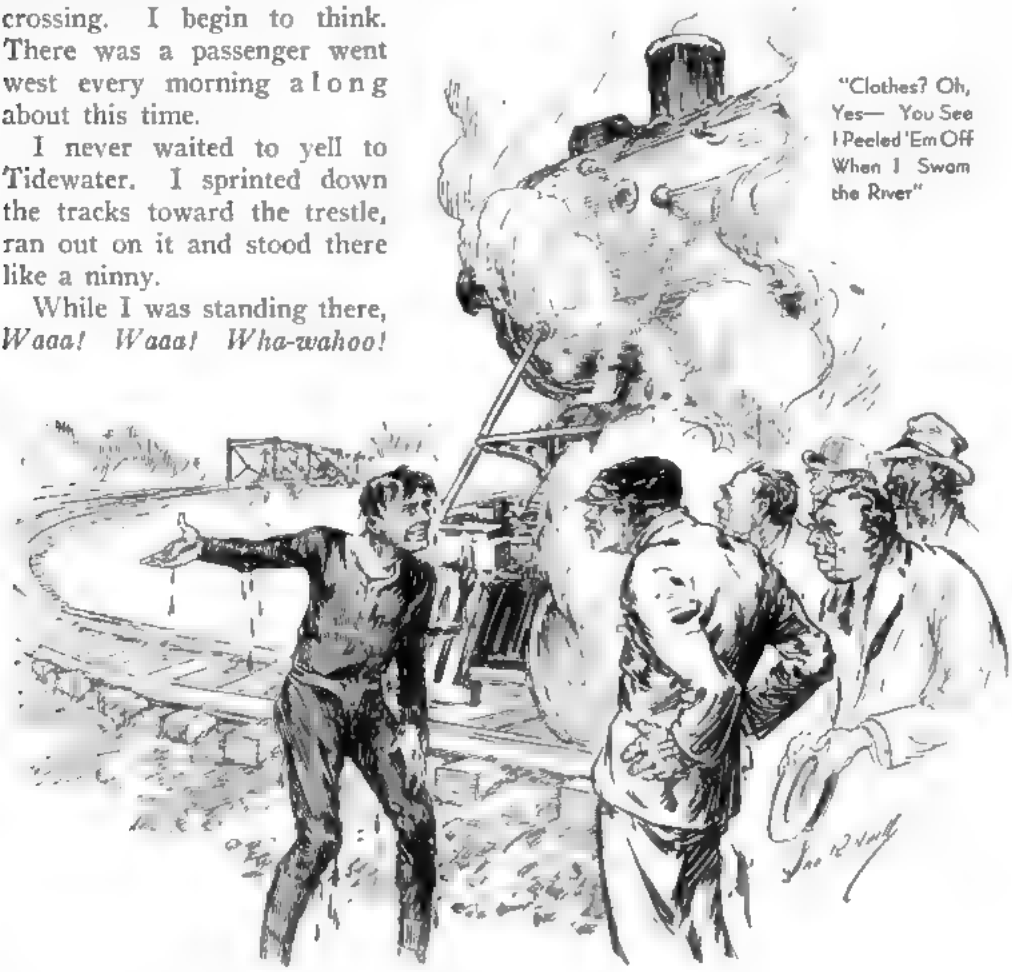
and then flopped down right square across the single track on the bridge.

I was standing there just sorter looking at it curious without thinking much one way or the other when *W'aaa! Waaa! Wha-wahoo!* I heard a locomotive's whistle blow a road crossing. I begin to think. There was a passenger went west every morning along about this time.

I never waited to yell to Tidewater. I sprinted down the tracks toward the trestle, ran out on it and stood there like a ninny.

While I was standing there, *Waaa! Waaa! Wha-wahoo!*

Course there was one chance in a thousand that she might just knock it off into the creek and go on. But there was a whole hatful of chances that she'd do something else. No, the creek wasn't deep. I don't think over



"Clothes? Oh, Yes— You See I Peeled 'Em Off When I Swam the River"

That crossing blow is nearer now. I did some rapid figuring then. The right of way I knew comes downhill around a curve, through a cut above on to this trestle. They'd never see what was on it till it was too late to make a stop. If that train coming wasn't flagged mighty soon, she'd hit the trestle and what was on it.

ten feet, but you can drown a lot of people in ten feet of water.

I realized that about five seconds later. I dashed off of that bridge and up along the bank. Then I took to the drink. I done a lot of swimming in my time, but I'll remember that one for a while. That water was so cold that when I hit it, I was just paralyzed.

When I got to the other side, I was going so fast I shot clear out of water and five feet up the bank. Then like a red bird sailing up a country lane, I flew up the tracks. Banking on the curve, I went through the cut and up to the top of the grade beyond it. That jack was coming down fast on me, a hauling a string o' plush cushions behind her. I didn't need no red flag at all. I just stood in the middle of the track and give 'em a washout signal, and they saw lots of red.

I think the eagle-eye must have busted the whistle cord when he heaved down to answer me. She gave just one startled sort of a squawk out o' her like a hen does when you get her by the neck. Then it was the big hole and a streak of fire as the wheels slid over the steel. That jack cat-hopped to a stop right up to where I was standing.

The eagle-eye pokes his head out the cab window and yells: "Hey, Belzebub, how's all the rest of the folks in hell? And what in the devil are you flagging me down for?"

I waved one arm down toward the bridge and says, "If you ease on about fifteen feet ahead, you'll see that I stopped you before something else made you set the air and join the bird gang."

Well, to make a long story short, after the hoghead discovers what it's all about, the passengers come a flocking down to have their look. I'm sorter the guest of honor. Some one asked me where I live and, of course, I can't give myself away and I tells him I live up the creek a little ways and I saw what was going on and I did what I did.

I was getting along all right and forgot about leaving my suit in the car till I sees a couple of women coming along to where the crowd was. They didn't come all the way. They must of got a glimpse of me, for they let a squawk out of 'em, turned around and beat it back for all they was worth. Then I knew what was wrong.

"Your clothes," some one asks, "where's your clothes?"

"Clothes? Oh, yes, you see I peels 'em off when I swam the river. They fell in."

A fat little guy, looks like a traveling salesman, begins talking to the bunch off to one side. Above the questions they was shooting at me, I catch a word or two of his speech and some of it sounded mighty good.

"Brave act," he says. "Saved our lives—lost his clothes—should be rewarded," and I see him passing the hat.

The eagle-eye uncouples from his train and runs down the hill. The shacks get a couple of poles and set against the obstruction on the trestle. One good shove and it goes downstream and the tracks is clear. I start to make my get-away when I sees this fat traveling man coming again. He's got a hatful of coin and he's trying to give it to me. I got no pockets to put it in.

Finally some one gets a handkerchief and I loads it up. The engine couples up and the train pulls out with everybody waving out the windows to me. I goes back to the shanty car, sits down to the table and goes to counting.

"Sixty-three, sixty-four, three two-bit pieces, two thin dimes, and a jit makes sixty-five—not so bad for a five minute swim."

Tidewater raises up out of the bunk at the sound of me counting. He looks over at the bunch o' jack I got out on the table, me setting there in my wet underwear.

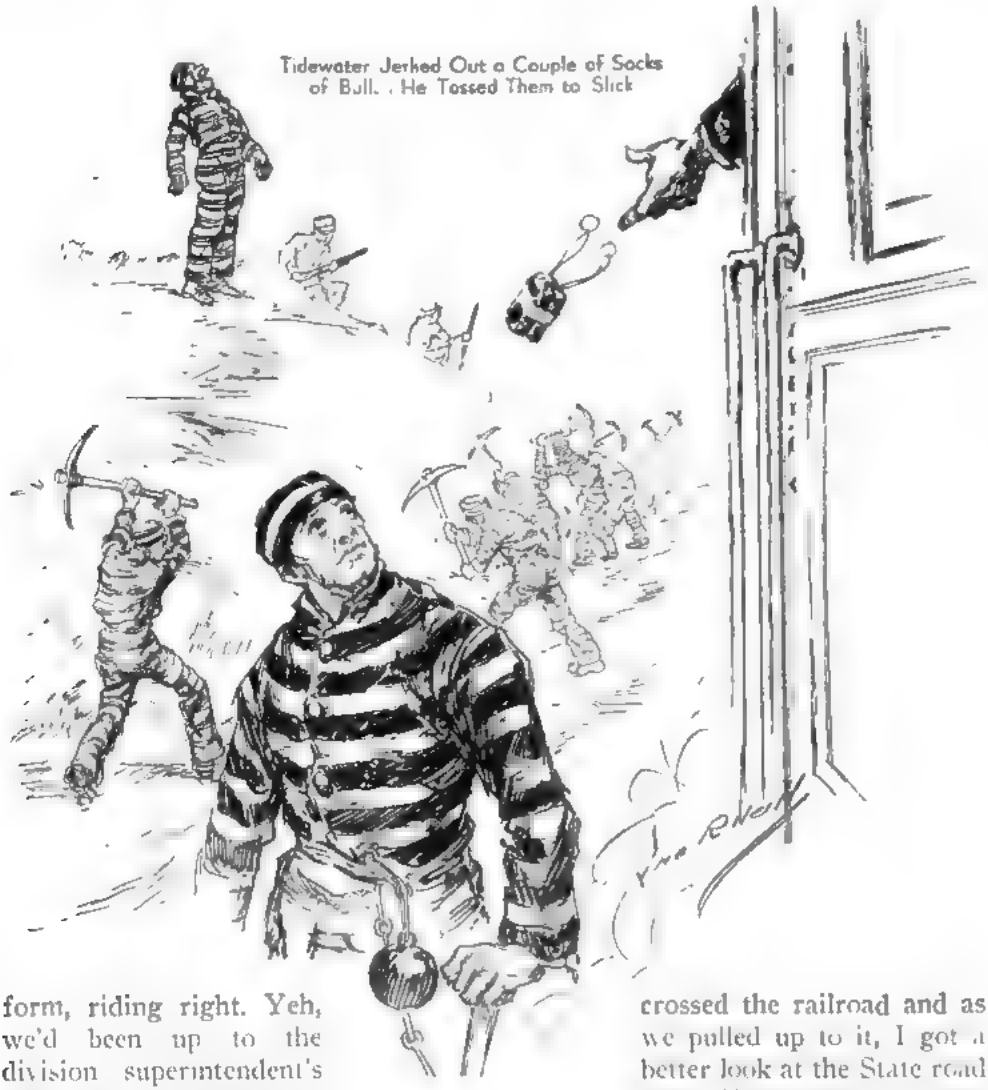
He bats his eyes a time or two, lays

back, mutters, "Dreaming again," and goes back to sleep.

IV

We was riding a varnished shot, a sitting out on the observation platform, riding right. Yeh, we'd been up to the division superintendent's office and he'd given us a pass. That was Tidewater's idea. We were heading west, Tidewater and I, me with a brand new blue serge suit on, a new pair of kicks on my feet and a swell lid cocked over my right eye

We'd been riding about fifteen miles, I guess, when we slowed down on account of some construction going on ahead. I looked around the side of the car and sees a whole string of men working on a highway. This road crossed the railroad and as we pulled up to it, I got a better look at the State road gang. They stood in a line, a long string of them, swinging their picks at a red clay bank where they was cutting the road through. Up on the bank above, a Negro stood singing a familiar tune but funny words.



Tidewater Jerked Out a Couple of Socks of Bull. . He Tossed Them to Slick

He had a fine voice and he sure could sing:

"When de great day comes in the mawnin',
And you're a climbin' up de golden stair,
While Gabriel's trumpet pealin' an' a soundin',
Ain't gonna mattah 'bout de clothes yo' wear!
Oh, de clothes yo' wear!
Oh, de clothes yo' wear!
Ain't gonna mattah 'bout de clothes yo' wear."

We came abreast of them and, as we did, right close to the tracks I see a fellow all dressed up. He had on a striped suit, black and yellow stripes that ran round and round it. His cap was the same combination. There was a ball hanging in his belt and a chain that ran down to his ankle. I got a good look as we came even with him. I recognized him. It was Slick Slim.

Beside me, Tidewater made a quick move to his pocket, jerked out a couple sacks of bull. You know the kind, two for fifteen with the papers done up with them. He tossed it to Slick.

"He'll need 'em, I know," Tidewater says.

As we picked up speed, we both was looking at the chain gang working away. Slick got the makings all right. We sees him picking it up. That was all we could do for him.

We rode on for quite a ways and finally Tidewater spoke: "Well, he's got him a new front all right."

I'll bet he's wondering yet what made those two swell guys riding that train toss him the makings.

Up ahead the engine whistle blew. When the echoes quit sounding, above the noise of the wheels clicking over the rail joints, I hear Tidewater humming:

"'Oh, it ain't gonna mattah 'bout de clothes yo' wear.'"

AFTER 1,650,000 MILES

IF boys wanted to be railroad engineers these days instead of aviators, they'd undoubtedly mount on their highest pedestal of esteem, Mr. Alexander Widman, who retired the other day after fifty years of faithful service at the throttle of a crack express

A meeting was held by old friends and colleagues when he retired recently and he was presented, by the Railroad Institute, with a gold medal. He has driven locomotives more miles than any one else in the world—1,650,000 miles, to be exact. And he has never had an accident.

Widman is affectionately known among his friends as "The Flying Dutchman." That nickname has clung to him ever since he piloted the fastest train on the Union Pacific lines. It ran from Omaha to the West Coast.

He wants to retire now and dream about the old days when being a railroad engineer was not only the pinnacle of every small boy's aspirations, but also an extremely hazardous occupation that required a steel nerve and a sure hand. Modern roadbeds and modern machines have lessened the risk and the color of the calling.

The Whisper of the Rail, Calling to a Man Who Has Once Followed It

Derails

Haunted by the Shadow of Murder and Pursuit, Dave Meade Could Not Forget the Roar of the Rails

By E. S. Dellinger

Author of "Redemption for Slim," "Lure of the Rails," "Pin-Grease John"

Illustrated by John R. Neill

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

THERE has always been trouble between Dave Meade and the conductor on his drag—Rounder Johnson. Johnson is a bully; and when Milly Carroon dies and her brother falls to his death from a moving freight, Dave comes to believe that Johnson is also a murderer.

With the arrival of Molly Carroon, the sister of Milly, the feud between conductor and brakeman grows white hot. Dave loves Molly, while Johnson covets her.

For a while Johnson gets the upper hand. Dave, misinterpreting Molly's reason for refusing to marry him, goes away and leaves her working in a boarding house. On the sudden death of her landlady Molly is forced to take work in a saloon controlled by Rounder Johnson. Her life there is torture.

On his return Dave rescues Molly from virtual imprisonment, and then begins a war to the bitter end between brakeman and conductor. Friends warn Dave to beware of accidents, and not long afterward Johnson highballs

the freight while Dave is under the wheels.

Aroused but not frightened by several such attempts to take his life, Dave escorts Molly to a dance on the eve of their proposed wedding. Here Rounder hurls an insult at Dave which the latter hotly resents. Rounder calls Dave outside and a battle ensues. Rounder tries to pull a gun, and in the struggle he is fatally shot. Dave is spirited away while Rounder's family swears revenge and dispatches Rounder's brother, Ed, to trail Dave down. Then begins a long man hunt which covers the whole West. Meanwhile Molly starts out to find Dave and keep him from harm if possible. Dave loses himself completely, and Ed Johnson is called off the trail by the war.

X

WHEN word filtered to Molly that Ed Johnson had quit his job and turned boomer, in order to hunt for Dave, fear filled her soul.

"He'll find him, too," the brakeman she had overheard had said. "No Johnson was ever yet known to lose his man. They're like a cross between a bulldog and a bloodhound, them Johnsons is. Dave may keep clear for awhile, but with him not knowin' Ed's out after him, sooner or later they're goin' to meet head on; and when they do—"

Never since Molly had been a waitress had she mixed orders as she did during the remainder of that night. When she was relieved, at eight o'clock in the morning, the dark circles under her eyes had deepened, her throat was dry, and she talked in a croaking whisper. All that day she tossed and pitched on her bed in her cold room; but before night came she had decided that she, too, would quit her job and go out to seek Dave Meade, to warn him that Ed Johnson was hunting him. If she found him, she would keep him away from the rail, or perhaps—if she found him—

With this hope she, too, took to the road, becoming a boomer waitress. As old Gabe Johnson had thought, so thought she—that sooner or later Dave would return to the rail. Consequently, wherever trainmen ate, she waited at the table. In restaurants of Western Canada, in chili joints of Old Mexico, her sad, soft smile caused many a boomer heart to beat more quickly. Men sought her, but she turned from them as cold as stone.

Thus for five years, carrying her few belongings in a single grip, she traveled up and down the rails, seeking, hoping. At least once during every year, coming in her rambles within reach of Ainesville or Bloomfield, she dropped in to work for a few days, listening for news of Dave, yet dreading to hear it. Twice during her first five years she had met Ed Johnson face to face—the last time in Denver, just before America entered the World War

When she returned to Ainesville late in the winter of 1917, the news she heard from the battlefields of France sent her on her quest once more, eagerly seeking, but not this time to warn.

It was the spring of 1918. All day and for two days past four punchers, booted, spurred, and chapped, had trailed a herd of Bar O cattle up from the valley for shipment to summer pasture. Late in the evening, having topped the divide, they turned into the ever deepening trail leading down a

narrow cañon to the shipping town of Lobo, where the North Branch leaves the main line of the P. and C.

As they entered the mouth of the cañon the foreman came up alongside Jim Davis. The two men rode together in silence until they approached a dim trail which led over the mountains to Lobo, cutting off half the distance to the town.

"I'm ridin' the cut-off to-night, Davis," the foreman said. "If the cars is there, I'll meet you at the foot of the pass, an' we'll load out right away. If they ain't, we'll have to hold 'em in the pocket above the yards till the cars comes."

"All right, Barnes," returned Davis. "We'll be looking for you at the foot of the pass."

The foreman turned into the cut-off trail, leaving the man addressed as Davis to ride on alone, with the other two punchers following far behind.

Little did Jim Davis resemble the brakeman who, five years ago almost to a day, had whipped Rounder Johnson in a box car. His hair was gray. His shoulders were stooped. His chest was hollow. His face, though tanned by the Western sun, was thin and wrinkled. Dave Meade had been almost six feet tall, but the withering hand of a broken life had rested heavily upon him, shriveling, crushing, weighting him down with the passing of years, so that only his eyes burning in their caverns marked him as the man who had fled from the injustice of the Johnsons of Ainesville.

As years of hate had made Ed Johnson hard as flint and cold as steel; as years of hopeless love had softened Molly Carroon and ripened her into the sweet fullness of pure womanhood; so years of chafing under the power of injustice, of fleeing from perils which he knew beset him, had crushed Dave Meade until he was but the shadow of his former self.

Making his way into Arkansas immediately after the death of Rounder Johnson, he had fled westward, then turned north, and sought refuge in Canadian lumber camps. A year later, when Canada became embroiled in the World War, thinking to find oblivion in the turmoil of battle, he had enlisted in the Canadian army. A year in the trenches, and he had been invalided home, his lungs shot with chlorine gas. Believing himself changed beyond recognition, and urged by a man's eternal clutching after life, he had returned to the dry air of the Southwestern cattle country. Here, when he was able, he had taken a job punching steers for the Bar O

There were times when, knowing that his cause was just, he had been tempted to go back to Ainesville and let his case come to trial. Then, remembering the lying posters in which he had seen a price put upon his head, knowing the power that the Johnsons wielded, he had decided to remain in hiding.

Often he had told himself that the little of life left to him was worse than the gallows. His name was dead. He dared neither to claim an old friend nor to make a new one. He could not know a woman.

Besides, what woman was there? What woman could there be, so long as his memory held the vision of Molly Carroon as he had last seen her that night at the Green Frog, urging him, pleading with him, not to go out at the call of the Johnsons? Why had he not listened to her? But then, if he had listened to her, could he ever have held her in his arms, called her his own, knowing that such insults had

gone unchallenged? Could she have loved a man who would cringe and cower and run from the cur who had insulted her?

His mind busy with these thoughts, with visions of what might have been, he had held aloof from the other cowmen. When his fellows laughed and jested or danced and sang, Jim Davis maintained a tight-lipped silence. Many a time he had sat alone until far in the night, puffing cigarette after cigarette, or had ridden down some lone trail beneath the mountains, listening sadly to the dismal howl of a coyote or eagerly to the far-off whistle of a locomotive. He was not happy. In his heart was a double yearning.

To-night, as he trailed the Bar O cattle down toward Lobo, unwashed, unshaven, and unshorn, he reminded one of the scraggly cottonwoods that grew along the cañon trail, their bodies stunted by the unfriendly soil in which they struggled for existence, their yellowing branches bent and twisted by the harsh winds that howled nightly down the rock-ribbed ravine.

The cañon widened. It was joined on the left by another, and down this second cañon came a trickle of sound. The trickle became a flood, and a long freight train came writhing down, smoke pouring from the locomotive's short stack, white steam rising from its dome. There was a wave from the gangway as the shining decapod thundered by. Rocking reefers sped under the smoke screen. The caboose clattered by with a wave from the cupola, and the flood of sound became once more a trickle, which finally vanished in the distance.

For a moment, in the surge of dreamy memories, Jim Davis forgot that he was a fugitive cowpoke. As the train thundered down the cañon, with the odor of coal smoke and box grease in his nostrils, and in his ears the clang of brake rigging and drawbars and the clack of wheels on joints, almost he could feel the rocking decks once more beneath him. He was back at Ainesville—at Ainesville! Molly Carroon, Rounder Johnson, the Green Frog, the flight—life is hell!

He came to with a start, looked guiltily about him, heard again the dull thud of a thousand hoofs on the red sand, and saw once more the scraggly cottonwoods and the scrub cedars.

That night, at Lobo, while he helped to club unwilling steers into yawning stock cars, again and again came that surge of memory. Several times before he had loaded stock here, yet never had he felt so strongly the urge, the seductive touch and whisper of the rail, calling to a man who has once followed it. Perhaps it was because a student brakeman had told him that they were hiring men in Lunas—crying for anything that wore trousers and could carry a lantern. Perhaps it was because he knew he could easily show himself qualified for a job. Perhaps it was but the feeling of homesickness which, growing with the years, was gnawing at his heart like a cancer.

Whatever the cause, shortly after midnight, when the loading was finished and four cowmen stumbled into the Harvey House for lunch, Jim Davis had reached the decision to let the foreman take back his horse, while he sought work, as old Gabe Johnson had predicted, once more upon the rail.

The other three punchers, despite fatigue and hunger, were laughing and joking when they came and sat down at the long counter; but Jim was silent. Pushing his broad-brimmed hat back from his thin face, he sat toying with his knife and fork. Three waitresses,

becomingly dressed in black, with white aprons and white caps, were talking together at the farther end of the long counter. One of them, who had been facing away from the men when they entered, turned and started toward them.

With a stifled cry Jim dropped his knife and fork, clasped his twitching hands together, and stared at her, a deathly pallor creeping over his tanned face. There was no mistaking her. Even had his eyes been deceived, the racing of his heart would have made it certain. The waitress was Molly Carroon. The graying of her black hair at the temples, the sorrowful droop of her full red lips, the shadowy lines of care on her forehead, could never conceal from Dave Meade the beauty of that well remembered face. He would have known her among thousands.

Five feet from him she stopped. Her left hand flew to her breast and then clutched her throat. The pitcher of water that she had just picked up fell from her nerveless right hand. The forced smile left her lips, and her face became like white chalk.

Slowly, like one in a trance, like one who has seen a ghost, an apparition, she approached him. Directly across the counter she stopped and, leaning forward, whispered the one word:

"Dave!"

Dave Meade came to his feet, his own face white and twitching. Reaching out blindly, he grasped both her outstretched hands in his.

"Molly—Molly Carroon!" he said hoarsely.

For a full minute the tableau held, the man and the woman standing, their

hands clasped in an iron grip, hot tears coursing down their careworn faces, to fall upon the polished oaken counter between them. The other two waitresses started toward them, but stopped halfway and remained standing. The three cowboys rose and stood silently looking on, their hats in their hands.

Before the reunited pair regained awareness of time and place, a passenger train thundered up to the station and ground heavily to a stop. With a start Dave jerked himself alive and shot a glance at his companions. They were smiling. A crimson flush mounted to Molly's face. She laughed and then, bursting into tears, hastily retreated, leaving one of the other girls to wait on her customers.

The crew of the passenger train came breezing in for coffee and sinkers, which they ate, all the while teasing the girls at the counter. When they had gone Molly, without her apron and cap, came out to sit beside Dave on a stool. While he finished his lunch, they chatted together in low tones.

His companions, with hardly a glance in his direction, paid their bill and went up to bed; but at midnight Dave and Molly strolled out together under the New Mexico sky, where stars sparkled and the wind sighed through piñon and scrub cedar. For hours they sat upon a grassy ledge above a trickling spring. A ranch rooster crowed. Across the rim of the cañon wall the morning star strode out.

"And now you think we're safe, dear?" he was saying in a low, tense voice. "You think there's no danger of discovery?"

"I know it, Davie. It has been five years. The law has long since forgotten you. With Ed Johnson out of the hunt no one else will ever look for you."

"You know Ed was killed in France?"

"The report came straight—killed in action, it said. Besides, he wouldn't know you now, even if he met you face to face."

"You knew me."

"Love knows everything," she murmured. "Love knows I'm not going to give you up after all these years of following and seeking!"

She ran a hand through his graying hair and clasped him more tightly to her. The star in the east blinked out before the rising sun. Dave and Molly returned to the dining room. The cowboys came in for cakes and coffee. Dave sat beside them at the counter, and, for the first time, laughed at a jest that one of them made. They looked at him curiously, smiling.

"Reckon old Jim over there won't be goin' back to the ranch with us this mornin'. Eh, Jimmy?"

Dave Meade, or Jim Davis, looked out at the smoke from a branch line engine standing on the turntable. He took a gulp of strong coffee.

"No—no. That's what I was going to tell you. I'm not going back."

The two punchers laughed boisterously. The foreman laid down his knife and fork and held out a hand.

"Shake, Jimmy, old boy! I'm shore glad of it!"

"Glad to get rid of me?"

"No, I ain't glad to git rid of you. I've known ever since you come on to the Bar O there was somethin' the matter with you, an' I always figgered it was a woman. I'm glad you got it settled, Jim. If there's anything I can do fer you, let me know."

"Thanks, Mr. Barnes," returned Jim solemnly. "I may have to take you up on that some time. Right now I'd like to get you to indorse a check

for what I've got in the Santa Fe Bank."

"Goin' far, feller?" queried the boss.

"Not far. Going to hit the trainmaster at Lunas for a job braking, that's—"

"Brakin'! What the devil does a cowman want to go brakin' fer?"

"I ain't no cowman, Mr. Barnes. You know that. I'm—"

Dave checked himself and threw out his hands.

XI

At ten o'clock that morning Jim Davis and Molly Carroon left Lobo together. At noon they were married in a parsonage at Lunas—Lunas, the town from which Ed Johnson had been drafted into the army less than a year before. At two o'clock, their wedding dinner eaten, their apartment rented, Jim walked into the office and introduced himself to the trainmaster.

"Hiring any brakemen now, Mr. Riley?" he inquired.

The trainmaster looked him over carefully.

"Had any experience?"

Jim drummed on the arm of his chair, dropped his eyes, and with a shake of his head replied:

"No, sir—no experience."

Riley looked at him for some time, then glanced out where a cloud of smoke billowed up from the goat.

"You're pretty old to learn the game now, I'd say, Mr. Davis; but I'm needing men. I'd hire an experienced man that quick."

The trainmaster snapped his fingers. Jim started.

"I believe—I could learn your job—pretty quick, Mr. Riley," he stammered. "You see I—I used to be around a railroad quite a bit."

"Yeah?" The trainmaster studied the applicant's face again. He was used to experienced railroaders hiring out as students. He had taken on more than one boomer that way. "What you been doin' for the last five years?"

"Been punching cattle for the Bar O outfit, mostly."

"Mostly? What else? Where'd you work before you went punchin' cattle?"

Jim started to say that he had been gassed while serving in the trenches of Flanders; but he hesitated. If he told that he would probably be refused the job. Railroads want men, not invalids.

He looked up at Riley. The grizzled railroader was staring searchingly at him, awaiting his reply. There was no way around it. He had to tell the truth, even if it cost him the job. Perhaps, owing to the scarcity of men, he might be considered.

"I—I served in the Canadian army, Mr. Riley, during the first year of the war. Invalided home."

"Yeah?"

The old man smiled, shook his head dubiously, turned back to his desk, and began signing letters. Jim's heart fell. That morning, when he left Lobo, he had not thought of this difficulty. He remained silent, idly twirling his hat between his fingers. Finally the official turned to his stenographer with the injunction:

"Give this man an application blank, Miss Wilson. If he passes the doctor, send him out with Shorty Hall on the south local in the morning, studenting."

Jim filled out the application blank. Then, after passing the doctor's cursory examination and having Molly sign the release, they went to their new home down by the yards.

On the south local, the following day, all went well until noon. Shorty

Hall watched Jim giving signals, and smiled approvingly.

"That boy's been around a railroad," he commented to Slim Jones, his hind brakeman.

"Yeah! Seen one a few times, anyhow. Bet, by gonnies, he's some bird that got canned somewheres an' he's stalling about the experience. I never seen a student handle a club an' swing a highball like him before!"

"I'll find out before the day's over," averred the conductor.

"Yeah?"

When they stopped at Cokedale for the day's switching, they had a journal box smoking on a coal car over on the head end. Hall, noticing it, called up to the student, who was sitting in the cupola with the two brakemen:

"Hi, there, Davis! We got a hot un over there on the head end. Go over an' fix the damned thing up so's it'll run, while the rest of the boys is switchin'."

"All right, cap," replied Jim.

Dropping down to the caboose floor, and without asking any questions, he rummaged about in the lockers until he had collected dope bucket, pail of water, and packing hook and iron and had set them on the front platform. Slim Jones winked at the swing man. Then, climbing down, he walked past the conductor and slapped him on the back.

"Some student!" he whispered

"Some student!" echoed the conductor.

When the switching was done, Shorty Hall came walking back down the train past where Jim Davis had just shut down the lid of the freshly packed box. Taking the packing hook, the conductor jerked up the lid and felt carefully over the neatly placed packing.

"Pretty good job for a first time, Davis," he commented dryly.

Jim said nothing.

"Pretty good, I'd say," the conductor went on. "Thought you was an inexperienced man, huh?"

"Sure I am."

"Like hell you are! Where'd you learn to pack hot boxes and give signals and handle a club? Answer me that, will you?"

"Learned it out in a branding corral," snapped the brakeman. "Where'd you reckon?"

With a snort the conductor strode away. Two days later, when he came back into Lunas, he gave Jim his O.K. for service on the extra board.

When the story leaked through, the men all knew there was something wrong. Still, they let it pass and said nothing. Davis had got by the office. Men were scarce. Why should they worry?

Business was good that summer and on toward the winter. With the movement of troops and the steady outpouring of traffic toward the Atlantic seaboard, every man on the rail was kept working overtime. With the coming of the armistice and the return of the boys from overseas there came a falling off. Jim Davis lost his regular run and was forced to go back on the extra board, catching a run whenever he could, sometimes missing one for two or three days at a stretch.

It was during one of these enforced vacations, in the latter part of February, that he was sitting with Molly in the front room of their apartment, watching her at she took the final stitches in some tiny garments that she was making. She was smiling softly.

"Happy, dearie?" he asked, reaching over and patting her gently on the hand.

"Of course I'm happy," she returned. "Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"Nothing, only—only I hope you'll always be happy."

He looked out at the clouds hanging over the mountains. Molly put down her work and, moving her chair closer to his, laid her head over in his lap.

"What's the matter, Davie, boy?"

He clapped his hand over her mouth.

"Sh-h-h-h!" he whispered. "Some one will hear."

He looked nervously about. She laughed softly.

"You know, Molly," he continued in a subdued tone. "There's a fellow named Johnson braking on this division?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing much, only—"

"Only what?"

"He's got the same initials as Ed had—W. E. The boys called him Stormy. He was caught in the draft here, and now he's coming back."

"You should worry. I tell you Ed Johnson was killed in France last winter."

"Maybe so—maybe so."

They lapsed into silence. Box cars clanked and rattled out in the train yards. Finally Molly spoke again:

"If you're uneasy about him, dear, why don't you find out what he looks like and where he came from?"

"I've asked; but you see he was here only a short time before he was drafted, and nobody remembers much about him. He came from the U. P. here—fits Ed's description, except that he has gold front teeth and a big scar on the right side of his face. Did Ed have a scar when you saw him that time in Denver?"

Molly rested her hands in her lap and thought for a long time.

"No, I'm quite sure he had no scar on his face when I saw him in Denver. Quit worrying about it. God wouldn't let anything like that happen to us after all these years of suffering. Quit worrying about it, and let's be happy!"

But Jim wasn't happy, and he couldn't quit worrying. He was still awake at midnight when he was called to deadhead to Coronado for work on the local the next morning. All the way down he kept trying to shake off the unreasoning fear which had crept into his heart; but the fear was still there when he reached Coronado at daybreak, with barely time to get the engine out for the trip.

When he found that Stormy Johnson had already reported for duty on the swing job that morning panic seized him. His heart pounded until he wondered why the fellows in the yard office did not hear it and remark upon it; nor did his terror lessen when he went stumbling out toward the roundhouse for the engine.

XII

EVEN the skies were foreboding. Gray clouds hovered low over the railroad yard, shutting off any view of distant mountain or encircling prairie. White specks of snow shimmied and flea-hopped against the towering bulk of the coal chutes and the squat black forms of locomotives whose headlights still fought to prevail over the wintry daylight. Icicles formed a white fringe around the black bottom of the decrepit, rickety tank of the 732; and glare ice, filling the steps, made treacherous footing for Jim Davis, riding the tender back to couple into the northbound local.

The string of empty gondolas loomed against the shattered glow from a dozen colored switch lights.

Jim swung his lantern in an "easy" sign. The dull *hoosh hoosh* of the exhaust ceased. Brakes took hold of drivers, and the coal eradicator that furnished power for the local freight came with a clatter against the first empty coal car.

A lantern bobbing up and down was showing through the mist of snowflakes toward the caboose—the lantern of a trainman coming to the engine with orders. It might be Stormy. Jim stepped behind the tender and began fumbling with the rubber hose. His hands shook until he could scarcely make the coupling. While he was cutting in the air, a step crunched on the cinders behind him. It was a firm step, a step that moved with military precision straight toward the engine.

"That's him all right!" quaked Jim, as he stepped back from between the tender and the head car and watched the tall figure swing up into the gangway of the engine. "That's Stormy Johnson!"

The figure disappeared within the cab. Jim peered into the gangway, trying to glimpse the man's face, but his back was turned.

Jim listened to the wheeze of the air pump, the roar of the blower in the fire box, the rattle and jam of box cars switching out in the yard. Stormy Johnson! The name had taken on a sort of fascination for him. He had not thought of it before, but the Mountain Division would be quite likely to call Ed Johnson "Stormy."

He climbed the head car and started back along the train of empties, letting off brakes. The brake wheels rattled and shook with the trembling of his hands. Through his brain the name kept surging—Stormy Johnson!

Jim had changed so much that perhaps, even if it were Ed, he would not be recognized; but then Molly had known him. Would the eyes of hate and vengeance be blind to that which the eyes of love had so quickly discerned? Only time could tell.

The brakes let off, he dropped to the ground and started toward the engine. Soon a light, useless now in the whitening dawn, swung out of the gangway and started toward him along the train. The big overalled figure of his unknown partner loomed through the spitting snow.

"It's not Ed," thought Jim with a gasp of relief. "He's too big and too straight and too tall. Ed was thinner, and he stooped a little."

Stormy approached, impulsively drawing off his right gauntlet and switching it to his left hand. Hesitatingly Jim Davis, his mouth a twitching, quivering slit in his drawn face, followed suit. The two men met squarely. Their palms were outstretched, almost touching.

Just as they were in the act of shaking, however, Stormy Johnson stayed his hand, and the smile faded from his lips. For a long time he peered into Jim's gray face. His own face paled, then crimsoned. His mouth framed an angry snarl. He drew back the extended hand and clenched it into a fist. From his lips burst the exclamation:

"Dave Meade!" The fist unclenched. He drew on his gauntlet and stood repeating: "Dave Meade!"

"Yes!" croaked Jim hoarsely. "I'm —I'm Dave Meade!"

He let his eyes fall and backed to lean weakly against the cold, black side of an empty gondola. Fear haunted years had sapped the courage with which he had once met Rounder.

Stormy Johnson stood towering above his quarry, his hands opening and closing.

"I could choke the life out o' you, Dave Meade! I ought to do it here and now!"

Stormy set his lantern on the cinders. Jim made no move either to escape or to defend himself. The engineer whistled off. The exhaust barked and coughed. Bumpers rattled. The string of gondolas started moving. Jim straightened.

"Well?" he pulled himself together, his gray head thrown back. He felt his old courage returning. "Well, why don't you?"

Stormy shrugged his shoulders, tossed his head to one side and sneered.

"Don't need to, Dave," he said. "At last I got you where you can't get away, and you'd look a danged sight prettier swinging from the end of a rope down at Ainesville!"

Stormy stepped back and swung a stop sign to the engineer. Once, twice, three times his lantern moved back and forth. The hoghead was looking forward, not back.

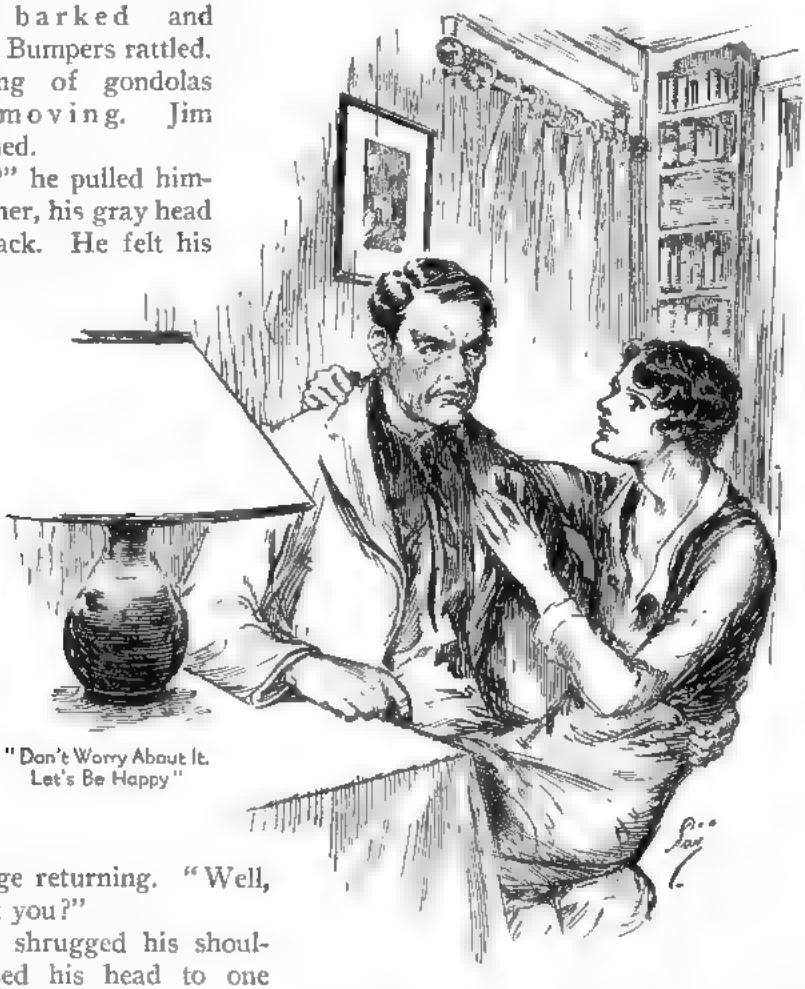
"Stopping him so you can call the law?"

Jim's voice was low, a dry whisper. "Damned right I'm stopping him to call the law! I've not forgot the night you killed my brother at the Green—"

"I didn't kill him, Ed! Honest, I didn't! He shot himself with his own gun. He—"

Ed tossed back his head and burst into a sneering laugh.

"Invent a new one, Dave. That's putrified. Somebody said he shot him-



"Don't Worry About It. Let's Be Happy"

self with his own gun. We went to see. His gun was in his grip, and yours was gone."

"Then somebody framed me. I left my gun—"

"Dry up before I change my mind and brain you where you stand! I spent years hunting you. You hid out—got away. You won't this time!"

He continued swinging his stop sign. The engine went out of sight behind some box cars. Swearing long and loudly, Ed looked back at the caboose drifting toward him through the falling snow.

As the train gained speed, drawbars were creaking and straining, cold wheels were whining and squeaking piteously. Jim Davis shuddered. For a moment Stormy's back was turned toward him, and in that moment he could have struck; struck and run; but he let the time pass. Stormy had told the truth—he was trapped like a rat in a hole. He had no chance of escape. Besides, he did not want to escape—not without Molly.

When half the train had run by them Stormy turned, still cursing. His words came like dabs of hot lead.

"You'll keep till we get to Lunas, you damned murdering son of a gun! I'll see you don't get away from me. Get on!"

He motioned toward the now rapidly moving train. In a daze, Jim faced about, took a few flying steps beside the rattling freight, swung to the ladder, and, followed by Johnson, made his way over the train and climbed down the snow-covered coal into the cab of the engine.

The engineer turned his twinkling eyes upon Stormy, who had taken his stand behind the seat box and was gripping the back of the cab.

"What's the matter, Stormy?" he inquired. "Fell in love with the smoky end while you was over in France?"

The brakeman made no answer, but clamped his lips more tightly together. Seeing his set face and heaving chest, the engineer shrugged his shoulders and looked out of the cab window. Stormy remained, sometimes standing, sometimes perched on the edge of the seat box, staring out of the window at the swirling snow or casting fugitive glances at Jim, who sat in front of the fireman. In those lightning glances, in the grimly set mouth and the eyes filled with burning hatred Jim read the doom that awaited him.

As a matter of fact, Ed had returned from France determined to give up the quest upon which his father had set him. He had lost his lust for vengeance. Two years on foreign soil had destroyed part of the superstition and much of the feudal spirit which had been born and bred into him. He had come back resolved to quit his roaming and settle down.

If chance had not thrown Dave directly into his hands, no doubt he would have followed his determination; but the sight of the man whom he had spent the best years of his life in hunting seemed to revive the old mania. He became like a savage who, at the point of his spear, drives his captive home to the torture. When they stopped for their first job of switching, Ed made Jim Davis accompany him to the caboose, where he took his old automatic from his grip and strapped it beneath his shoulder. Thus armed, he forced his partner to return with him to their duty.

All that day in the lashing storm the two men went about their work in tense, gripping silence. Jim, thinking of Molly and the dreary future that lay ahead of her, goaded on by recollec-

tion of the injustice he had suffered from the Johnsons, of the evil shadow they had thrown upon his life, watched furtively for an opportunity to strike. All day, as never before, the thirst for blood burning within him, he prayed for a chance to kill; but none came. Not once did Stormy, with the deadly automatic always within reach, permit Jim to be out of his sight for more than a few seconds.

XIII

THE storm, which had begun at dawn, continued without interruption until late afternoon. Snow covered the ground to a depth of several inches, piling deep in the cuts and swirling and eddying through the foothills that rose to the pass. Spruce and fir, creeping past the dingy cab windows, were pointed cones of feathery white, shot through with green spangles. Yellow pines towered as tall ovals. Box cars and coal cars carried a coating of snow, and ground switches were completely buried. By the time they reached Cokedale, however, it had ceased snowing, and the wind swept in biting gusts out of the north.

Cokedale, a coal mine and stock loading station, their last job of switching for the day, is built upon a bench on Mango Hill, where the P. and C. starts winding down Six Mile Cañon. The grade in Cokedale is rather heavy —much heavier at the north end than at the south. Owing to the lay of the yard all switching here is done from the south or upper end. Northbound trains cut off the engine, get behind the train, and work with the engine headed toward it.

The yard contains four tracks. First there is a passing track a mile long, which connects at both ends with the main line. The shorter house track, or storage track, connects at both ends with the passing track. The still shorter stock track connects at both ends with the house track—like the leaves of a flivver spring.

At the lower end of the house track is a derail—an iron plate with grooves in the top, so constructed as to catch the wheels of a car or engine and throw them off the track. Its normal position is on top of the rail. It can be made inoperative by opening it—that is, by folding it back from the rail. It is a safety device, its purpose being to prevent cars left in the storage tracks from getting out on the main line and wrecking passing trains.

The fourth track is a mine spur, which leaves the passing track above the upper or south house track switch and strikes off at an angle from the other tracks. The grade on this mine spur is very slight.

The local freight, since it was meeting No. 3 here to-day, headed into the passing track. Stormy Johnson studied the position of the hundred or more cars on the tracks and planned his switching job. Jim Davis climbed the snowy cars, with his club, to set a dozen brakes, so that the train would not roll out while they were switching.

The air pump was pounding intermittently. Boiling water bubbled and snapped. Escaping steam came out in a thin white spray from opening joints, emitting a low, dismal, brassy whistle that mingled with the wail of the north wind. It was not yet dark, but the two trainmen had their lanterns lighted.

By the time Jim had finished setting his brakes, Stormy, having completed his plans for the job, approached him and spoke for the first time since morning. His voice was low and tense.

"Head your engine out and line

them switches in for the stock track. Line that derail, too."

"The office has a bulletin out to switch Cokedale with the derail closed," objected Jim.

"To hell with the bulletin!" snapped Stormy. "You line them switches the way I told you, and bring that engine on behind the train."

Ordinarily Jim would have hesitated to disobey official instructions. Ordinarily, also, Stormy would have hesitated to order him to do so. However, at the lower end of the stock track Jim dropped off the engine, clawed around in the snow, found the switch, unlocked it, and threw it for the stock track. Wading in snow to his knees, scratching in snow to his elbows, he then proceeded to open the derail as Stormy had directed. Returning to the engine, he turned it out on the main line, caught the freezing tank, and rode a long, cold mile to get behind his train.

The coating of ice on the steps had thickened, and icicles hung almost to the ground. The cold wind drove powdered snow into his freezing face and all but blinded him. Cold iron stuck to his wet gloves and grabbed at his fingers where the gloves had worn through. Bleak, bitter, disconsolate was the evening, with its drifting snow lashing the north entrance to Mango Pass. More bleak, more bitter, more disconsolate was the darkness settling into the heart of Jim Davis as he felt himself being drawn irresistibly into the clutches of the Johnsons, a clan of bullies who held themselves superior to all law.

At a signal from Stormy he brought the 732 against the caboose and moved to couple the air hose. Stormy was standing on the platform, his lantern in the crook of his elbow. Before Jim could make the coupling, the other brakeman turned and said in that same, low, tense voice:

"Let 'er go! We're switching without air to-night."

Jim made no remonstrance. Switching without air was also against rules. It was dangerous. If cars break loose on the mountain grades with brakes not working, something happens.

On the other hand, when the local is switching, it is much easier to work without brakes than with them. It saves time. Several times during the summer Jim had known boomer brakemen to switch Cokedale without air. Furthermore, the hour was late, the night disagreeable. Engine and tender brakes would handle all the cars they would get together—*if* nothing happened. Besides, Stormy, as swing brakeman, had Jim under his direction.

For a long time they sawed and shifted back and forth, shunting cars from track to track, getting together loaded cars to take away in their train, setting empty cars where they could be loaded. It was almost dark. When the snow ceased blowing, cars, trees, smoke, and men stood in silhouette against the white background.

They cleared the stock track. Stormy kicked a dozen empty coal cars down the mine spur for Jim to set brakes on, while he himself was getting together a cut made up of nine heavy loads of coal ahead of sixteen empty stock cars and the caboose. Not once did he let the other brakeman out of his sight. Looking back, Jim could always see either the lantern or the sinister figure of the man who was guarding him.

Having spotted the coal cars at the chutes, he was trudging disconsolately back through the snow toward the switch. Seeing the arrangement of the cars that Stormy had got together, he reasoned correctly that the latter in-

tended to cut off the string and let him ride them down to the lower end of the stock track, so that they could leave the coal cars for loading and take out the coal loads on the head end of their train.

A flash of hope came to Jim—hope of escape. Stormy, he reasoned, would not ride the cars down, and for five minutes he would be left alone. He thought of the open derail. Why not let the cars roll out of the siding and down the hill? He could jump off and escape.

No! There was No. 3. He couldn't wreck a train, even to save himself from capture. Besides, there was Molly.

He stumbled on toward his train. Like a huge black serpent creeping through the snow, the cut of cars came writhing down the track. The engine headlight was shining through the rear caboose windows. Stormy Johnson's lantern hung like a glittering eye on the head car of the string.

As the cars straightened out at the upper end of the stock track, Stormy dropped to the ground. Seeing Jim not yet ready to take charge of them, he roared out a string of oaths and gave the engineer up ahead a wash-out stop sign.

The engineer slapped on his driver brakes. The slack went out of the cars. There was rattling and banging, and then came a splintering, rending, screeching sound as the drawbar of the rear end of the last stock car ripped out, and the twenty-five cars, free from the engine, went clattering down the stock track, picking up speed with every turn of the wheels.

The engineer began whistling for hand brakes. Jim looked up. The gap between engine and cars was widening rapidly.

Lifted and Tugged at His Unconscious Partner

Then Stormy came into action. For ten seconds Jim stood still and watched the other brakeman's lantern until its gleam snapped out—watched the dim figure of Stormy Johnson, the one man who stood between him and freedom.

Stormy grabbed the ladder of the second stock car that passed him. His left hand clutched the third step of the ladder, his right wrapped itself around the second step, his right foot went automatically to the stirrup below. The cars were still moving slowly, but as his weight came against the third step it pulled loose from its bolts.

He held on with his right hand, and tried to save himself from falling. He swung far back against the side of the car. His foot slipped off the stirrup, shot down through, and hung against an arch bar. His right hand, the glove wet from handling snowy coupling levers and ground switches, slipped off the iron. He fell backward, his head and shoulders striking the ballast, and his boot top catching in the stirrup.

As he fell, he gave one wild, piercing scream and clawed madly for a grip on arch bar, stirrup, truss rod, brake beam, anything. Hanging by his right leg, he was dragged along beside the car, where wood and stone and steel, though padded with snow, soon battered him into unconsciousness.

Jim saw his enemy fall, and heard that one scream—a scream that froze the very blood in his veins. For an instant he thought that Stormy had gone beneath the train; but as he watched the cars approaching at an angle, he saw the brakeman's body dangling from the stirrup. His face went white. Then his blood surged anew as the thought flashed through his brain—Stormy Johnson would never live to take him to Ainesville for trial!

Booming, banging, screaming seconds crept by; and in those seconds Jim lived again the nightmare of the years. Old Ainesville—the dance—the quarrel—the shot in the dark—the flight through darkened swamps—the days of haunting fear—these were realities; all else was but a passing dream.

The whistle still screamed, and its echoes bounded from snowy hill to snowy hill. Frozen flanges squealed on frozen rails. The caboose door burst open. Conductor and hind brakeman hurled through it, and, clubs in hand, leaped into the snow, racing after the moving cars. They did not know that Stormy Johnson was being dragged to his death in the treacherous chutes. They thought only of the cars, of saving their jobs by covering up a blunder. Jim Davis knew that.

The wind whipped into his face, gnawed at his fingers, made the flame of his lantern flicker and almost vanish. Still for a moment he stood, thinking.

A thousand feet away the stock pens thrust out their loading chutes so close against the track that a monkey riding the ladder of a stock car would scarcely clear between car and chute. There certainly was not clearance for the bulky body of Stormy Johnson. As the car that held him passed the chute he would be crushed to a pulp against the heavy timbers, or, jerked loose from the ladder, he would be thrown beneath the wheels and ground to pieces. That would be the end.

XIV

THEN within the breast of Jim Davis there broke out an awful conflict. If Stormy Johnson lived he would hang in Ainesville. If Stormy Johnson died he would go on peacefully braking for the P. and C. It would be easy to let Stormy die.

Would it? He heard that wild cry, its echoes dying away in whispers. The inward battle raged. Cold terror, shadowy hope, and human sympathy were fighting for the mastery.

The dull clacking of wheels on rail joints came like the beating of muffled drums. The cars were bearing down upon the stock chutes. Already they had covered a third of the distance. There was a little cloud of snow stirred up by the dragging body of Stormy Johnson. It would be awful to die like that!

Weird lightnings shot up from the abyss of Jim Davis's boyhood memory. The cry that Stormy had uttered in falling was still ringing in his ears. In one blind leap he left the embankment of the mine spur and struck for the stock track, to intercept the approaching cars. As he ran, through the shifting snow there shone a patch of sky, and in the rift a lone star glittered low down in the west.

From the mine spur to the stock track, at this point, was a hundred yards. The cars had more than that distance to cover to be even with him. It was another hundred down to the chutes. Jim landed in snow knee deep —thigh deep in places. Drifted snow clutched at his feet. The inner chill that all day had numbed him now stiffened his joints and weighted him down. What if he had waited too long already?

He leaped and plunged toward the track. On came the cars over the uneven rails, jerking, rocking, swaying, keeping time to the steady *clack-clack, clack-clack, clack-clack* of wheels hitting joints. Through the dusk he could see the dangling body.

He dropped his club and his lantern. The first stock car was passing. Jim was at the foot of the dump, panting, trembling. If he failed to catch the next ladder Stormy Johnson would die in the stock chutes. The center door of that first car was past. He could see the belt about Stormy's waist and his boot top that was caught in the stirrup. With a last desperate lunge Jim reached the track and grabbed for the third step. The step was gone. He was leaping beside the car, grabbing blindly for the second step. He caught it with both hands. His feet left the ground as if he had been shot from a cannon. He swung far back beside the car. His hands slipped on the step. He swung forward like a pendulum and touched Stormy's dangling body. His back banged against the swinging car.

He tried to get a foot in the stirrup, but Stormy's leg was in the way. He slipped down, his feet dragging on the ground, clung, kicked twice, got a knee in the stirrup beside Stormy's, climbed to his feet, reached down, grabbed the heavy belt, and lifted and tugged at his unconscious partner.

The white bulk of the stock pens was on his right, speeding toward him. He struggled frantically, struck at the entangled leg, and finally got it loose from its position.

The stock pens were only twenty feet away. He threw an arm about Stormy, leaped—leaped straight out—and the wall of the stock pen rushed to meet him.

For many days Jim Davis hovered between life and death, and for weeks he lay helpless in the hospital; but finally the battle was won. Skillful surgeons had healed his wounds and patched up his broken bones. The bandages had been removed, and before long he would be well and strong again.

Stormy Johnson, too, had recovered, and more rapidly than Dave. He had been called to the office, with the other members of the crew, to explain the accident in the Cokedale yard; and he had explained it frankly and truthfully.

During his first days in the hospital Jim had been in delirium; but gradually he ceased speaking of Ainesville, of Rounder Johnson, of gas in Flanders, of hanging by the neck, of snow and open derails. As recollection returned, he began to wonder when he would be arrested, and what had become of Stormy Johnson. In the moments when Molly came to stand beside him, to smooth his pillow and kiss his wrinkled forehead, she seemed so happy that he dared not mention the subject to her.

But finally, on a day in May, she slipped into his hands a letter—an unopened letter. Wonderingly he tore the envelope and read a human note which would have made old Gabe Johnson writhe in his grave:

DEAR JIMMY:

I have just learned that our old friend, Dave Meade, is dead. I guess it is the best thing that could have happened.

The big cheese aimed to fire all of us for switching Cokedale with that derail open and the air cut out of them cars. You know I done both, and I told him so; so I am going back to Ainesville.

I seen Molly, and I know she needs you, and there's a mademozell needs me, too; so here's hoping you get clear of this smash and get able to go back to your job right soon.

Your old side kick,

ED.

THE END

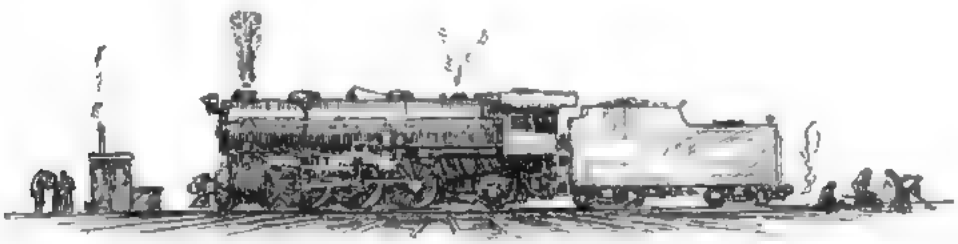
THE WORLD'S LONGEST STRAIGHT TRACK

THE world's longest straight track is on the Trans-Australian line running between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie. It covers 330 miles without a single twist or turn, it is as straight as a plumb line. The 330 miles is but a small portion of the entire journey between the Australian cities.

The first 167 miles are through heavily timbered country, while here and there are large patches of kurrajong and sandalwood. Then the line passes into a land barren of all trees So sudden and complete is this change that a line could almost be drawn north and south across the country; to the east all is treeless, to the west the forests dominate the horizon.

A few miles beyond the station at Naretha the line straightens itself out and enters upon its 330-mile curveless journey through the giant limestone or nullarbor plain. It rolls away mile after mile in very gentle undulations. A foot or so of red soil covers the limestone. On all rises fragments of broken stone project upward through the soil. Here and there are slight depressions in the surface, seldom more than a few acres in size, which in season are a foot deep in salt grass and blue bushes. Here you are confronted with a brilliance that at length becomes monotonous.

Riding through this desolate stretch you look back and the rails run on toward infinity, look forward and you see the same infinity of rails, land and sky. It is a weird sight and nothing else compares with it in the world.



The Boomers' Corner

HOWDY, men! Just shove the bench over there a little closer to those windows. We'll get a breath of air in here and proceed to find out what is what. It's pretty hot out there to-day isn't it? Personally we don't know anything that can be much warmer than a nice big coal burner on a day like this, unless it's this argument business, which can get warmer, perhaps, and since July is just as good a month as any to argue in, we might as well go to bat.

Now every last one of you roving brothers and sisters knows that whenever boomers get together and start telling personal history an argument is going to develop. For instance, back a few months ago we published in this corner a letter from Dennis Sloan in which Dennis gave us a peep at his record. Brother Pete Elmore down in Phoenix can't believe that Dennis had any such record.

"The Brains" of this department, having worked for a few of them himself, knows full well how easy it would have been for Dennis to work on forty railroads up to the time he reached his thirty-seventh year. We published Brother Pete's exceptions to Dennis's record and now we want to print what Dennis has to say further.

DEAR BOOMER:

Just got April magazine and notice that Mr. Elmore of Phoenix doubts my record of employment on forty railroads. Well, Boomer, when I sent you my list of railroads you know I forgot four or five. As for my service in Mexico I refer you to the O. R. C. Grand Division, who will verify my statement that I was employed on the Mexico Pacific at Los Mochis, Sinola, Mexico, in February and March, 1923, also I was employed on the Mexico Northwestern at Madera in 1912 as locomotive fireman. Mr. Knapp, M. M., at Madera now, can verify same. No Americans are employed on the National Railways of Mexico since 1908, but there are several Americans employed in Mexico at present on the S. P. de M., K. C. M. O. of Mexico, the Ferrocarril Mexicano from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. I am inclosing a Santa Fe service letter with service dates for fourteen times on the coast lines. I have worked seven times on the Santa Fe proper, making a total of twenty-one times. Boomer, you have my permission to refer to any of the railroads which I gave to you for my services. Also am inclosing a letter which I received from Ireland. (The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is a bigger boomer than I am.) I have received nearly 100 letters from all parts of the United States and Canada asking for employment and other information. If I knew, I would be working instead of tramping around the country. My answer is that there are no jobs in the United States of America at present for train and enginemen, that is, no rush exists at present.

Just got back from Phoenix (could not locate Mr. Elmore there) and the Santa Fe and S. P. were not hiring any men, so would advise any brothers in search of employment not to hit the west coast before July. There are plenty of good railroad men out here to handle the Imperial Valley pumpkins and the soft fruit rush in San Joaquin Valley.

For the information of any Eastern brothers in regards to riding, you can get transportation on the S. P., W. P., D. R. G., the U. P. only when you have a bona fide job to go to. You must be up-to-date in the B. R. T., O. R. C., B. of L. E., B. of L. F. & E., O. R. T., with a service letter which varies on the different roads. The Santa Fe will haul you if you have a ticket. No crummy rides out here, boys. Bring your lunch, as very few of the lodges furnish meal tickets. As Mr Earp said, the day of the boomer is over, and he is right. The age limit for brakeman and switchman is 35 years on the Western Pacific; S. P., 45; D. R. G., 45; A. T. S. F., brakeman, 35, yard men, 45 years. You have to have a watch on most roads out here before being employed except the Santa Fe, which allows you 60 days. Well, shall ring off for this time

Yours as ever,
D SLOAN,
Box 68, Beatty, Nev

P. S. Did you get Gilligan fed up before you started him back West?

The letter from Ireland to which Brother Sloan refers was written asking for information on various American railroads. Yes, Dennis, Gilligan was well fed when he started back to the Far West.

* * *

Brother Ben Horton, once of the T. & T., is right willing to back up Brother Sloan, so we will let Brother Horton explain himself.

DEAR BOOMER:

I notice in your April issue where one Pete Elmore takes exception to Dennis "Caranza" Sloan's record as a boomer I have seen Dennis's service letters and know for a fact that he has worked on the jobs which he claims. I have worked on three different jobs with him myself. About working in Mexico, Caranza has worked on several jobs down there. Brother Allen doesn't savvy Mexico, because as late as 1925 the Southern Pacific of Mexico were employing white men as conductors and engineers; the only qualifications were to be able to pass the regular S. P. examination in Spanish, and Caranza speaks it like a native. They do not hire men for Mexico here in the States, except in one place, and that is Tucson, Arizona, but if any good rail who can read and write "spik" will apply to the S. P. of Mexico offices at Mazatlan, Mexico, they can go to work even to-day

Tell Jack Gilligan hello. I was firing on the Tidewater when he was there

B. S. HORTON, JR.,
247 E. 94th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

P. S. Hello, Caranza—I was pall bearer for old Frank Quinn. He turned over in a washout last summer. Remember you used to work with him, Carl Lathrop and old Dad Gore down in Mexico. I don't know where Gore is now, but Carl has a chicken ranch here in California somewhere

* * *

Here's Another Record

Brother Hardwick knows exactly how easy it is to work for a lot of railroads in a short span of time, so he ventures to submit his own service record for somebody to look at and call him a liar.

DEAR BOOMER:

I see in the April number of our magazine, the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, that Brother Pete Elmore and his old pal were checking up on Dennis Sloan's service, and from what I take from it they hardly believe Dennis. Well, here's some more food for thought for Brother Elmore and his pal.

My age will be 35 in August, 1930. I am now with the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad and find this the best job I ever had, and I am going to stay just as long as they will let me. I only wish I had come to this job fifteen years ago.

My booming days are over, as I have a family now and have to stay put. Now if anybody is in doubt as to this record, write me and I will give them the address of pretty nearly every place I worked.

I remember of reading one of Spike Malone's stories years ago about doubling south out between Omaha and Blair, Nebraska. I worked over that same piece of track. I am called for the pick up, 2K P.M. So long.

E. R. HARDWICK,
Oak Park R. F. D., Savanna, Ill

P. S. Here's my record: Old B. & M. R. R., 1; C. B. & Q. R. R., 5; U. P. R. R., 1; U. S. Y., 1; C. & N. W., 1; Rock Island, 8; Santa Fe, 3; F. W. & D., 1; Can. Pac., 1; M. & St. L. R. R., 5; E. J. & E. R. R., 3; Monon R. R., 1; B. & O. R. R., 1 N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R., 2; Boston & Maine R. R., 1; D. L. & W. R. R., 1; South Buffalo R. R., 1; Buffalo Creek R. R., 1; Erie R. R., 2; Curtiss Aeroplane Co., 1; L. V. R. R., 1; Forge Steel Wheel Co., 1; N. K. P. R. R., 1; U. S. Y. R. R., 1; I. H. B. R. R., 4; Soo-Line, 1; F. E. C. R. R., 2; B. R. & P. R. R., 2; N. Y. C. Lines, 1, Etna Explosive Company, 1; P. R. R., 1; Pullman Company, 1; Grand Trunk, 1; C. & E. I. R. R., 1; C. M. & St. P. R. R., 5.

* * *

Down Arizona Way

Now from Tucson we hear from another son of unrest who speaks so eloquently for himself that without further comment from us we hereby give him his head:

DEAR BOOMER:

Ever since the reappearance of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE it has been my intention to have some spot and a gabfest in the Boomers' Corner. I've been greatly interested in the yarns and experiences of all you boomer hoggers, bakeheads, snakes, stingers and hams. It seems like old days in the crew room or beanery to hear you birds "twistin' 'er tail," "bendin' the rail," and "decoratng the top."

My boomer experiences are perhaps not as varied or extensive as those of you fellows, but while they lasted I went places and saw things.

I've stoked a Mallet with storage dirt,
Exhausted the mileage of a thousand-mile shirt;
I've rode the plush or the crummy hack,
An' I learned about railroadin' on a Moffat jack

Beginning my career at the height of the boomer era, in 1907, I manipulated the tool

of ignorance in Denver Yards, on the joint track, and "Feeble-Minded" District of Colo and So. In the ensuing years I stoked both motive power and antiquated junk heaps for the U. P., Santa Fe, Mo. P., Wabash, Den. & Salt Lake (Moffat Road), I. C., and even the C. P. & St. L., better known as "Clickety Bang," "Home of the Friendless," etc. Drove a homestake stob on the D. & S. L. in 1915, intending to stay put. Exempted from military service because of previous railway experience. By the time the fracas was over, three years on a road in receivership and all gone "hay-wire," had dispelled most of the lure of life on the smoky end from this fuel-agent's system.

Talk about "a strong back and a weak mind"—it took nine years on the dumb end of a shovel for one ex-fireman to realize that the tallowpot is the goat, and that his weary back pays for it when any one else on the system slights their work. I am speaking of a hand fired engine, as in nine years I never fired a mechanical stoker or oil burner.

The lure of the shining steel and the hot shots is still in my blood, though. Much of the old romance and glamour is gone from railroading for us of the old boomer fraternity. In the old days there was always plenty of interest and excitement on a trip with a boomer or two in the crew, and how they could do their stuff

Railroading is no easy life yet to-day, but it has its recompenses. There is still a thrill in it for an old-timer to hear some eagle-eye on a red ball screeching for the board, or in watching a big passenger jack whip the varnished cars around the curves and away in the distance.

Personally, I think it's a great idea for the "brains" of this department to suggest a National Organization of Boomers, with an emblem, secret works an' everything. What do the rest of you knights of the hand oiler, lantern, scoop, brake club, and brass think of it? Le's give it running orders and a clear board

Boomers I'd like to hear from are: Floyd Berray at Palestine, Texas, in 1914; Jim Tipton and Glen Grigsby, Spfd. Div. Wabash, 1913-14; "Si" Davis, Moffat hogger, 1918; L. C. Van Buskirk and "Walt" Smith, Moffat hoggers, 1921

Yours for the old days,
EARL H. FOREMAN,
155 N. Stone Avenue, Tucson, Ariz.

If any of you fellows want to write to Earl we are pretty certain that he will hop on to a reply right away.

* * *

A Boomin' Op

It looks like Brother Swindler has pounded brass just about wherever there was any brass to pound. Speaking about service records, we just can't let Brother Swindler's list get away from us.

DEAR BOOMER:

In your April RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE a letter signed H. E. B., who says his mileage will equal that of any man, prompted me to give my experience here to satisfy my curiosity if there is any individual that can follow my smoke. I have worked as operator or agent on 44 roads over a period of 27 years, and was in one telegraphers' strike. I drew a blacklisting which made me what was called a 29-day man for ten years. I will give a list of the roads with figures at right as to how many times I worked for that road.

D. C SWINDLER,
406 West 1st Street, Winslow, Ariz.

P. S. My list: F. Ft. W. & W.; D & L. N., 2; T. St. L. & W., 2; W. & L. E.; P. V & C.; N. & W.; P. M., 8; G. T., 2, B. & O., 2; C. H & D.; Big Four, 2; Erie; A. A., 1; M. C., 2; W. A. B., 2; C. B. & Q.; T & O C., 2, L. E & W.; C St. P. M & O.; G. N., 2; C & N. W.; Soo, 2; O. R & N., 3; O & L., D S. P, 8; N. P., 2; C. P. R., 2; St L & S F; Cotton B; M. K & T; D. W. M.; G T P.; C N., 2; C M & St. P. P.; W P., 2; D. & Ry W; U P; P. & S R.; S D. & A.; N W. P.; P C. C & St. L.; Sierra; Colo. Mid.; International; Louisiana R R., P. & I. N.; a Detroit interurban line.

* * *

Missing Men

In the May issue a reader who signed himself an ex-rail from Spokane requested some dope on the whereabouts of Jesse Eugene Allen. The following may or may not be enlightening:

DEAR BOOMER:

I may not have his Jesse Allen in mind, but one Jesse Allen came to the "Jaw Bone" Railroad at Lombard, Montana, in, I think, 1908, and soon was running a train there Later when the Milwaukee took over the "Jaw Bone" (Montana Railroad) Allen was promoted to a passenger train. Some years ago he left the Milwaukee and only a short time ago Allen was running an oil filling station in Lewistown, Montana.

A letter directed to Lewistown, Montana, will get to this Jesse E. Allen.

As the reader from Spokane did not care to sign his name I will say that I do not care to either. Jesse Allen might not thank me for what I have written. I will just sign myself as an

"OLD JAW BONER,"
Three Forks, Mont

On the Spot

ONCE a railroad man, always a railroad man. That's our discovery. If a man gets the virus of the railroad in his veins nothing can cure him. For the rest of his life he gets sentimental whenever he sees a locomotive, restless when he smells soft coal smoke.

In our efforts to catch the flavor of the railroad we've run across men and women in stations far remote from the railroad; doctors, lawyers, housewives, teachers. But until to-day we had never heard from a banker.

We always thought bankers were too cold-blooded to be interested in anything but six per cent securities. We were wrong. This one is not only interested; he's enthusiastic. He likes our magazine. Although we like it ourselves, too, we can see that we're going to have to work harder than ever to justify the faith our generous readers are putting in us. Here's the letter:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The May number of your magazine came to the house to-day, and it looks to me as though it were going to be the best yet. In glancing over the contents I noticed the article "A War Railroad," and skimmed over that one, to find that it was written by a member of my own regiment in the A. E. F., the 21st Engineers, Light Railway, in which I was a "buck" in Company H. I very well remember the big wreck on the Est Railway of which he writes, for our company and Company F, to which he belonged, were operating that division of the Est a few months after the Armistice was signed.

One of the things I always look over when the magazine first comes to my hands is "By the Light of the Lantern." In this month's the picture of the biggest jack on the Lehigh Valley, for which I worked several years ago, interested me very much, since I saw some of that type on a visit to the Sayre, Pennsylvania, shops. I'm not very familiar with the many appliances of modern locomotives, not having opportunity in recent years to be about them much. I did pinch-hit as a tallowpot for a while on the slim gauge in France, and rode about on some of Uncle Sam's consolidations on standard gauge, but when I gaze into the cab of one of these hogs running around nowadays I can hardly recognize anything.

Thanks for all the good times you've given me with the RAILROAD MAN'S, both years ago and recently, and for the prospect of many more. Best wishes to you.

GEORGE B. WHITFIELD,
Vice-President and Cashier,
First National Bank, Eatontown, N. J.

* * *

Steamship Engineer

Until recently we had not heard from a steamship engineer, either. If

all steamship engineers can write as interesting letters as this one we would like a couple of hundred.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I purchased the first issue of your magazine in Orange, Texas, the next in Baltimore, another in Boston, and just bought the April number here in Frisco. Am not a "rail," but have always wanted to be; circumstances, fate, or whoever the guy is, seemed to decree otherwise. Did fire on the road at the close of the war, but the drop in business laid me off and never had the chance to return to the game.

The announcement of the return of the Aroostook Boomer prompts this letter. Am from Maine myself. Laughed till I was sore over *Hiram's* adventures in the old RAILROAD MAN'S. -

Have never seen a letter from a steamship engineer in your magazine. Am I the first to write?

I'm roosting in my room and maybe it would interest you to know what sounds come to my sunburned starboard ear. The *swish-swish* —that's the second blowing tubes in the Scotch boilers. The *arrrumph-whee*—that's the feed pump. Her valve is getting worn. The measured *bump-bump* is the auxiliary and, the other, the *thump-click* is the ice machine. The 10 K.W. generator runs quiet; been working on that all trip.

The main power plant is shut down till we go to sea. A cross-compound geared turbine. The turbines are jake, but, man—that gear! It can make the seven hundred and fifty noises that any other machinery can—and nine million more

The ship carries five thousand tons. Superheated steam at one hundred and ninety pounds drives her ten knots. Have a "rail" oiling for me, and listen to his tales of hard steaming locomotives, and spin him a few yarns of the forced draft fires and hot firerooms of the steamships. Maybe a locomotive deck pitches, but, man, you should fire a beam trawler! And say, is there room in that Boomers' Corner for a steamship engineer? Could listen all night to a bunch of "rails" spin their yarns. Could tell a few myself of standing at the throttle of a big "triple" to keep her from racing herself to pieces. Handling a twin screw job with all the lights out so I had to feel the telegraph to tell if they wanted ahead or astern, and how much. Maybe I'll write a yarn of my first trip on a "mike" and send it in. It might give you a laugh anyway. We leave here for Seattle to-morrow; finish discharging paper there and load lumber for Nassau, Miami, and Jacksonville. Stop in San Pedro for fuel oil.

FERD DOSS,
First Assistant Engineer, S. S. Maltran.

* * *

Defends His Story

In April we published a plaint by K. E. N. that a certain piece of railroading in one of our true stories was pretty sloppy. He declared that in Mr. Jacques Girouard's story, "One Night of Terror," a job of sawing trains would really take only half as long as Mr. Girouard said. Mr. Girouard writes maybe it shouldn't take so long, but it actually did. He was there:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

In the April issue Mr. K. E. N. of Jersey City takes my brakeman to task for time consumed in sawing trains as per my story "One Night of Terror." He claims that one-half the time mentioned would be sufficient. One-half of what time? Let us see how much time was actually taken.

Extra 432 east passed Catalan at 12.40 A.M Arrived Kime at perhaps 12.50. At 1.30 dispatcher mentioned calling the wrecker. A little more than ten minutes later 195 chugged by station and brakeman came in. Say that 195 arrived at east switch Catalan at 1.40, and had left Kime at 1.30. All told the delay had been but forty minutes, that is to make the moves at Kime.

True enough, the brakeman on 195 said they had been two hours sawing out at Kime—but you know how some brakemen are inclined to draw the long bow. Not being on the spot at the time I never knew how the moves were made. Don't to this day. After all, Mr. Editor, I do not think I have been guilty of bad railroading in the story just because I narrated exactly what took place.

Which reminds me that I sent you a story a week ago, before the April issue came out My story was about a "Bill the Boomer" And in the April issue is a story entitled "Main Line Man," by Bill the Boomer. My story was told to me as a true story by a fellow known as Bill the Boomer. I hope the story doesn't cause any hard feelings and that they don't happen to be the same fellow. Right now I'm having trouble enough as it is. The pikes out here are closing stations and chopping off tricks galore. I'm due for another move as soon as the boys get through bumping

JACQUES GIROUARD.

* * *

Friends

Naturally we like to hear kind words like these:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I just cannot tell you how very glad I was to get my RAILROAD MAN'S, for it is the best magazine on the market, bar none. I read it from cover to cover. I certainly enjoy the Boomers' Corner. I expect to be a steady reader. I am crippled with a broken leg, but getting along O. K.

W R J.
Boise, Idaho.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I am sending you the three coupons for an original drawing. My dad is an engineer on the Pennsylvania, and he has me make sketches of things that happen on the road. I like your magazine because it gives that railroad atmosphere that exists nowhere else except on the railroad itself.

R. B.,
Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

The Reading's Sixty-Miler

When two readers write in to say that the Reading Company's Atlantic City trains are record-breakers, we're willing to accept it as fact.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Why a magazine like RAILROAD MAN'S was ever discontinued is beyond my understanding, and I sincerely hope that it will never be discontinued again. To me it is the only magazine published. I like the short and snappy stories, and get the most kick out of the true ones that come under the heading of "My Greatest Thrill"

I notice that in the May issue the question is again raised of what is the fastest schedule. The Wolverine on the Michigan Central is mentioned. I want to call your attention to not one train, but two, on the Reading from Camden to Atlantic City. The William Penn Express and Quaker City Express make the complete run of 55.5 miles in 55 minutes. Probably the Reading has the distinction of having the only train in North America making complete terminal to terminal runs scheduled at 60 miles an hour or better. The Reading also has seven trains, Nos. 603, 607, 611, 615, 617, 623 and 627, between New York and Philadelphia westbound which cover the 45.9 miles from Manville, New Jersey, to JO tower at Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, in 43 minutes—a rate of 64.46 miles per hour. I would be interested in hearing some more on this subject of speed.

P. H. K.,
Shelly, Pa.

* * *

Electric Robots

That's what he calls the juice locomotives.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Ever since your magazine came out a few months ago I have intended to write and express my appreciation, and tell you what kind of things in the magazine I like to read.

In the May issue the story about the inauguration of the Yankee Clipper on the New Haven is more interesting than any. I liked the earlier story of Engineer Draney. Any accounts of real existing railroads and real—not fictitious—characters manning railroads thrill me. I enjoy the pictures of American locomotives as much as the reading matter.

Between you and me I have a contempt for those dinky-looking, queer European trains. And for cold, robot-looking electric locomotives.

For the fiction stories I care nothing. And I have one criticism—RAILROAD MAN'S is becoming more and more a fiction magazine.

G. S.,
Lompoc, Cal.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I am glad you have started another serial in the May issue, and hope you keep on giving us such good short stories. If you cannot send any of the pictures listed, please send me any one with a locomotive in it. Hope you keep on giving us such stories.

J. W.,
Vineland, N. J.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Inclosing vote slips and will leave it to you what picture you send me, as you can't go wrong on anything that is connected with RAILROAD MAN'S. I was tickled pink when it came back again. I read every issue from "kiver to kiver," and pass them on to some other operator or give them to trainmen while we are loafing in the wee hours waiting to let a limited by. I cut out all the full page pictures. Especially do I prize the photo of Mr. J. J. Pelley, now president of the New Haven, whom I am personally acquainted with, and a finer man I've never met

With the return of *Honk* and *Horace* the publication is complete. Keep up the good work and don't let it go off the market any more

H. A. B.,
Strawn, Ill.

* * *

Criticizes Workmen's Camps

This man has a word to say about conditions as he has found them:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

This is the first time I have read your magazine, and I find it most interesting. I have mailed a few copies to pals in the railroad service in northwestern Canada where booksellers are more than scarce.

There are a few questions that I wish you could answer, or some of the boys who are readers of RAILROAD MAN'S. Why is it that the railroad companies who use the labor of thousands of so-called "gandy dancers" are so little interested in the welfare and comfort of those who stay in their camps? I'm speaking of extra gangs or construction outfits. No medical examination is required, and the sanitary conditions are way below standard. Blankets are used over and over, and are not disinfected except in rare instances. Last summer I went to work for the C. P. R. in the western part of Quebec on the Mattawa and Kippewa divisions. No bedding was provided, just a wooden bunk. Men had to furnish their

own blankets; no spring or even a mattress was seen. Only the foreman and the timekeeper had regular beds. Do you picture us extra gang laborers working ten hours a day and then having to sleep on a board at night? If anybody kicks they have the privilege of quitting the job and hiking eighty miles to get their time.

In the United States most boarding contractors furnish bedding, but as soon as a new man crawls in he is sure to have cooties at once. Few roads provide shower baths. In general the men have to supply the boarding cars with water from the river or pond near by. As a rule men are too crowded in sleeping cars; I counted as many as forty in one car. Many more things I might add. I wish this could awaken the indifferent railroad managements to their responsibilities. Wish your magazine success.

A. A. NEVENS,
New Bedford, Mass.

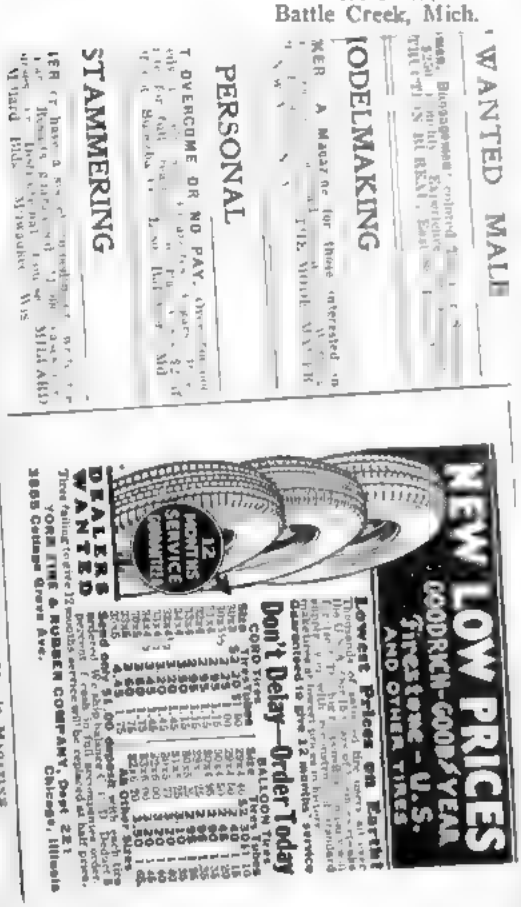
* * *

Two Reasons

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Have just finished the May issue, and I'm sure sorry, for now I have to wait a month for another. Well, just so they keep on coming as good as always. Your stories are all good, and I look forward to the first of the month for two reasons—pay day and RAILROAD MAN'S.

W. F. Z.,
Battle Creek, Mich.



the Chicago Surface Lines, and hope to equal Mr. Draney's record, never to have an accident. I like your line well enough to tell you that when better stories are made, RAILROAD MAN'S will make them.

C. N. D.,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Engine Photo Fan

From the letters we get it begins to look as though quite a lot of people are busy collecting pictures of locomotives. It sounds like a good idea. We would be hard put to find anything that makes better a series of pictures unless it would be boats, and they're hard to classify.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

On page 281 of your May issue is an answer to W. P. of Newark, New Jersey, who wants some locomotive photos. I would be pleased to get in touch with him. Am certainly glad to see the locomotive photos in your magazine. I most heartily approve, and the more the merrier. I concentrate on B. & O., but have several from other roads. I would appreciate it if you would pass the info along that I will be glad to do what I can to help other collectors.

E. M.,
Petersburg, Ind.

* * *

The Juice Era

Once in a while we hear from a reader who doesn't give a hoot for the steam jack:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I don't see why you don't pay more attention to the electric engine. I read "The Juice Era" in the April edition, by Earle W. Gage, and I agree with the writer that railroading is changing from steam to electricity. My brother runs an electric engine on the New York Central, and we all think there is no comparison between electricity and steam. And I want to say that I buy your excellent magazine every month and wouldn't think of missing it.

S. H. S.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

* * *

Poets' Corner

Few can escape one of the most curious ailments—itching feet. Some can cure it by a walk in the park; but they don't know the real force of this urge. Before we pull the pin

we want to run a little piece by J. L. M. of Cleveland:

The Wanderlust

Were you ever cold and hungry,
  Not a dry thread on your back;
It was raining, it was sleeting—
  You were hiding in the shack?

You were clinging to the bumpers
  With your clothes wet through and through;
You were shivering and were shaking
  With the rags stuck tight to you.

But you thought of those hot biscuits,
  Kind your mother used to bake,
And the good old steamin' coffee
  She sure knew how to make

Till the Gypsy blood commanded
  In a voice you must obey,
And you left your homely comforts
  Just to travel far away

Old man wanderlust's a tyrant;
  When he issues a command
We must ramble, ramble, ramble
  To some far-off distant land.

If we're rich we ride the cushions,
  If we're poor we hop a freight
But the same still, silent torment
  Keeps us pushing toward our fate

* * *

We thought we should have a poem dedicated to the monkey house, otherwise known as the clown wagon. So when W. H. R. in Chicago suggested reprinting this one from our ancestor magazine, we fell for the idea:

The Little Caboose

The mighty machine at the head of the train
  is impressive, you'll have to admit,
As she rumbles and roars o'er the glimmering
  rails, you can tell that she's "doing her bit."
But back at the rear there's a little old car
  that rattles along kind of loose
She is not much to see, but I'm sure you'll
  agree there is use for the Little Caboose.

The "brains" on his perch in the cupola
  watches over the swaying train,
And his eyes and his nose and his ears are
  set, for trouble will ever complain.
And never the squeal of a brake that sticks,
  nor a sound that seems abstruse,
Is missed by the scout that is watching out,
  from the rear in the Little Caboose

And the smell of the smoke of a burning box
  is a scent that his watchful nose
Can tell from the smell of the smoke in hell,
  though he can't smell a fragrant rose.

And then, when they go in the ditch, 'tis then
  that they'll have the greatest use
For the things you will find, tailing on behind,
  'way back in the Little Caboose

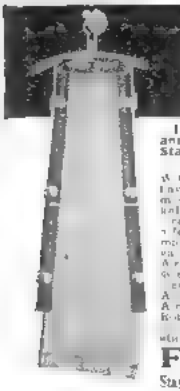
—*C. E. Calkins.*

* * *

Cast Your Ballot

Right now is the best time we can think of for you to get out the old lead pencil and nicked shears. Name the stories that seemed to hit the spot with you, fiction or fact. Clip out the coupon and mail it to us when you get three in succession. We'll do the right thing and send you the original drawing from some illustration in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. If the one you want is already spoken for we'll find another you'll like. The purpose of our being so big-hearted about this is to arrive at some standard for rejecting stories; a standard made by the readers and not by the editors. Editors don't know much—

"HERE'S MY VOTE"
E—$1.50 per Line
AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED
Classified Forms Close August 1st.
HELP WANTED MALE
NEW LOW PRICES
SWIFT & ANDERSON, Inc., Dept. R. M.
93 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Canadian Office, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada



$93 the First WEEK

I worked 6 days 6 hours a day and made $93 selling the new Stay Prest Trouser Pressers.
J. W. VARNER, Iowa

FREE

Stay Prest Co., Dept. 0-66, Central Park Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Classified Advertising

The Purpose of this Department is to put the reader in touch immediately with the newest needfuls for the HOME, OFFICE, FARM or PERSON to offer or seek an unusual BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY, to suggest a service that will be of benefit, or to secure the best correspondence. It will pay a business man regularly well to read these advertisements carefully.

September Classified Forms Close August 1st.

Address RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, Classified Advertising Department, 280 Broadway, New York City.

RATE—$1.50 per Line

AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED

Wonderful "Whisper-It" Mouthpiece For Telephones

CLEARED $4000 TWO MONTHS," GORDON TESTED FOOD CONFECTION BUSINESS MEN OR WOMEN to make, demonstrate, explain. Outfit and Co-operation furnished. BAKINS, 1061 Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn.

$7—$15 DAILY, WHOLE OR PART TIME. NEW POWDER HAND SOAP MAGIC KEEN QUICK REMOVER. GUARANTEED SALE. Send for FREE SAMPLES. LeROY MFG. CO., 3041 Harrison St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED MALE

FIREMEN, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Colored Trainmen, Station Porters, Car Inspectors, $175 to $250 per month. Experience unnecessary. 565 RAILWAY INSTRUCTION BUREAU, East St. Louis, Ill.

MODELMAKING

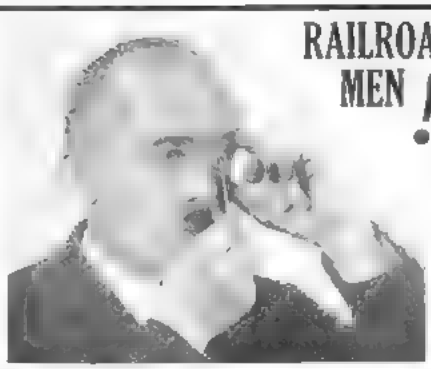
THE MODELMAKER. A Magazine for those interested in building model aeroplanes, cars, boats, steam engines, Wireless models. Send 10 cents for sample copy. THE MODELMAKER, 1 Liberty Street, New York, N. Y.

PERSONAL

TOBACCO HABIT OVERCOME OR NO PAY. Over 500,000 used Superba Remedy to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Pipe, Chewing, Snuff. Write for full treatment on trial. Costs $2 if successful, nothing if not. Superba Co., L-80, Baltimore, Md.

STAMMERING

IF YOU STAMMER or have a speech impediment, write me at once for particulars. Results guaranteed. 1,000 cases corrected. Home Courses or Institutional Course. MILLARD INSTITUTE, 2129 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

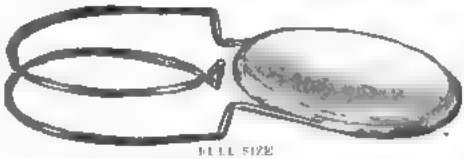


RAILROAD MEN!

REMOVE CINDERS INSTANTLY

WITH THE AID OF THIS WONDERFUL NEW

S. & A. MAGNIFYING MIRROR



HALF SIZE

This mirror MAGNIFIES and ILLUMINATES the eye to an astonishing degree, revealing every detail. It will help you locate every particle instantly—without pain to the eye.

If your optician or drug store cannot supply you, send $1.00 today with this coupon and we will send one postpaid. Use it 10 days and if you do not think the mirror a wonderful aid in removing cinders, return it and your money will be refunded. Don't delay. Send today.

$1.00

SWIFT & ANDERSON, Inc., Dept. R. M.
93 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Canadian Office, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada

NEW LOW PRICES

GOODRICH-GOODYEAR Firestone - U.S. AND OTHER TIRES

Lowest Prices on Earth!

Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U. S. A. Our 16 years of honest dealing speaks for itself. This big responsible company will supply you with reconstructed standard make tires at lowest prices in history. **Guaranteed to give 12 months' service**

Don't Delay—Order Today

CORD Tires Size	Tires	Tubes	BALLOON Tires Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2 20	$ 00	29x4.40	$2 30	$. 10
30x3½	2 25	1 00	29x4.50	2 40	1 15
31x4	2 85	1 35	30x4.50	2 45	1 20
32x4	2 85	1 35	30x4.95	2 90	1 35
33x4	2 85	1 75	29x5.25	2 85	1.35
34x4	2 80	1 15	30x5.25	2 95	1 85
32x4½	3 20	1 45	31x5.25	3 10	1 35
33x4½	3 20	1 45	30x5.77	3 20	1 40
34x4½	3 45	1 45	32x6.00	3 20	1 40
30x5	3 60	1 75	33x6.00	3 20	1 45
32x5	3 60	1 75	32x6.20	3 50	1 65
33x5	4 45	1 75	All Other Sizes		

DEALERS WANTED

Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 percent if cash in full accompanies order. Tires failing to give 12 months service will be replaced at half price.

YORK TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 221
3655 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Illinois

MEN

KNOW THIS SECRET

Every man and woman should know these facts. Lacking the energy, pep, vim, vigor, strength and health to which you are entitled, and which you have a right to enjoy, is needless when Nature supplies the means for checking and correcting these distressing conditions.

EXAKEX is harmless, absolutely private. It acts directly upon the organs which are primarily responsible for your well being. It is a tonic of the highest quality. That is why it gives such prompt and effective results. That is why it is used by thousands of men and women to overcome the many ailments which wreck the health of thousands of lives each year.

QUICK PEP—NEW ENERGY

Remember EXAKEX is guaranteed to give you the method by which you may obtain, and to explain how you may have complete details sent to you

FREE

[illegible] you require is to fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We will send you a [illegible] book which will tell you exactly what you want to know. It is written in plain language and tells you how to obtain [illegible] Do not pass by these benefits. Send for your free book today. Use coupon below or write us a letter. Do it now.

PARKER LANE COMPANY, 10 N. Clark St., Chicago

Travel for "UNCLE SAM"

$1900 to $2700 YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks

Many U. S. Government jobs open to men and women, 18 to 50. MAIL COUPON Today Sure!

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. L-238, Rochester, N. Y.
Rush to me free information telling how I can get a U. S. government job. Send 32-page book describing positions now obtainable.

Name... [illegible]

Address... [illegible]

For Real Scale Model Railroads

LOCOMOTIVES

Complete Models $65.00

Also Parts and Drawings to Build Your Own

Complete Illustrated Catalogue 25 Cents

Dept. RM **ICKEN-BARKER MODELS**

23 Broad Ave. Palisades Park, N. J.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

State of NEW YORK }
County of NEW YORK } ss.

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared C. T. DIXON, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit:

That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are:

Publisher—**The Frank A. Munsey Company, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Editor—**William E. Hayes, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—**C. T. Dixon, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

That the owners are: (If a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

The Frank A. Munsey Company, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

C. W. H. Corporation, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

William T. Dewart, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

That the two paragraphs, next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

C. T. DIXON, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1930.

(SEAL)

GEORGE H. BOLLWINKEL, Notary Public, Queens County. Term expires March 30, 1931. Certificate filed in New York County, Queens County No. 210, Queens Register's No. [illegible], New York County No. 242, New York Register's No. [illegible].

KB

Getting BALD?

Have you a bald spot or thin stringy hair? Don't worry! **PILO-BALM** has started new vigorous hair and induced health and lustre in almost hopeless cases after all else had failed. Every penny refunded if a fuzz of new hair does not show after only 8 applications. This System not only starts brand new hair but it stops dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp and kills harmful germs. The most powerful and concentrated aid to hair growth ever devised by dermatological science. Equals the most costly specialist's treatments. To introduce, one **$5** set of concentrated extracts and secret method of use sent for only **$2.50** (check, stamps or M.O.) or pay $2.65 on delivery. Sold under a sweeping guarantee of **results or money back.**

• • • Half Price Coupon • • •

COMPAGNIE CROIX,
299 Broadway, New York, Dept. PB-16

I am willing to try your PILO-BALM System under your money back guarantee. Send a $5 set for which I enclose $2.50 or will pay $2.65 on delivery.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

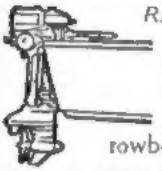
QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT quickly takes away tobacco craving. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. K-605, Dwight, Ill.

Home of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.



REBUILT—FULLY GUARANTEED

OUTBOARD MOTORS

DIRECT TO YOU AT WHOLESALE PRICES

A model for every purpose from a rowboat to a runabout. Write for list—

CRANDALL'S 826-828 STATE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The readers of ALL-STORY, the magazine of love stories of the American Girl, are receiving FREE a two-tone reproduction of the front cover drawing without type, 9" x 12", suitable for framing. Get a copy of ALL-STORY from your newsdealer, clip the coupon and mail it. An issue is now on sale.

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free Trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with attacks of Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should help you.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms in many instances.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today.

Free Trial Coupon

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO.,
1928-J Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y

Send free trial of your method to:

.....

.....

.....

RC

Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *ends* halitosis

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

RD

ON SALE NOW

ALL-STORY

COMBINED WITH MUNSEY

Love Stories of the American Girl

FREE—A two-tone reproduction of this cover without type 9" x 12"—FREE

SHE FELT HIS DARK GAZE UPON HER—

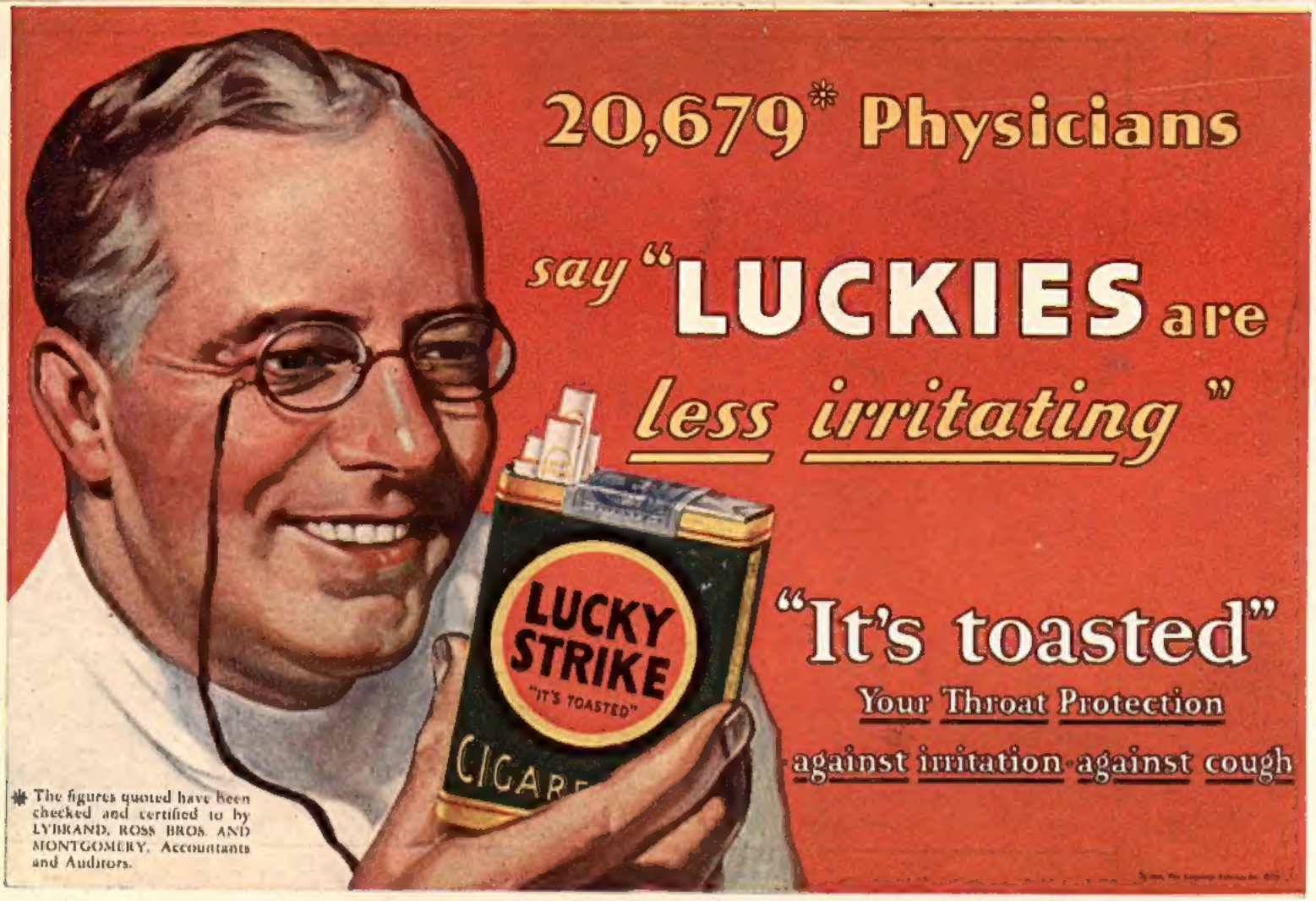
as she waved good-bye to her friends. Who was this Fascinating Stranger and would she meet him as the train carried her onward to the resort she had picked for her vacation? Her heart beat faster as the train gave

ALL ABOARD FOR ROM

BETTY-LOU'S L

Betty-Lou's enthralling adventures will begin on the June 28th Cover of this magazine. Don't miss the first one! Or any of the exciting ones to follow.

And don't forget that you can get a two-tone copy of ea and every one of these lovely covers by merely sending


20,679* Physicians
say "LUCKIES are
less irritating"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection
against irritation against cough
* The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. AND MONTGOMERY, Accountants and Auditors.